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BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

ESSAYS.

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BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL
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BY A. HAYWARD, ESQ., Q.C.

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OF
THE SECOND VOLUME.

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ERRATUM IN THE SECOND VOLUME.

Page 391, line 24, *for* "the first Earl of Sefton" *read* "the second".

ESSAYS.

THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN.*

(FROM THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, JULY, 1856.)

1. *Lettres du Maréchal St. Arnaud.* 2 vols. Paris, 1855.
2. *L'Expédition de Crimée jusqu'à la Prise de Sebastopol. Chroniques de la Guerre d'Orient.* PAR LE BARON DE BAZANCOURT, Chargé de Mission en Crimée, par S. Exe. le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique. 2 vols. 3me édition. Paris: 1856.
3. *Opening Address of MAJOR-GENERAL SIR RICHARD AIREY, K.C.B., Quartermaster-General of the Forces, before the Board of General Officers assembled at the Royal Hospital Chelsea; together with his Summing up Address, &c. &c.* 1 vol. 8vo. London: 1856.

WHAT may be called the domestic bearing of Great Britain during the late war will not read well in history. It was too confident at the beginning, too exulting towards the middle, and too desponding towards the end. The banquet to Sir Charles Napier at the Reform Club, the premature triumph over the supposed fall of Sebastopol immediately after the battle of the Alma, and the sudden frenzy of indigna-

* A French translation of this article appeared at Brussels in January, 1857, under the title of "Quelques Eclaircissements relatifs à l'Armée Anglaise." It was also republished in a German dress in successive numbers of "Der Wanderer" at Vienna; and the more important passages were transferred to other foreign journals. The statements rest on the highest English authorities, civil, naval, and military.

tion and despair which made scapegoats of Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle, may serve to mark and illustrate the startling transitions which a nation, usually noted for firmness and steadfastness, underwent within a year.

As is almost necessarily the case, the disappointment of extravagant hopes led to the temporary prevalence of an equally extravagant spirit of self-depreciation. We started with the persuasion that everything must go right of its own accord; and the first reverse brought us to the conviction that everything had gone wrong through ignorance, negligence, incapacity, or mismanagement of some sort. Neither in anticipation nor retrospection was due allowance made for circumstances—for the reduced state of our military establishments—for the limited and conflicting powers of the war departments—for the many adverse chances in the most perilous of games—nor for that chapter of accidents by which human events are more frequently controlled than by the wisest contrivance or the most inventive foresight. When the news arrived that our gallant army was undergoing a fearful amount of suffering from cold, hunger and overwork, it was at once taken for granted by the most influential portion of the press, that some high functionary, or class of functionaries, must be offered up as a holocaust. The Secretary of War was naturally the first victim. A fierce onslaught was next made on Lord Raglan, who, we were assured, after leading his soldiers into unprecedented difficulties and privations, coolly left them to their own resources, and from his own comfortable quarters looked on complacently, whilst they were perishing from disease and exposure, at the rapidly accelerating ratio of two hundred a day.

When newspaper-readers were getting tired of daily tirades against the Commander-in-Chief, it was dis-

covered that the formalists of the Treasury, the Commissariat, the Medical Board, and the various other departments charged with the supply and distribution of food, clothing, and other necessaries to the troops, were exclusively to blame. The Roebuck Committee indiscriminately condemned all, from the highest to the lowest, who had anything whatever to do with the direction or arrangement of the expedition *from* or *at* home; whilst the famous M'Neil and Tulloch Report, giving a completely new and diametrically opposite impulse to public censure and suspicion, flung the entire responsibility of the worst evils that had occurred in the terrible three months immediately following the battle of Inkerman, on the inertness, mistimed adherence to rule, want of resource, and general inefficiency, of the military leaders, the staff, and the commissariat, on the spot.

We have to thank what certainly struck us at the time to be the somewhat morbid sensitiveness of the principal officers inculpated by this report, for an investigation which has exhausted the subject, and has at length enabled inquirers like ourselves, who have and can have no bias in the matter, to form a shrewd guess at the actual causes of the disasters in dispute. No candid person who heard Lord Lucan's animated reply, or reads Sir Richard Airey's lucid address, or compares Colonel Tulloch's and Lord Lyons' evidence before the Board at Chelsea Hospital, will hesitate to concur in a verdict of honourable acquittal. Nor is it well possible for a reflecting mind to help arriving at the additional and far more important inference, that the national judgment has been lamentably misguided touching everybody and everything directly or indirectly connected with the Crimean campaign. It is not only that gross injustice has been done to individual statesmen and commanders. The national character and military repu-

tation of the British people have been mischievously compromised, and in our opinion the time has arrived when the truth should be told without reserve.

We must set aside at once the overstrained courtesy and the by no means flattering consideration for the supposed sensitiveness of our allies, which have hitherto induced Englishmen to bear any amount of censure, or (what is worse) to throw any amount of censure upon their own countrymen, rather than point, even by way of comparison, to the contemporaneous miscalculations, failures, or sufferings of the French. It was known all along to the principal officers of the British army, and was speedily bruited about in Paris and London, that the French troops were not better clothed, fed, or sheltered than the British; that in some respects, as in the important article of tents, they were actually worse off; and that they lost proportionally a greater number of men from sickness and exposure. It was also known, that, in more than one critical emergency, the nations seemed to have changed characters, and that the French declined to co-operate in movements, advances, or assaults, which, perilous as they might have been, were pronounced by the calm and cautious judgment of the British chief to be indispensable to the success of an expedition indubitably conceived and undertaken as a *coup de main*. But whilst the war lasted, hardly a whisper, allusion, or insinuation to this effect was hazarded, either in Parliament or by the press. "It will offend the Emperor; it will endanger the alliance," — was the invariable objection, whenever an attempt was made to show that the overwhelming superiority of our gallant allies in military organisation, and their presumed exemption from all the evils of wintry warfare, were a myth. English ministers, English administrators, English officers, and English soldiers

and sailors, were deemed bound to endure every description of imputation that it might please members of the legislature, journalists, correspondents, or annalists, to cast upon them, rather than run the remotest risk of exciting a feeling of wounded self-love in a rival (if now friendly) nation, or of provoking a frown on an imperial brow in the Tuileries.

Such forbearance might have been politic and endurable, had it been mutual and reciprocated; but the precise contrary is and was notoriously the fact. Whilst we, in this country, studiously and systematically refrained from mentioning a deficiency, or recording an incident, that could be twisted to the disadvantage of the French, their leading journals were unceasingly active in drawing exaggerated pictures of the results of our military mal-administration, and in basing on it exulting prophecies of the rapid decline of our representative institutions and political liberties. In one official article, it was logically laid down,—1. That the conduct of war is the grand touchstone of good government. 2. That the war with Russia had been admirably conducted by the French administrators, whilst, so far as the English were concerned, it had been one concatenation of blunders. 3. That the régime of Napoleon the Third was and is the acmé of perfection, whilst the mixed constitution of England is the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity. Q. E. D.

Marshal St. Arnaud's Letters and M. de Bazancourt's work will naturally be regarded by future historians as first-rate, if not quite unimpeachable, authorities. How, viewed by their light, or appreciated by their standard, will the British army stand with posterity? How, so far as their influence extends, does it now stand upon the Continent? The first on the list contains the private letters of the French Marshal, in which he confidently attributes

almost the whole of the success which had attended the expedition till his death, to his own firmness in counsel and energy in action. The second is the composition of a gentleman expressly charged by the Minister of Public Instruction (as stated on the title-page) with the duty of writing the history of the campaign from information collected on the spot, and from documents supplied by the officers in command, to whom he is especially recommended by no less a personage than the Minister of War. What his private instructions may have been, we must not presume to guess; but, judging from the result, we should infer, that one of the most urgent was to omit no opportunity of eulogising his imperial master, and to be diligent in impressing the cardinal doctrine, that English slowness was a constant drawback on the chivalrous impetuosity, or the *élan*, as he calls it, of the French. In his first letter after Alma, Marshal St. Arnaud writes, — “*Je suis resté douze heures à cheval, et toujours sur Nador, qui a été magnifique, galopant au milieu des balles, le soir comme le matin.*” This description of Nador would do for M. de Bazancourt. He is “magnifique” after the same fashion. He is galloping from morning to night among bullets; or when there are no bullets, his lively fancy pictures them flying round him, and he prances about with all the dignity of danger and the flourish of bravery just the same. Instead of the narrative of a calm observer, who has scrupulously collated conflicting accounts, we have the highly-coloured impressions of a partisan, whose head is never cool for half an hour at a time, and who has inspired himself to such an extent with the “*mâles émotions du combat,*” that he cannot shake off the intoxication during peace.

St. Arnaud was a man after M. de Bazancourt's own heart, — gallant, high-spirited, flashy, and melodra-

matic, with national excitability raised to fever height by disease. Accordingly, all the glory that could be extracted from the conception or execution of any combined military movement during his life, is unhesitatingly monopolised to gild his memory.

It is admitted, that the invasion of the Crimea was mainly owing to the positive instructions received by Lord Raglan from the English Government; but it is positively and repeatedly stated, that the French marshal invariably took the lead in the councils of war, and that, when the rest of the assembled chiefs were wavering, he compelled, persuaded, or shamed them into unanimity. But we now know that, even after the expedition had set sail, the resolution of St. Arnaud, beset by "timides avis" and suffering from a severe attack of his malady, was shaken to such an extent, that a signal was made for Lord Raglan and Admiral Dundas to attend a council of war in the Maréchal's cabin. The sea was rough, and Lord Raglan not being able to ascend and descend the side of a vessel without difficulty with his single arm, Admiral Dundas went alone. In the ensuing conferences the French officers dwelt anew, and with great animation, on the dangers of the expedition; and the "timides avis" would have prevailed, if Lord Raglan had not announced his unalterable determination to proceed.

If any one man were to be singled out as the soul of the expedition, it would be Lord Lyons. As regards Lord Raglan, from the moment he had made up his mind to carry out the wishes of his Government, which were also those of the British people, he gave no further thought to the obvious difficulties and dangers of the undertaking, except to decide how they might be best overcome or guarded against. His army was animated by the same spirit. Not so the French officers and soldiers, who are by no means so prone to sur-

render their right of private judgment. Their strategic prejudices were shocked and confounded by the irregularity of the whole proceeding; and they required some weeks after the landing to recover from that fluttered and flurried state which so frequently led them to complain of their more sedate and less mercurial allies as slow.

We are not going to re-write the battle of Alma; but we must revert to two or three of its most remarkable episodes, if only to suggest that there are British as well as French versions of the facts.

M. de Bazancourt relates, with the graphic detail and coloured language of the novelist, how, on the morning of the battle, the French marshal being informed that the English had not come to time, sent Colonel Trochu to remonstrate with Lord Raglan: —

“ ‘My Lord,’ said the Colonel, ‘the Marshal thought, after what you did me the honour to tell me yesterday evening, that your troops, forming the left wing of the line of battle, were to advance at six.’

“ ‘I am giving the order,’ replied Lord Raglan, ‘we are getting ready, and about to start: a part of my troops did not arrive at the bivouac till the night was far advanced.’

“ ‘For heaven’s sake, my Lord,’ added the Colonel, ‘be quick; every minute of delay destroys a chance of success.’

“ ‘Go and tell the Marshal,’ replied Lord Raglan, ‘that at this very moment the orders are given along the whole line.’

“It was half-past ten when Colonel Trochu announced that the English were ready to march. But all these unexpected delays, and the indecision in the movements which necessarily resulted from them, no longer permitted the plan of battle to be executed such as it had been primitively conceived. The Russian army, instead of being surprised by a rapid manœuvre, as it should have been, had time to make its dispositions whilst following from the heights the motions of our army, which was advancing in perfect order, in the midst of an immense plain.”

This is too dramatically and literally related to inspire complete confidence. The precise words used in moments of high excitement are always variously reported by the bystanders. Our doubts are increased by finding that, according to M. de Bazancourt, this same Colonel Trochu was despatched on the evening before (the 19th), to communicate the plan of the battle, and that Lord Raglan then "accepted entirely the detail of the plan laid before him." Yet this plan, if it ever existed, must have undergone great modifications; since at 5 A.M. on the 20th, when the Maréchal (p. 199) explained it to the general officers before his tent, "it consisted in making the English army execute a turning movement on the right of the Russian army;" and later in the day, (see p. 205) the Maréchal was occupied in "des reconnaissances indispensables," during which "les troupes avaient fait le café." At all events it is not correct to state that any delay on the part of the English necessitated any essential change in the plan definitively arranged, which was not executed because the French failed to perform their part.

The French occupied the safest position, and were exposed to less danger in the advance, by reason of their proximity to the sea, which enabled the ships to cover their flank. The English were exposed to the attack of the Russian cavalry (estimated by St. Arnaud at 5000), if they ventured into the open ground. This explains why, in the conversation between Lord Raglan and the Maréchal, when they reconnoitred the Russian position the very morning of the battle, Lord Raglan decided on carrying the heights in his front, instead of turning them. It was arranged at the same time—and this completely disposes of Colonel Trochu's reference to an alleged pledge of the night before—that the English advance should be preceded by the assault of the Telegraph—

an unfinished tower—by the French. Lord Raglan waited nearly two hours in momentary expectation that they would advance in force to turn the position instead of leaving him to take the initiative by attacking in front, at the certainty of an enormous sacrifice of life.

It is quite true that the Zouaves behaved with their wonted gallantry, and got near enough to threaten the Russian flank. It is also true, that those French commanders, particularly Prince Napoleon, who were nearest to the enemy, became alarmed, and that message after message arrived to say that they were *compromis* or (as some say) *massacrés*. But the French had contented themselves with vigorous skirmishing, and not one of their columns had advanced to the assault, or been engaged, when Lord Raglan, seeing no other alternative, took the bull by the horns, and, without waiting for the promised diversion, ordered the formidable heights before him to be carried at all hazards. He then, followed only by his staff, crossed the river, and, at considerable personal risk, reached a knoll or hillock, which commanded a full view of the scene of contest, and enfiladed, as it were, the Russian defences which his troops were climbing the hill to assail. His quick eye instantly fell upon two large columns of Russian infantry, drawn up to support their artillery. They were within range from the knoll, and on a sign from him Colonel Dickson galloped off for a couple of guns, which were brought up within a few minutes. The first two shots missed, but gave the alarm to the gunners of an advanced Russian battery, who moved off with their guns. Each succeeding shot told with fatal effect on the two devoted columns, which, after ten or twelve rounds had been fired, fell back in confusion. The Russian artillerymen, abandoned by their supports, limbered up their guns, and left the

field. This was the turning-point. The British crowned the heights, and the Russians were retreating, before they were assailed in force by the French.

M. de Bazancourt calls the taking of the telegraph tower by the French troops *l'épisode le plus saisissant de la journée*,—which, had it taken place earlier, it might have been,—and exclaims: “There is the battle—there are the genuine efforts of the attack and defence!” Describing the assault, he continues:—“It is a human torrent that nothing can stay. Colonel Cler arrived first at the tower—all followed—all arrive, ardent, impetuous, irresistible. It was a short struggle, but one of those bloody, terrible struggles where each man fights body to body with his enemy, where look devours look, where the hands are locked, where the arms strike fire, clashed one against the other. Dead and dying are heaped up together, and are trod upon and stifled by the feet of the combatants.”

The slender foundation of fact on which this bombastic description rests, seems to be that, towards the end of the struggle, there was a smart hand-to-hand fight in and about the telegraph tower, the approach to which was steep and defended by riflemen. But the Russian guns could not be sufficiently depressed to sweep the acclivity with grape, as was the case with the heights which fell to the share of the British; who bore the brunt of the battle, and suffered accordingly. The official returns represent them as having lost, in killed and wounded, only one-third more than the French: but the wonder at the time was, where the bodies of the French killed had got hidden, for very few were to be seen. There was a rumour that, by some extraordinary mistake, deaths from cholera were computed amongst their killed, but that the error did not extend beyond the non-commissioned officers and the rank and file. This may help to elucidate an otherwise unaccountable fact

in which all the returns agree, namely, that the French had only three officers killed, and the English twenty-six.*

M. de Bazancourt says, that if the English cavalry had not got *embourbée* in the Alma, the retreat of the Russians might have been turned into a rout. He ought to have known that the English cavalry were quite ready to act, but were kept in check by a far superior force of Russian cavalry. He might also have learnt that, when Lord Raglan urged the advance of Prince Napoleon's division to improve the advantage, it was intimated that their ammunition was expended,—it did not appear on whom,—and that they were waiting for a fresh supply.

A careful comparison of the accounts of the battle of the Alma, justifies a conclusion that, if the English had done no more than the French, it would have been little more than a skirmish, and that, if the French had attacked with all their available strength simultaneously with the English, or if they had pursued the victory at the moment indicated by Lord Raglan, the greater part of the Russian army would have been taken or destroyed.

In the report to the Emperor, dated from the field of battle, and described in the "Moniteur" as "ce récit si simple d'une grande victoire," St. Arnaud claims all the glory for himself and his army. In his private letters, he suppresses the English commander altogether, and uses the first person singular throughout. "I attacked at eleven; by half-past four, the Russians were completely routed, and if I had had cavalry, I should have taken more than ten thousand prisoners—unhappily I have none." . . . "I have twelve hundred men *hors de combat*; the English fifteen hundred." The Marshal adds,—"The turning move-

* Bazancourt, vol. i. p. 242. Lettres de St. Arnaud, vol. ii. p. 494.

ment (*mouvement tournant*) that I ordered, and which decided the victory, was perfectly executed by General Bosquet. The ear of his horse was carried off by the fragment of a shell. The enthusiasm of the troops is admirable. *Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Maréchal!* was their cry throughout the day. All the army loves and has great confidence in me." In a letter of the same date to his brother, the solidity of the English troops is acknowledged, with the qualification that "the French have shown themselves what *they* are, the most brilliant soldiers in the world." The day following, he writes to his wife: "Our weather is that of the French June. The sky is with us, but the English are always delaying me." To his brother: "The English are not yet ready, and I am detained here as at Balthick, as at Old Fort. It is true that they have more wounded than I, and that they are farther from the sea." The same complaint is repeated by M. de Bazancourt, who remarks: "The English, intrepid and indefatigable in battle, seem not to comprehend the imperative importance of a day, or an hour, of delay in an operation of war: they do not know how, or do not wish, to make haste."

They certainly prefer proceeding on the *festina lente* principle. They do not hurry forward without due preparation, nor do they, when once set in motion, allow themselves to be checked by the first unforeseen obstacle. The French impetuosity was unluckily liable to be cooled down at periods peculiarly fitted for its display; and whenever an important point was to be gained by a dashing movement or sudden onslaught, it was not English slowness or caution by which the progress of the allied armies was delayed. Thus, as M. de Bazancourt states, when they arrived at the Belbec, "they learnt that works had been constructed which commanded the mouth of the river, and cut off their communication

with the fleet, and that exterior works had been recently erected round Fort Constantine to render the approaches difficult and deadly." But he omits to add, that these might have been carried with no greater sacrifice of life than would have been amply justified by the object and the stake. The works on the Belbec lay so exactly in the French line of march, that for the English to have assaulted them would have been an affront. Lord Raglan wished and expected them to be carried by the French ; but St. Arnaud, who was then sinking fast, positively refused to hazard an immediate assault, and it was mainly in consequence of this refusal, that the flank march, reluctantly suggested by Lord Raglan as the best remaining alternative, was resolved upon. There is good reason to believe that, if these works had been forced, the allied army would have been masters of Sebastopol within three days ; the northern forts being insufficiently garrisoned, and otherwise ill adapted to resist an attack by land.

After the change of plan had been settled, and the flank march begun, Admiral (Lord) Lyons, who had strongly urged the bolder advance on the north, reconnoitred the works on the mouth of the Belbec from a light steamer, and ascertained that the batteries were not yet mounted with guns.

The intelligence which arrived about the same time, of the desperate step taken by the Russians of blocking up the mouth of the harbour of Sebastopol by sacrificing a portion of their fleet, may have materially influenced the military counsels of the French. It seems to have been regarded by them as analogous to the burning of Moscow, and to have evoked corresponding associations of alarm* ; but it did not alter the conviction of Lord Raglan and Lord Lyons that

* "C'est un commencement de Moscou." (*St. Arnaud*, vol. ii. p. 500.)

the best chance of success lay in adhering to the original plan of the expedition, and in conducting it throughout as a *coup de main*.*

M. de Bazancourt states, that the progress of the troops, after crossing the Belbec was repeatedly delayed by the English. On the contrary, the English, who took the lead, were frequently obliged to wait for the French. Lord Raglan's eagerness to get forward was proved by an incident, the curious details of which are not told by M. de Bazancourt. His Lordship was riding in advance of his troops, attended only by a part of his staff, and an amateur, when the lifting of a bough, as they were on the point of emerging from a wood, displayed the Russian rear-guard within less than a hundred paces of them. Lord Raglan made a sign for all to remain quiet, and despatched an *aide-de-camp* for the light cavalry, who came up in about twenty minutes, and speedily converted the retreat into a rout.

It was from the bivouac on the Tchernaiia, on the 26th September, that Marshal St. Arnaud surrendered his command. His illness and death were amongst the most deplorable fatalities of the expedition. With all his defects, he had some eminent qualifications for his post. He was chivalrously brave. His adventurous life had familiarised him with perils and risks of every kind ; and, until enfeebled by ill health, he was not liable to be unduly moved or shaken by the sense of responsibility. His successor, General Canrobert, a brave and intelligent officer, was overwhelmed by it. Indeed, it is now well known that, in an interview with Lord Raglan after giving up his

* "Je te promets que je menerai les choses si vigoureusement en Crimée, que nous aurons bientôt fini. Je ne veux pas que cela dure plus d'un mois." (St. Arnaud, Letter of 23 August, 1854.) "Tout sera fini le 13 Octobre avec la protection de Dieu." (Letter of 11 September, 1854.)

charge to General Pelissier, he frankly owned his weakness, and said that the English commander ought to congratulate himself on the change, since he (Canrobert) should never have had the moral courage to co-operate in any movement involving extraordinary sacrifices or risks.

This feature of his character was displayed on the second day after he assumed the command. In the council of the 28th, Lord Raglan proposed to assault the place at once, and it is now known that the south side would have been immediately evacuated if assailed. The formidable Malakoff was then a half ruined tower; the Mamelon was actually in our occupation for a period; the ranges and tiers of earthworks, which have immortalised Todleben, were hardly commenced; the Russians were few in number, and their spirits were broken by defeat. On the other hand, Canrobert urged the imminent danger to which his troops would be exposed if they got entangled in the narrow streets of a strange town, with the broadsides of the Russian fleet, which still mustered in threatening array, pouring into them*; and he asked, emphatically, what the Emperor would think if no use were made of the splendid siege-train which had been sent out. We suspect that the Emperor would have been much better pleased, if the desired object could have been obtained without the exposure (that speedily ensued) of the insufficiency of the artillery on which he prided himself, and to the perfecting of which his own personal attention and boasted science had been especially applied.

Even M. de Bazancourt cannot deny or gloss over

* If, as we believe was proposed by Lord Lyons, the Malakoff had been taken, and a battery erected on it, the Russian ships would have found their position untenable. Strange to say, the English and French engineers watched the erection of the earthworks with comparative indifference, from a notion that they could easily be blown to pieces with shells.

the palpable failure of his countrymen in this essential arm, on the first opening of the fire on the 17th October. After treating his readers to some of his finest flourishes touching the service of the French batteries, some of which he describes as *superbes d'énergie et d'élan*, he is brought to the melancholy confession, that, at half-past ten, the commandant of artillery ordered the complete cessation of their fire; "our batteries, reduced to three, not being able to reply without disadvantage to the cannon of the place. The fire of the English continues without their works receiving any sensible damage; their cannon of large calibre do great harm to the enemy." He had stated just before, that "for a moment there was reason to believe that the superiority of our (the French) batteries over those of the town would speedily permit us to attempt the assault, for the eventuality of which all had been prepared, and columns designated beforehand."

Here then is another undeniable instance in which the delay of a decisive moment was exclusively attributable to his countrymen. It was they, in fact, who changed the entire character of the expedition, and engaged the invading force in operations which were never contemplated by the commanders when it set sail from Varna. Our meaning will be best illustrated by a quotation from General Airey's address:—

"In the first place, I must observe, that at the time of the embarkation, and from that time until the 17th October, (the day of the first bombardment,) there was no expectation whatever of having to winter in the Crimea, and that no final determination to do so was formed until after the Battle of Inkerman.

"It was anticipated that during the winter, the force would have its head-quarters in the neighbourhood of the Bosphorus, and I have reason to believe, that in the first

week of September, and after we had embarked on the expedition, Lord Raglan was corresponding on this subject with the British Ambassador at the Porte.

“And here, too, I may be permitted to state my opinion, that the responsibility of the general and officers engaged in the invasion of the Crimea was not a responsibility of the same description as that which attaches to the conduct of ordinary warfare. Marshal St. Arnaud and General Lord Raglan — under very decisive instructions from one at least of the governments at home — determined to make a descent upon the enemy’s coast, and to attempt a rapid military enterprise against the stronghold of Sebastopol; *but they never proposed nor intended, and certainly were not prepared, to invade Russia by regular operations in the field, i. e., by the advance of an armed body connecting itself by sufficient means of transport with the ‘base of operations.’*”

“In that sense the allied forces were not an ‘army’ — they would be more properly called a ‘moveable column.’”

“The difference between the two descriptions of force is well marked by the difference in the requisite amount of land transport.

“It was estimated that, to move as an ‘army,’ the British force alone would require 14,000 beasts of transport. Yet the force landed with only seventy transport animals for the Commissariat Service, and the additional quantity obtained in the neighbourhood of Old Fort did not, I believe, swell the whole quantity of Land Transport animals for commissariat purposes to more than between 300 and 400.

“The French, I believe, landed with no transport animals except for their ambulances, and only obtained a small number in the country near the landing-place. Yet they would have required (even with their then strength,) as much transport as ourselves, if they were to operate as a regular ‘army.’”

“A moveable column has certain advantages, and especially that of being rapid in its operations; but the well-known drawbacks to the employment of such a force are these: — That it is adapted only for temporary use, and that it is exposed to great risk — not to the ordinary risk of mere defeat and consequent loss, but to the risk of total destruction. Certainly the expeditionary force which landed on the beach at Old Fort could not have been expected or

intended to enjoy that degree of security which belongs to regular operations. It is the clear right of the Government, when it thinks fit, to order the forces of the country upon highly perilous service. The enterprise was, of course, well known to be hazardous, and was to be undertaken nevertheless. Lord Raglan, if I mistake not, so understood his instructions, and he was not the man to disobey them."

This state of things may help to account for most of the privation and suffering that ensued, without imputing grave blame to any individual commander, minister, administrator, or departmental head.

Assuming the humiliation of Russia to have been required by sound policy, the Crimean expedition does honour to its projector or projectors. Sebastopol was the key of the Russian position in the Black Sea, and its destruction was sure to be regarded in the East, as the most decisive proof that Russia was unable to make head against the Western Powers. The means were perfectly proportioned to the original object, and it would be curious to compare the tone of confidence and satisfaction in which the newspapers described the expedition on its quitting Varna, with their depreciatory and erroneous statements relative to the alleged insufficiency and improvidence of the preparations, when it was discovered that an armament, organised for a *coup de main* in autumn, was suddenly required to prosecute a prolonged siege during the rigours of a Crimean winter.

The English army was provided with all which a moveable column could carry without paralysing its action ; and if no more than seventy beasts of burden were disembarked for the service of the commissariat, as Sir Richard Airey states, this was merely because the commander-in-chief did not choose to encumber himself with more ; for he left 5000 in Bulgaria, and a large additional number might have been procured at Constantinople. It will be remembered that the

tents and knapsacks were left behind for the same reason; so that, if the full complement of 14,000 beasts of burden had been required, the expedition would have been impossible. Those who blame the commander-in-chief on this account, are about as reasonable as if they were to find fault with a tourist for not providing himself for a pedestrian trip to Switzerland, with the outfit proper for an overland journey to Bengal.

Far from being surprised by a superior force, the allied generals expected to find before Sebastopol a larger force than they actually had to encounter for some weeks after their disembarkation. The English government, in its instructions to Lord Raglan, had estimated the Russian forces in the Crimea at from 50,000 to 55,000, with which they deemed the allied army fully equal to grapple. The troops by which our diminished army was hard-pressed and outnumbered at Inkerman, arrived a day or two before, by roads which the highest military authorities had pronounced impracticable.

The popular charge of improvidence against the British Government, is answered by the abundance of clothing and provisions, which, at the most trying period, were accumulated in and about Balaklava, and by the rapidity with which the loss of the "Prince," with the other effects of the hurricane, were bountifully repaired. Indeed, when due allowance is made for such a storm at such a season, little more explanation of the ensuing privations is required. It swept away the tents, it inundated the stores; it broke up the roads, or converted them into swamps; and, besides the food and warm clothing, from twenty to thirty days' forage was lost or spoiled—and all this in the last week of November, with an active enemy in front.

Another topic of blame, the alleged want of a

reserve, cannot be reconciled with the reinforcements which reached the British army in rapid succession, or with its numerical strength and admirable order at the close of the war. As to siege-artillery, a larger train than usual was supplied, and reached Lord Raglan before the French Marshal had received his. Neither can it be fairly argued that the home administration only learnt wisdom by experience, or were taught it by the least indulgent of their critics; for so soon as the nature of the enterprise underwent a complete change from circumstances over which they had no control, they lost not an hour in adapting their measures of supply and co-operation to the emergency. This is amply proved by the generous and highly honourable declaration of Lord Panmure in the House of Lords, that almost all the most efficient steps, regulations, or contrivances by which the condition of the troops was so strikingly improved in the spring of 1855, had been ordered or set in motion by his much-maligned predecessor, the Duke of Newcastle.*

The railway, which did so much to supply the deficiency of land transport, was submitted to the Cabinet and sanctioned by them in November, 1854. When facility of communication between the harbour of Balaclava and the camp was fully re-established, the worst difficulties were at an end; and the essential want, which led to or lay at the root of every other want, was a good road. Why was it not made at the proper season? Because the required number of men

* In full progress also were the reforms of the medical department and the hospitals, in which Mr. Sydney Herbert zealously and effectively co-operated. It was he who first appreciated and found an appropriate field of action for the administrative talents of Miss Nightingale, which are perhaps still more extraordinary, if not more admirable, than her heroic self-devotion.

It may be not beside the purpose to remark that, if the British army endured its worst privations, it also performed its most glorious exploits, under the Aberdeen government.

could not be spared from the still more imperative duty of guarding the trenches and of providing against the eventualities of the hour. When the road was made, it occupied more than 10,000 men for several weeks.

The positive and irritable gentleman who took the lead in conducting the miserably misconducted inquiry before the Sebastopol Committee, thought he had got the Duke of Newcastle into a dilemma, when his Grace stated that neither the French nor English Government had contemplated the contingency of the army wintering on the heights before Sebastopol; in other words, that they had planned a *coup de main* by what Sir Richard Airey terms a "moveable column," not a regular siege with "a base of operations" and all other regular supports and resources. If they had foreseen such an event, they would probably not have risked the expedition. But let us see whether the military leaders on the spot, with far superior means of weighing the contingencies of their situation, exhibited more foresight, or were likely to have quickened his Grace's apprehension of coming events.

"On the morning of the 17th of October," says Sir Richard Airey, "the allies opened fire against the outworks of Sebastopol. The cannonade proceeded with good success on the part of the British artillery, and it was the disastrous explosion in the French lines, and the crushing fire to which their batteries were exposed, which prevented the then intended assault. The damage sustained by our allies compelled some delay, but it was still hoped that the place would be taken by assault, and indeed a day—a near day—was fixed for that operation.

"But the probability of a long struggle now suggested itself. Up to this time most officers had, I believe, anticipated the speedy capture of the place; others, less sanguine, may have thought that the enterprise would prove to be impracticable, and that the allies would have to embark, and winter in the neighbourhood of the Bosphorus; others again may have thought it probable that the forces might hold pos-

session during the winter of a considerable portion of the enemy's territory, as, for instance, the country between Eupatoria and the Belbec; *but I never heard of any one who contemplated beforehand the event which actually occurred*, namely, that of camping on the heights before Sebastopol, and being constantly engaged, through the whole winter, with an enemy vastly superior in force, and at a distance of some miles from our sea communications.

“ Now, however, Lord Raglan prepared for the possibility of such an event, and took his measures accordingly.

“ In the early days of November, the enemy received great reinforcements, and the position of the allied armies became critical.

“ On the 5th of November the battle of Inkerman was fought, and on the following day a protracted consultation as to the further conduct of the campaign took place between the allied generals. The result of this consultation was a determination to persevere in holding the ground then occupied by the allies; to fortify our position on the Inkerman heights; to defend the advanced trenches with firmness, and even if possible to carry forward the approaches. This resolution to hold the advanced trenches, and to maintain an attitude of attack, imposed upon the troops great sufferings, and labour beyond their strength, but I have never yet heard a doubt that it saved the allied armies from a great disaster.

“ Lord Raglan knew but too well the full import of his decision. He knew that it involved great evils, but he chose it nevertheless to avert a greater catastrophe. In the one alternative he saw for his troops a period of conflict by day and by night, great labour and suffering, and heavy losses. In the other alternative he saw how ruin would begin with the loss of our siege-guns; how, then, the enemy, ascending to the present ground of the allied camps, would take up a position on those heights, arm his batteries with the resources of an arsenal containing some 7000 heavy pieces of artillery, and then push forward with a converging fire and an overwhelming superiority of numbers upon Kamiesch and our gallant allies, and upon the little basin of Balaclava, and the devoted remnant of the British army.

“ Lord Raglan grieved, but did not hesitate, for there was only one of the alternatives which seemed to consist with the

honour of the British arms. Now then, *for the first time*, we knew that the army would winter on the Ridge."

They had to hold their ground until the "moveable column" should grow into a powerful and well-appointed armament. They were to do this in defiance of climate, and under daily and nightly liability to attack. As already shown, the brunt of the battle of the Alma was borne by the British, who had also, during most of the winter, both the lion's share of the fighting and the hardest of the work. This was the natural result of their position, which was advisedly accepted by the British Commander, under a conviction that the safety of the entire army depended on their "solidity;" and even the French generals admitted that they could not answer for their troops under circumstances so trying as those which found and left that same solidity unshaken at Inkerman.

Yet the French writers take advantage of this very self-sacrificing spirit in our Commander and our troops, to represent them as constantly on the point of being overwhelmed and swept away until aided by the French. What is this but the condition of every advanced body placed to receive the first shock? If such doctrines are to be admitted, the honour of victory should be invariably awarded to the supporting columns or the reserve. When General Bosquet gallantly came to the rescue at Inkerman, he was fighting for the safety of the whole allied army, which would have been "rolled up" and driven into the sea, if the Russians had won the day. He was posted for the express purpose of supporting the British; and the services he really rendered us were rather by keeping the enemy at bay, and so preventing a renewed assault, than by the active and determined share in the conflict which M. de Bazancourt assigns to the French; whose principal losses

on the 5th November were incurred in repelling a *sortie*, and defending their own trenches.

His account of Colonel Steele's interview with General Bosquet is obviously incorrect; and descriptions like the following carry their own refutation, in the shape of ridicule, along with them. "Other English officers hurry up, animated by the combat, excited by all these dead bodies with which the ground is heaped; *the sides of the horses are torn by the spurs of the horsemen, and blood is mingled with the foam.*" Such is the style in which battles are described by the historian selected by the Minister of Public Instruction to record the exploits of his countrymen for the edification of their posterity. The following pithy colloquy is alleged to have taken place between the two commanders-in-chief in the crisis of the fray:—

"The situation was critical, every hour seemed to aggravate it; for the Russians in the same moment were crowning the crest of the *plateau* of Inkerman, and their masses were becoming more and more formidable.

"Lord Raglan shook his head, and with the calm which never left him,—'I believe,' he coolly remarked, 'that we are very sick' (*très-malades*).

"'*Pas trop*, however, my lord, it is to be hoped,' replied General Canrobert."

Nothing can be more unlike Lord Raglan, whose look, tone, bearing, and attitude in all critical emergencies were the admiration of both armies, and repeatedly averted the growing feeling of despondency, by which exertion might have been fatally paralysed.

"'In these times of trial,'—to quote the eloquent testimony of his friend and attached follower, Sir Richard Airey—'he ceased to be equal with other men, for his personal ascendancy gave him a singular faculty of carrying his fixed determination into the minds of those who approached him.

“Without dissembling facts, he would calmly withhold his assent to all gloomy apprehensions, and manfully force attention to the special business in hand, and thus, — or rather perhaps, by a kind of power which cannot be traced or described in words, — he threw upon those who conversed with him the spell of his own undaunted nature. Men went to him anxious and perturbed: they came away firm.”

When three battalions of French infantry, despatched by Canrobert to our support, arrived on the crest of the *plateau*, and encountered the terrible fire to which the English troops had been exposed for hours, they recoiled in disorder, notwithstanding the exhortations and gallant example of their officers. A second time they advanced, and a second time they were thrown into confusion. At this moment, two officers of the English staff rushed to their front, encouraging them by words and gestures to come on.* It was then that, closing their ranks, they dashed boldly into the middle of the fire. We have heard that whilst this scene was passing, a shade of gloom might have been observed on the impassive features of Lord Raglan.

When, after the repulse at Inkerman, the Russians were retreating in confusion, Lord Raglan earnestly pressed General Canrobert to bring up the right wing of his army, and attack them as they were crossing the bridge. He declined, saying, “it was best to leave well alone,” — nearly the identical form of expression used by Sir Harry Burrard when refusing to follow up the earliest of the Duke of Wellington’s (then Sir Arthur Wellesley’s) peninsular successes. The French general saw and frankly admitted his error when too late.

If we cannot acknowledge an overwhelming debt of gratitude to our allies for coming to our support

* This is not the only instance in which French troops were led into action by English officers.

when we were keeping the common enemy at bay for the common safety, still less have we to thank them for any especial readiness to relieve us from an unequal share of the labours of the siege. Assuming the constant influence of a truly generous rivalry, and the entire absence of national jealousy and selfishness in both officers and troops, these labours should and would have been apportioned precisely as if a homogeneous force had been assembled under the command of a single chief. When the allied armies landed, the advantage of number was slightly on the side of the English, although it had always been understood that the land forces were to be principally furnished by France, by way of compensation for our larger naval contingent. Our losses at Alma and Inkerman, and the reinforcements forwarded by the French Emperor with all the promptitude possible with his means of transports (partly supplied by England), had rapidly changed the numerical proportion of the two armies; nevertheless, the labours and duties of the siege continued to be divided on the same footing as if no disparity existed. There was a period when the British infantry had only one night in four allowed for rest, whilst the French had five in six; and it was not until Lord Raglan, after repeated remonstrances, emphatically stated the physical impossibility of prolonging this state of things, that Canrobert (about the middle of January) agreed to occupy a part of the ground hitherto assigned to the British. But he made it a condition that our cavalry should be posted on the *plateau* several miles from their supplies, and thus became indirectly responsible for the lamentable condition to which they were speedily reduced.

Still as much cordiality as could exist between men of such opposed characters continued to prevail between Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, till the

French Emperor fell into the strange error of supposing that he could advantageously direct the operations of the allied army from Paris. He sent over a plan which M. de Bazancourt describes as a masterpiece of strategy, but which, unluckily, could not be executed without throwing away the labours of the preceding portion of the siege. The salient feature of the project was, that the English troops should form a separate army of operation under Lord Raglan. His Lordship expressed his willingness, provided the English trenches were occupied by the French. This being declined, he suggested that they should be intrusted to the Turks — a suggestion which was set aside by the French generals with a shudder. “Then how are the English to act in sufficient force in both places or capacities?” was the next question; whereupon General Canrobert leaned his head upon his clasped hands and exclaimed, — “*Oh, Milord, prenez le commandement vous-même.*” This meaningless expression of embarrassment is amplified by the historian into a formal offer:—

“Here we find, again, the elevation and nobility of character of the General-in-Chief. To arrive promptly at a happy result, to remove the difficulties, to smooth the obstacles, he proposed to Lord Raglan to leave him, in these circumstances, the supreme command, and earnestly entreated Omer Pacha to act like him, and to accept, on his side, the supreme command of Lord Raglan. The latter was for an instant astonished at this proposal, for there was in it an abnegation for the public good, often difficult even to the most elevated hearts. It was, moreover, a heavy responsibility, the sudden weight of which alarmed the English General. He first refused, then hesitated, then accepted, and forthwith demanded that the French troops should be charged with the occupation and defence of the English trenches. This strange proposition could not be accepted.”

If Lord Raglan was to have the supreme command,

it was surely competent to him to order the French troops into the trenches whilst the English took the field. But the bare supposition of such an offer and acceptance is an absurdity — for what authority had General Canrobert for such a step? or how would he thereby have carried out the wishes of his imperial master? After the enforced recall of the Kertch expedition, he evidently saw that imperial interference had rendered his own position untenable, and not venturing to resist it, he resigned. The appointment of General Pelissier infused new spirit into our allies. His express instructions were to regulate his own and the Emperor's views as much as possible by Lord Raglan's. The expedition to Kertch was resumed, and was attended with the desired success; although truth compels us to add that it did not enhance British admiration for the discipline of French troops, or the efficiency of the French marine. Two anecdotes, which we have carefully verified, must suffice on these subjects.

An officer high in rank on Sir George Brown's staff, had made himself laudably conspicuous in repressing the marauding propensities of our allies. He was warned to keep a sharp look-out to his own safety, and not without good reason; for one day as he was returning to the town alone, at a short distance from the French quarters, two *chasseurs* took each a deliberate shot at him with their rifles. One bullet rattled through a tree above his head; the other struck the ground close to his horse's fore-feet. They were about two hundred and fifty paces off, and much less than that distance from their quarters, which they reached before he had got near enough to cut them down or identify them. They remained undetected and unpunished.

During the expedition to Kinburn, a division of French and English gun-boats were ordered to pass

the Russian fortifications during the night, and take up a position within the spit. The Russians threw up blue-lights, and opened a brisk fire. Within ten minutes the whole of the French gun-boats were on their way back, whilst the English held steadily on and reached their destination. Before the division started, the British admiral (Lyons) fully explained his views to the captains of the English gun-boats, but left them ample discretion to act according to emergencies, subject to the significant proviso that they must get in. The French admiral (Bruat) issued an order, containing an infinity of heads, to the captains of the French gun-boats, providing for every imaginable contingency; and he was beyond measure astonished at the course pursued by the British admiral, declaring it to be tantamount to an abdication of authority. His mortification was extreme, when, taken aback by an unforeseen event, and shrinking from responsibility rather than from danger, the officers, whom he had so carefully indoctrinated, returned for fresh orders with their mission unfulfilled.

Till General Pelissier took the command, the Zouaves alone had fully maintained their brilliant military reputation, but during the remainder of the siege, the French troops rushed to the assault in a manner which would not have disgraced the proudest of the days (Marengo, Austerlitz, &c. &c.) which they are so fond of recalling. Their claim, however, to the entire glory of the final capture, because they took the Malakoff and the British failed at the Redan, is preposterous. Is the long train of struggle, triumph, and heroic endurance, which exhausted the enemy and paved the way for the crowning success, to go for nothing?

“Of the sufferings,” says Sir Richard Airey, “the gallantry, and the splendid achievements of our allies,

it is not for me to speak; but of our own army I can say, that for fully forty days it stood in great straits and peril; and the courage of the British soldier, sustained by Lord Raglan's unshaken firmness, was strong enough through all that dreadful time to save the force—not indeed from hardship and cruel losses—but, thank God, from all military disaster, and to hold fast the precious ground from which—in *easier times*—the allies were destined to make good their conquest of the enemy's stronghold."

We failed where, by common consent, success was well-nigh hopeless; for the Redan was defended by an army to which our attacking detachments were as one to five; the intervening space, about 250 yards, was swept by grape and musketry; and there was a high parapet to scale. The French confessedly failed from nearly similar causes in three out of their four attacks, namely, at the Little Redan, the Bastion du Mat, and the Central Bastion. In their attack on the Malakoff, they had only a few yards to clear: the Russians were taken by surprise; and our unsuccessful attack effected a most opportune and essential diversion, by preventing them from concentrating their reserves for the recovery of the position. Honour to whom honour is due: our allies fought admirably on this day; but the closing scene of the great drama must not be extravagantly glorified, apart from the long acts, crowded with interesting incidents and important episodes, that led to it and formed the indispensable conditions of its success.

On a review of the principal campaigns and expeditions in which British armies have been engaged, most of these will appear to have been chequered by reverses and periods of suffering, strikingly analogous to those sustained by our gallant and much-enduring troops before Sebastopol. Nor is this the only moral to be drawn from our military

history. We may also learn from it that the proudest of our triumphs were not unattended by startling alternations of fortune, nor won without an average amount of miscalculation or mishap on the part of those whose names are gloriously and imperishably associated with them. Take, for example, the conquest of Quebec by Wolfe. How few know, or how seldom is it remembered, that all the early stages of this expedition were a succession of failures? The original plan of it, as laid down by Lord Chatham, was speedily abandoned. The meditated junction and co-operation with Amherst and Johnson were found impracticable. Wolfe lost a quarter of his little army by sickness, and another quarter in a rash and ill-managed attempt to cross the river and attack the French lines, which ended in a signal discomfiture. "On the 9th of December, therefore," says Mr. Massey, "he sat down with a heavy heart to write the despatch which should prepare the minister and the country for the disappointment of their hopes. The only benefit that he could hold out as the result of the well-appointed expedition under his orders was, that by maintaining their ground they should keep the enemy in check, and so prevent his aiding in the defence of the fortified lakes, in the reduction of which Amherst was supposed to be engaged. Despair, however, had not subdued either the faculties or the energies of Wolfe." *

Most fortunately, too, for his own and his country's honour, Wolfe was at full liberty to follow out the suggestions of his own daring and inventive spirit. His force was exclusively composed of English; and his movements were not dependent on those of an over-cautious colleague or ally. His admirably com-

* "A History of England during the Reign of George the Third," vol. i. p. 45.

bined project was carried out without hesitation or delay; and "the intelligence of his victory and death," adds the same historian, "arrived in England only three days after the publication of that despatch by which he had prepared his country for the failure of the service intrusted to him. The revulsion of the public mind was therefore the greater at this glorious disappointment of their general's gloomy anticipations."

Who can deny that a similar revulsion of the public mind might have been produced by Lord Raglan, had not the French commanders so repeatedly damped his prudent and politic ardour? Who can say that, had the original plan of the campaign been fairly carried out, the Duke of Newcastle's war-ministry might not have commenced as gloriously as Lord Chatham's?

AMERICAN ORATORS AND STATESMEN.*

(FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, MARCH, 1841.)

1. *Eloquence of the United States.* Compiled by E. B. WILLISON. 5 vols. 8vo. Middletown, Conn. 1827.
2. *Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry.* By WILLIAM WIRT, of Richmond, Virginia. 9th edition, corrected by the Author. Philadelphia, 1838.
3. *Orations and Speeches on various occasions.* By EDWARD EVERETT. Boston, 1836.
4. *Speeches and Forensic Arguments.* By DANIEL WEBSTER. 2 vols. Boston, 1838.

SYDNEY SMITH once wrote an article in the Edinburgh Review (re-published amongst his works), proving, to the entire dissatisfaction of the Americans, that they had produced no names in art, science, or literature, since they became a nation, capable of standing a minute's competition with those produced by England within the same period. This was a little too much; and one of their crack reviewers was commissioned to answer the divine. After a little preliminary castigation, he proceeded to demolish him, by a set of searching interrogatories, commencing somewhat in this fashion:

“Has this writer never heard of Jared Sparks, or Timothy Dwight? Has he never heard of Buckminster, Griscom, Ames, Wirt, Brown, Fitch, Flint, Frisbie, and Silliman?”

Now it is most assuredly no matter of boast; for many of the writers on the list were men of un-

* Three or four passages have been transferred to this essay from an article by the same writer on “French Oratory” (*Q. R.* Oct. 1839).

doubted talent, and have since obtained well-merited celebrity; but we much fear that Sydney Smith never had heard of one of them. If he had, he would certainly have been proportionally in advance of the great majority of the reading English public at the time. We have since done a little towards supplying our deficiencies in this respect; but if we were put through the same sort of catechism, most of us should still betray a lamentable degree of ignorance as to the indigenious literature of the United States, —and not less as to their oratory. During Mr. Webster and Miss Sedgewick's visit to England last spring, it was quite amusing to watch the puzzled faces of the company on the announcement of their names in a drawing-room; for notwithstanding the reprint of Miss Sedgewick's "Tales," and the constant mention of Mr. Webster by the "Genevese Traveller" of the "Times," nine persons out of ten in the *élite* of English society had about as accurate a notion of their respective claims to celebrity as Lord Melbourne of Mr. Faraday's, when it was proposed to add that gentleman's name to the pension list.

To prevent the recurrence of such scenes when Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, or Mr. Everett, shall honour us with a visit, we propose, in the present article, to bring our readers acquainted with the leading orators and statesmen of the United States, by short sketches of their career and characteristic passages from their speeches, —to play, in short, the "Timon" of America; and any comparison we may afterwards choose to institute as to the respective excellence of the two countries in this branch of intellectual exertion, will at least not expose us to the reproach of having selected a field in which the advantage is necessarily on the side of the mother-country. Seventy years of democratic institutions may not be sufficient to form a style or perfect a school of art, but they are enough, in all

conscience, to show what a nation can do in eloquence and statesmanship.

The eloquence of the Americans, like that of the French, dates from their revolution; but they started under widely different auspices. When the National Assembly was first called together, the members were utterly unacquainted with the forms of business, or the tactics of debate. Dumont tells us that the only orators who possessed any talent for improvisation were Maury, Clermont-Tonnerre, Barnave, and Thouret; and of these Barnave alone was capable of extemporising an entire speech of any length. Mirabeau clearly was not; and most of his best passages are short, rapid, and electrical, flashing out from between the trains of argument laboriously prepared for him, like lightning through clouds. In North America, on the contrary, the habit of public speaking was as familiar as in the mother-country: each provincial assembly was a school; and the first Congress conducted debates and carried resolutions, in as orderly and business-like a manner as if the contending parties had been led by the leaders of our House of Commons, with Lord Canterbury to preside; indeed, in a much more orderly and business-like manner than since the excitement of the crisis has passed away. Unluckily their most momentous sittings were held with closed doors: newspaper reporters did not come into existence as a class, even in England, till full twenty years afterwards; and the vanity of publication had no influence in such a crisis on men whose lives and fortunes were at stake. General descriptions of the principal speakers (Adams, Lee, Dickenson, Hancock) have come down to us; but the one orator who had fire and force enough to stamp his very words and image upon the memory, and blend them indissolubly with the best traditions of the land, was Patrick Henry.

Demosthenes left corrected copies of all his best speeches. Demades left none. For aught we know to the contrary, therefore, Theophrastus might have been quite right in saying, as reported in Plutarch, that Demosthenes was worthy of Athens, and Demades above it. But when a speaker takes his fair chance with his fellows, and his thoughts and expressions are laid up in cedar for no other reason than from their being of a kind that the world would not willingly let die, the bare fact is decisive of his claims. If, for example, we knew nothing of Lord Chatham's eloquence but what is recorded by Walpole, we should entertain no doubt of his superiority to Fox or Pulteney; and the few genuine fragments of Mirabeau which have been preserved — preserved only by constant repetition at the time — are more conclusive than volumes; for if the specimens do not entirely come up to the traditional reputation of the man, we are rather tempted to suppose that the thought or expression has lost something of its original brightness on its way to us, than that the concurrent voices of his contemporaries spoke false.

Applying the same criterion to Henry, we cannot well err in placing his name at the head of our list. His authenticated remains consist merely of a few insulated passages, enclashed in the note-book of some zealous admirer, or handed down from mouth to mouth; but what are called "Henry's speeches," form the favourite subjects of declamation in the schools; and the traditionary accounts of the effects produced by his voice and manner, with all those other nameless attributes which Demosthenes included under the word *action*, transcend most things of the kind recorded in history; except the consummate acting of Lord Chatham, who folded his flannels round him like a toga, and awed his adversaries into silence by a sweep of his crutch. Jefferson, no mean autho-

rity, declared Henry to be the greatest orator that ever lived; and a firm conviction of the justice of this estimate has been the means of obtaining for him so distinguished a biographer as Mr. Wirt.

Patrick Henry was the second son of Colonel John Henry, a Scotch settler, who emigrated prior to 1730.* Patrick was born in May, 1736, at "the family seat" called Studley, in Virginia, but "was raised and educated" (to borrow the precise expression of Mr. Wirt) at another "seat" in the same colony. Colonels, and seats, are "good cheap" in America, as Blackstone said of gentlemen in England; and there is nothing in Patrick Henry's "raising" that savours of aristocracy. He picked up a little Latin and less Greek, with a smattering of mathematics, under the direction of his father, who, it is rather enigmatically stated, "had opened a grammar-school in his own house;" but he manifested a decided aversion to study, and when the hour for it arrived, was generally to be found in the woods with his gun, or by the river with his fishing-rod. The melancholy Jacques, not Nimrod, was his prototype; and the sports of the field were little better than a pretence to get away from books and men, and enjoy the solitary luxury (or vice) of day dreaming. His person at that period was coarse, his manners awkward, his dress slovenly, his conversation rude, and if he gave any indications of future excellence, they were not of a sort to attract the attention of his friends. A fondness and aptness for the observation of character were the only creditable peculiarities they saw in him.

At the age of fifteen he was placed behind the

* According to Mr. Wirt, John Henry "is said to have been a nephew in the maternal line to the great historian, Dr. William Robertson." Had this been so, he must also have been cousin-german to the mother of Lord Brougham.

counter of a merchant (*Anglicè*, shop keeper), and after a year's novitiate was set up in business for himself, in partnership with his brother William, whose habits closely resembled his own. The result may be guessed, and was not long in coming. The firm failed within a year; but its ill-success had one good effect on Patrick; it drove him first to music, then to books as a relief; he learnt to play well on the flute and violin, and acquired for the first time, a relish for reading. He had also found out one mode of turning his customers to account. When they met to gossip in his store, he availed himself of the opportunity to pursue his favourite study of character; and it was subsequently remembered that, so long as they were gay and talkative, he generally remained silent, but whenever the conversation flagged, he adroitly recommenced it in such a manner as to bring their peculiarities of mind and disposition into play. At eighteen he married, and turned farmer, but he was as little fitted for agriculture as for trade. After a two years' trial, he gave up his farm, and re-commenced shop-keeping, which soon reduced him a second time to insolvency. Part of the abundant leisure in which he uniformly indulged himself, had been devoted to books, and whilst his farm was going to rack and ruin, or his customers were waiting to be served, he was deep in a translation of Livy, whose eloquent harangues particularly attracted him.

It was now that, all other experiments having failed, he resolved to make trial of the law, but his confirmed habits of idleness had induced a general belief that he would stand no chance against the formidable array of competitors which the Virginia bar presented at the time, and he set to work with so little energy as to justify a suspicion that his own expectations were extremely moderate. "To

the study of a profession," says Mr. Wirt, "which is said to require the lucubrations of twenty years, Mr. Henry devoted not more than six weeks; Judge Tyler says, one month; and he adds, This I had from his own lips. In this time he read Coke upon Littleton, and the Virginia laws."

A student must be endowed with considerable powers of application who could read Coke upon Littleton in a month; and Henry's perusal was of a cursory description, for his license to practice was obtained with difficulty, and the examiners who granted it acknowledged that they found him very ignorant of law, but perceived him to be a young man of genius, and did not doubt that he would soon qualify himself. Four years passed away before these expectations were fulfilled, and during much of this period he acted as assistant to his father-in-law, a tavern-keeper. An occasion at length presented itself peculiarly adapted to his powers, and he sprang by one bold bound into celebrity.

The ministers of the established church of Virginia (the Church of England) were then paid in kind, *i. e.* each was legally entitled to an annual stipend of 16,000 pounds of tobacco. In 1755 the crops failed, and an act was passed enabling the planters to discharge their tobacco debts in money, at the rate of 16s. 8d. per hundred weight, when the actual value was 50s. or 60s. This Act, though invalid for want of the royal assent, was submitted to; but when it was revived in 1758, the clergy took the alarm, and one of their body brought the question before the courts. It came on for argument in the shape of a demurrer, and judgment being given for the minister, nothing remained but to assess the damages under a writ of inquiry. The leading counsel of the colony threw up the cause as hopeless, and the defendants applied to Henry, because they could get no one else to risk

his reputation in it. On the appointed day the bench was crowded by the clergy, and the floor by the populace. What was still more embarrassing the presiding judge was his own father! —

“And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry’s strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others, of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time, developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuvia* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. * * *

“It will not be difficult for any one who ever heard this most extraordinary man, to believe the whole account of this transaction, which is given by his surviving hearers; and from their accounts, the court-house of Hanover county must have exhibited, on this occasion, a scene as picturesque as has been ever witnessed in real life. They say that the people, whose countenance had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of

the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them."—*Wirt*, p. 13.

As Queen Caroline said of Jeannie Deans' appeal for mercy—"this *is* eloquence." Its wonder-working power is proved by the very exaggeration of the accounts. Unluckily (perhaps luckily for the speaker), not a sentence has been preserved: his hearers declared that they were carried away captive at the commencement, and that, when it was over, they felt as if just awakened from a dream, of which they were unable to connect or recall the particulars. To this day the old people of the country cannot conceive a higher compliment to a speaker than to say of him — "*He is almost equal to Patrick when he pled against the parsons.*"

Henry's reputation was now established, and he was employed in most causes of importance where there was any room for eloquence, for he could not be induced till long afterwards to make the slightest effort with the view of removing his ignorance of law, and, instead of refining his manner or improving his dress, he took a delight in their plainness, and would often come into court attired in a coarse hunting-jacket, greasy leather-breeches, and with a pair of saddle-bags under his arm. He had also contracted, or affected, the vulgar style of pronunciation, as: — "*Naiteral* parts *is* better than all the *larning* upon *yearth*" — though his friends deny the *is*.

We pass over his many triumphs at the bar to come at once to his grand display in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, which at that time boasted

five or six speakers whom Mr. Wirt seems inclined to parallel with the first debaters of any country. Henry broke ground in opposition to a motion for shielding some influential members of the aristocratic party from the consequences of a misappropriation of the public money, but his first grand effort was in support of the resolutions against the Stamp Act, moved by himself. He was opposed by all the old members; but (to borrow the words of Jefferson, who was present) "torrents of sublime eloquence from Henry, backed by the solid reasoning of Johnson (the seconder), prevailed. The last, however, and strongest resolution was carried but by a single vote. The debate on it was most bloody." It was on this occasion that he uttered the celebrated passage—

"'Cæsar had his Brutus — Charles the First his Cromwell — and George the Third — ("Treason!" cried the speaker — "Treason, treason!" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which is decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis) — *may profit by their example*. If *this* be treason, make the most of it.'" — *Wirt*, p. 83.

Grattan has recorded a similar incident of Lord Chatham:

"On one occasion Lord Chatham had said, 'I hope some dreadful calamity will befall the country, that will open the eyes of the king:' and then he introduced the allusion to the figure drawing the curtains of Priam, and gave the quotation. He was called to order: he stopped, and said, 'What I have spoken, I have spoken conditionally, *but I now retract the condition*. I speak it absolutely, and I hope that some signal calamity will befall the country;' and he repeated what he had said. He then fired and oratorised, and grew extremely eloquent. Ministers seeing what a difficult character they had to deal with, thought it best to let him proceed."

Henry had hitherto confined his practice to the county courts, but in the year 1769 he joined the bar of the general court, and came into collision with the best lawyers of the colony. His biographer is obliged to confess that he stood a bad chance with them in most causes involving questions of property, but says he was unapproachable as counsel for the prisoner in a criminal case.

A friend who has examined several of Erskine's briefs, informs us that the notes and interlineations were few, but that particular parts were doubled down and dashed with peculiar emphasis — his plan being to throw all his strength upon the grand features of the case, instead of frittering it away upon details. Henry's method was the same. He grouped instead of analysing, and produced, by a few master-touches, effects which laborious finish would have marred.

In 1774 he was elected a member of the first congress, and here too his superiority is said to have been soon established. Still we get nothing but descriptions, and to arrive at even the skeleton of a speech we must pass to a sitting of the Virginia convention, 20th March, 1775, when he brought forward a series of resolutions for arming the colony: —

“ ‘ They tell us, sir,’ continued Mr. Henry, ‘ that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible

by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

“‘It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! — I know not what course others may take; but as for me,’ cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation — ‘give me liberty, or give me death!’”

“He took his seat. No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment several members started from their seats. The cry, ‘To arms!’ seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye!” — *Wirt*, p. 142.

It was thought the highest commendation to say of Demosthenes that, when he had done speaking, the cry was not “*What a splendid oration!*” but, “*Let us march against Philip!*”

The colony took to arms at Henry’s bidding, and appointed him their commander; but his military talents were distrusted, and he was eventually driven to resign without having had any opportunity of showing what he could do as a general. Unlike Demosthenes, however, who was one of the first to run

away at Chæronea, he gave decided proofs of personal intrepidity in the field. In 1776 he was elected governor of Virginia, and in the fall of that year it was even proposed to make him dictator. The project was crushed by Colonel Cary, the speaker of the senate, who thus accosted Henry's step-brother, Colonel Syme, in the lobby of the house:—"I am told that your brother wishes to be dictator: tell him from me that the day of his appointment shall be the day of his death, for he shall feel my dagger in his heart before the sunset of that day." There is no proof of his implication in the scheme, which was suggested merely by the temporary bad aspect of affairs.

It is highly to Henry's honour that one of the first measures proposed by him after the independence of the colonies was secured, was protection to the British refugees:

"Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising, moneyed people—they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries, during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, in making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them!*—what sir,' said he, rising to one of his loftiest attitudes, and assuming a look of the most indignant and sovereign contempt,—'shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps?*'"—*Ibid.* p. 254.

The concluding figure is said to have produced an amazing effect, which is highly probable, for it not only addressed the reason, but tickled the vanity of the assembly.

Mr. Henry was elected a member of the Convention which met to discuss the constitution of the

United States in 1788. Their debates and proceedings have been fully reported by Mr. Robertson of Virginia, who admits the impossibility of doing justice to such a speaker as Henry, and we find little worth quoting.

In one of Curran's most celebrated speeches he was struggling for an illustration of his client's innocence. "It was clear as — as —" (at this moment the sun shone into the court) "clear as yonder sunbeam that now bursts upon us with its splendid coruscations." Henry thus worked up a somewhat similar incident: —

"After describing, in accents which spoke to the soul, and to which every other bosom deeply responded, the awful immensity of the question (the adoption of the Constitution) to the present and future generations, and the throbbing apprehensions with which he looked to the issue, he passed from the house and from the earth, and looking, as he said, 'beyond that horizon which binds mortal eyes,' he pointed, with a countenance and action that made the blood run back upon the aching heart, 'to those celestial beings who were hovering over the scene, and waiting with anxiety for a decision which involved the happiness or misery of more than half the human race.'" To these beings, with the same thrilling look and action, he had just addressed an invocation that made every nerve shudder with supernatural horror, when, lo! a storm at that instant arose which shook the whole building, and the spirits whom he had called seemed to have come at his bidding. Nor did his eloquence, or the storm, immediately cease; but, availing himself of the incident with a master's art, he seemed to mix in the fight of his ethereal auxiliaries, and, 'rising on the wings of the tempest, to seize upon the artillery of heaven, and direct its fiercest thunders against the heads of his adversaries.' The scene became insupportable; and the house rose without the formality of adjournment, the members rushing from their seats with precipitation and confusion."—*Wirt*, pp. 312, 313.

We cannot help suspecting that the members rushed out, not so much from the confounding effect

of Henry's eloquence as for fear the building should come crumbling upon their heads. It was, however, no trifling matter to induce them to keep their places till he had done.

A long and careful report of his argument on the question of the British debts—whether debts due to British subjects were recoverable—has been preserved; and though its imperfections are frankly admitted by the reporter, it proves that Henry could thoroughly master a great legal question, and argue according to the strict rules of logic when he chose.

The case of John Hook is ordinarily put forward as an example of what he could do in the comic line. This Hook was a Scotchman, fond of money, and suspected of being unfavourable to the American cause. Two of his bullocks had been seized for the use of the troops in 1781; and so soon as peace was established, he brought an action against the commissary. Henry was engaged for the defence:—

“ He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigour of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet. ‘Where was the man,’ he said, ‘who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? *There* he stands; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge.’ He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colours of his eloquence: the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of

victory, and the cry of Washington and liberty, as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighbouring river. ‘But hark! what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy and silence the acclamations of victory? they are the notes of *John Hook*, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *beef! beef! beef!*’” — pp. 389, 390.*

It is added that the clerk of the court, unable to contain himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum, rushed out, and was found rolling on the grass in a paroxysm of laughter by Hook, the hero of the day. “Jemmy Steptoe, what the devil ails ye, mon?” Mr. Steptoe could only say that he could not help it. “Never mind ye,” said the defendant; “wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he’ll show him the la’.” Billy Cowan’s exertions proved vain. The cause was decided by acclamation; and a cry of *tar and feathers* having succeeded to that of *beef*, Mr. Hook was fain to make a precipitate retreat.

Henry’s last appearance on the stage of public life was in 1799, when, alarmed at the violent measures meditated by the democratic party, he thought it his duty to stem the torrent, and presented himself as a candidate for the House of Delegates for Charlotte County. On the day of election he received such homage from the people that a baptist minister demanded why they followed him about: “Mr. Henry is not a god.” “No, indeed, my friend,” was the reply; “I am but a poor worm, as fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over your fields, and is remembered no more.” In the course of his address he painted the horrors that

* This passage was introduced with considerable felicity by Mr. Charles Phillips, in his speech against a reverend gentleman who had prosecuted two of his servants for feloniously appropriating to their own use sundry slices of a boiled round of beef.

would ensue if they compelled Washington to march against them:—

“‘ And where (he asked) are our resources to meet such a conflict?—Where is the citizen of America who will dare to lift his hand against the father of his country?’ A drunken man in the crowd threw up his arm, and exclaimed that ‘he dared to do it.’—‘ No,’ answered Mr. Henry, rising aloft in all his majesty; ‘ you dare not do it: in such a parricidal attempt, the steel would drop from your nerveless arm!’”

He was elected by a large majority, and the assembly was thrown into commotion by the tidings of his approach; but his health was irretrievably broken, the crisis was accelerated by the agitations of the period, and on June 6th, 1799, he died.

The person of an orator who produced such effects by action is important. Henry was tall and raw-boned, with a slight stoop of the shoulders; his complexion was dark and sunburnt, without any appearance of blood in the cheeks; his ordinary expression was that of gravity, and he had an habitual contraction of the brow, which gave him a look of harshness till he spoke. His forehead was high and straight—nose Roman, and eyes of singular power and brilliancy, overshadowed by dark thick eyebrows. His voice was clear, firm, and of extraordinary compass. His delivery was easy and natural when he warmed; but he often hesitated at the commencement, and had the air of labouring under a distressing degree of modesty or timidity, which indeed continued to characterise his manner throughout, unless he was led to throw it off by some high excitement. His information was very limited, for his disinclination to study returned upon him so soon as his reputation was established. “Take my word for it,” was his remark to a friend in advanced life,—“we are too old to read books: read men—they are the only volumes

we can read to advantage." What he did read was always ready for use. Mr. Lee (the Cicero of the Virginian Assembly) was descanting tediously, till a late hour, on the beauties of Don Quixote. Henry assented, but added, "you have overlooked in your eulogy one of the finest things in the book—the divine exclamation of Sancho—'Blessed be the man who first invented sleep: it covers one all over, like a cloak.'"

We have already suggested a parallel; and no one can help being struck by the striking resemblance which Henry's oratory (so far as it can be collected from description) bears to Lord Chatham's, notwithstanding the startling discrepancy between their birth, breeding, tastes, habits, and pursuits. The one, a born member of the English aristocracy—the other, the son of a Virginian farmer; the one, educated at Eton and Oxford—the other, picking up a little Latin grammar at a day-school: the one, reading Bailey's Dictionary twice over, and articulating before a glass to perfect his use of language—the other, affecting a still greater carelessness of style and rusticity of pronunciation than were natural to him: the one, so fine a gentleman and so inveterate an actor, that, before receiving the most insignificant visitor, he was wont to call for his wig, and settle himself in an imposing attitude—the other, slouching into the provincial parliament with his leather gaiters and shooting-jacket. But they meet in all the grand leading elemental points—in fire, force, energy, and intrepidity—the sagacity that works by intuition—the faculty of taking in the entire subject at a glance, or lighting up a whole question by a metaphor—the fondness for Saxon words, short uninverted idiomatic sentences, downright assertions, and hazardous apostrophes—above all, in the singular tact and felicity

with which their dramatic (or rather melo-dramatic) turns and touches were brought in.

It is in vain to say that people could never have been such fools as to be awed by what reads very like buffoonery or impertinence; or to cite the failure of Burke, who, when he flung the dagger on the floor of the House, produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan:—"The gentleman has brought us the knife—but where is the fork?" The scene would have gone off differently, had the actor been equal to the part. Lord Chatham often succeeded in worse. On one occasion, for example, he rose and walked out of the House, at his usual slow pace, immediately after he had finished his speech. A silence ensued till the door opened to let him into the lobby. A member then started up, saying, "I rise to reply to the right honourable member." Lord Chatham turned back, and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down dumb; then his lordship returned to his seat, repeating, as he hobbled along, the verses of Virgil:

"At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæque phalanges,
Ut vidère virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu: pars vertere terga,
Ceû quondam petiere rates: pars tollere vocem
Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes."

Then placing himself in his seat, he exclaimed, "Now let me hear what the honourable member has to say to me." When the late Mr. Charles Butler, from whom we borrow this anecdote, asked his informant, an eye-witness, if the House did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor member, he replied, "*No, sir, we were all too awed to laugh.*"

Another extraordinary instance of his command of the House is the manner in which he fixed indelibly on Mr. Grenville the appellation of "the gentle

shepherd." At the time in question, a song by Dr. Howard, which began with the words, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where," each stanza ending with that line, was in every mouth. In the course of the debate, Mr. Grenville exclaimed, "Where is our money? where are our means? I say again, where are our means? where is our money?" He then sat down, and Lord Chatham paced slowly out of the House, humming the line, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where."

Mr. Butler states that a gentleman mentioned the two last circumstances to the late Mr. Pitt; the minister observed that they were proofs of his father's ascendancy in the House; but that no specimens remained of the eloquence by which that ascendancy was procured. The gentleman recommended him to read slowly his father's speeches for the repeal of the stamp-act; and while he repeated them to bring to his mind, as well as he could, the figure, the look, and the voice, with which his father might be supposed to have pronounced them. Mr. Pitt did so, and admitted the probable effect of the speeches thus delivered.

In the case of his Transatlantic rival we must go still further: we must infer both language and action from the wonders recorded of him; but when we find Americans of all classes, parties, and shades of opinion, bearing concurrent testimony to these, there is obviously no alternative but to assume the direct falsehood of their statements, or admit that Patrick Henry possessed the genuine *vis viva*, the inborn genius of oratory, as much perhaps as any other modern, dead or living, with the exception of Chatham and Mirabeau.

Botta, the Italian, who, in his "History of the American Revolution," has thrown the arguments for

and against the Declaration of Independence into the form of harangues after the manner of the historians of antiquity, makes Lee and Dickinson the champions of their respective parties. Lee certainly moved the resolutions, but Jefferson says, "the colossus of that congress, the great pillar of support to the Declaration, and its ablest advocate on the floor of the House, was *John Adams*," who poured forth his passionate appeals in language which "moved his hearers from their seats." It was a bold measure to attempt an imitation, but this has been done by Mr. Webster, artistically interweaving the few original expressions which have been retained. We will quote a few sentences:—

"Let us, then, bring before us the assembly which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and careworn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices of this band of patriots.

"Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration.

"It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness—

" 'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence; but there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my

tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him! The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? . . .

“ ‘ Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs ; but I see, I see clearly, through this day’s business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live in the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die ! die colonists ! die slaves ! die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold ! Be it so — be it so. If it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. . . .

“ ‘ But whatever may be our fate be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood ; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves our children will honour it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it ; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment ; — independence, *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER ! ’ ”

The first sentence of the speech here given to Adams is copied from his declaration to the attorney-general for Massachusetts in 1774 : — “ The die is now cast. I have passed the Rubicon. To sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my unalterable determination.” The passage would

be materially improved by leaving out the words "survive or perish;" but a leaning towards pleonasm is one great defect of American style, as we may subsequently have occasion to point out.

Prior to his appearance in congress, Adams had obtained great celebrity at the bar. He defended Captain Preston, prosecuted for firing on the people in 1770; and, throwing all petty considerations and prejudices aside, called on the jury "to be deaf, deaf as adders, to the clamours of the populace." Captain Preston was acquitted; and the circumstance is often mentioned as a proof of the inherent sense of justice among the people of the United States. But is it quite clear that they retain as a nation all the good qualities which distinguished them as a British colony? Were the ringleaders of the Baltimore mob, who murdered the printer of a newspaper which opposed a war with England in 1812, convicted or acquitted? Or if the slave-owners had tarred and feathered Miss Martineau, and sent her to keep company with wild turkeys, as they threatened, could any southern jury have been persuaded to find them guilty of an assault?*

Two other famous speakers of the ante-revolutionary period were John Rutledge and James Otis. The latter argued the great question of writs of assistance (a sort of general warrant) in 1761; and his speech is thus described in one of John Adams's letters: — "Otis was a flame of fire! With a promptitude of classical allusion, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American independence was then and there born.

* The recent case of Mr. Charles Sumner renders all further illustration superfluous.

Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance."—Jefferson was struck in precisely the same manner by Henry, and gives him credit for the same description of effect. We may split the difference, by supposing that Otis then laid the embers which Henry afterwards lighted and flung abroad.

This is all worth repeating that we have been able to collect regarding the ante-revolutionary epoch, and we gladly pass on to a period which offers something more substantial than scattered allusions to argue from. Common Rumour is an indispensable witness in an inquiry like the present. With all her hundred-tongued liability to fibbing, she must be put into the box; and our first care was to learn, from the most enlightened Americans of our acquaintance, which, according to the popular estimate, were generally regarded as the best speakers of their time. The following is a carefully collated list of the chief names that have been forwarded to us with satisfactory testimonials:

Alexander Hamilton, Fisher Ames, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Rufus King, Samuel Dexter, Chief Justice Marshall, John Wells, Thomas Emmett (the Irish barrister), Harrison Grey, Otis, John Randolph, William Wirt, Joseph Hopkinson, Horace Binney, Luther Martin, William Pinkney, Robert Harper, Robert Hayne, James Madison, James Bayard, William Preston, Joseph Story, Henry Clay, John Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and Edward Everett.

It is a remarkable fact that the whole of these are lawyers by profession except the last. The order in which they are named means nothing; and it may be as well to say that no just conclusion can be

drawn from the comparative space we may devote to any of them in our remarks and quotations.

Lord Brougham, in his "Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients," says that public speaking among them bore a more important share in the conduct of affairs, and filled a larger space in the eye of the people than it does now, or indeed ever can again. He afterwards alludes to their interest in oratorical displays as sources of recreation, but it seems to have escaped his attention that "the orators" formed a class distinct from the public men in general, and were more frequently the disturbers than the rulers of the state. Thus Plutarch, in the Life of Phocion, says—"For as princes divert themselves at their meals with buffoons and jesters, so the Athenians attended to the polite and agreeable address of their orators merely by way of entertainment; but when the question was concerning so important a business as the command of their forces, they returned to sober and serious thinking," &c. For this reason it was said that Demosthenes was the finer orator, and Phocion the more persuasive speaker—Phocion, who once, when what he said happened to be received with universal applause, turned to his friends and asked, "Have I inadvertently let slip something wrong?"

The good sense of mankind has established the same distinction in all countries,—even under a democracy like that of the United States, where, from the undue prevalence of the talking profession, it might be thought that the assembly or the forum afforded the only legitimate means of influence. The name of Jefferson, for example, does not appear upon our list; yet who has played a more important part? The fact is, his voice, weak at best, became guttural and inarticulate in moments of high excitement, and the consciousness of this infirmity prevented him from risking his reputation in debate; though, judging

from the productions of his pen, he possessed all except the physical qualifications of an orator. Washington, again, was wont to exercise much the same sort of influence as the Duke of Wellington has long exercised in this country. He delivered his opinion in a few pithy sentences, written or spoken, and the mere declaimers subsided into insignificance. It is remarkable, too, that the patriotic exertions of these great men were generally directed against the same class of politicians—namely, those who sought to gain the favour of the people by relaxing the reins of government and weakening the foundations of authority.*

It is related of Washington, at the conclusion of his campaign against the Indians, that, having to appear before the assembly of Virginia and return thanks for a complimentary vote, he got confused, and was unable to go on. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the Speaker; "your modesty is equal to your valour; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess." He afterwards acquired the power of expressing himself without embarrassment, and when Patrick Henry was asked in 1774 who was the first man in Congress, he replied: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator: but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

Even amongst those who take rank as orators, there may be some whose speeches possess few attractions in a rhetorical point of view, although grave, dignified, replete with thought and knowledge, and admirably adapted both to the subject-matter and the time.

* Many other points of analogy will be suggested by a perusal of the inestimable and (in some measure) parallel compilations of Colonel Gurwood and Mr. Sparks.

Those of Alexander Hamilton, the most consummate statesman ever "raised" in America, pre-eminently belong to this category. "There is not an element of order, strength, and durability in the constitution of the United States," says M. Guizot, "which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce into the scheme, and cause to be adopted." *

What the reader naturally looks for in specimens is the striking metaphor, the happy illustration, the biting sarcasm, the graceful irony, the bold invective, the vehement apostrophe—something, in short, of the stimulating or exciting kind, and these are not always to be found in the models of clear statement or the correctest trains of reasoning. At the same time, it would be unfair in the extreme to infer the absence of statesmanship from the presence or even abundance of these qualities. Fire and fancy are not incompatible with truth and wisdom; or, as Lord Chatham once said in answer to Mr. Pelham —

"What the gentlemen on the other side mean by long harangues, or flowers of rhetoric, I shall not pretend to determine; but if they make use of nothing of the kind, it is no very good argument of their sincerity, because a man who speaks from his heart, and is sincerely affected with the subject upon which he speaks, as every honest man must be when he speaks in the cause of his country, such a man, I say, falls naturally into expressions which may be called flowers of rhetoric, and therefore deserves as little to be charged with affectation as the most stupid serjeant-at-law that ever spoke for a half-guinea fee."

We have now, it is to be hoped, said enough to escape the risk of wounding the self-love of any irritable individual of the most irritable nation in the world. To save the trouble of frequent repetition, we will next briefly explain the nature of the great

* Washington, by M. Guizot, translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. 1840.

party-topics on which the larger, if not the better, half of American eloquence has been expended.

No sooner were the United States recognised as a nation than the powers vested in congress during the war were found utterly insufficient for the purposes of peace. The British government, perhaps not sorry to mortify the new state, refused to sign a treaty till they were increased. A project of a constitution was accordingly submitted to a convention of delegates in 1787, and, after a warm discussion, adopted by the majority. The most enlightened and (with two or three exceptions) most distinguished statesmen strongly advocated the expediency of giving the largest amount of power to the central supreme authorities. The men of local influence, backed by the lower class, struggled hard to maintain the supremacy of the provincial legislatures, on which the popular voice could be brought to bear with full effect. The views of the former were explained in a series of letters called "The Federalist." This gave a name to the party; and *Federalist* and *Anti-Federalist* were thenceforward the designations of the two grand divisions into which the entire country was split. Jay, Madison, and Hamilton were the chief leaders of the Federalists, who had also the support of Washington. The principal speaker on the other side was Patrick Henry, but the real leader was Jefferson, then absent on a diplomatic mission. The Federalists leaned towards aristocracy and England, the Anti-Federalists towards democracy and France. "Thus," says M. Guizot, in the little tract already quoted—"the controversy between them involved the social as well as the political order of things,—the very constitution of society as well as its government. Thus the supreme, eternal questions, which have agitated and will ever agitate the world, and which are connected with the far higher problem of the nature and destiny of man, all lay at stake be-

tween the parties into which the American community was divided, and were all concealed under their designations."

When the constitution was discussed, the parties were so equally divided, that the decision often hung upon a vote. But after the death of Washington the popular party rapidly gained ground, and the election of Jefferson to the Presidency in 1801 was the crowning triumph of democracy. His friends then took the name of *Democrats* or *Republicans*. The name of *Federalist* continued till a much later period; but in 1824, when John Quincy Adams was elected President, it was changed for that of *National-Republicans*, and about the same period the democrats who opposed him began to be called *Jackson-men*. In 1834 both parties were baptised anew. The old Federalists, or aristocrats, were christened *Whigs*; and the democrats (who supported Van Buren) *Tories*,—which had been regarded as a term of opprobrium ever since the revolution, when the adherents of the mother-country were so called. Some of these new Tories had a meeting at Tammany Hall, New York: the lamps being accidentally extinguished, the hall was re-lighted by *Locofoco* (Lucifer) matches, and thus arose the term *Locofocos*, by which the ultra-Radicals of the United States are designated. We need hardly add that these lines have been occasionally crossed by both parties: thus Jackson's proclamation against South Carolina in 1833 was, to all intents and purposes, a strong Federalist manifesto. Of late years, too, other questions, not strictly referable to either set of principles, have been chosen for rallying points, as the bank, the tariff, the abolition of slavery; and at present (1840) topics of a purely personal nature are most in fashion. The suffrages of an enlightened public have been demanded for General Harrison (the *Whig*, i.e. *Conservative*, candidate for the Presidency)

on the ground of his dwelling in a log-house and drinking hard cider of his own making; and it is deemed patriotic to use letter-paper headed by a vignette representing him seated in front of such a residence with a cup in his hand and a hogshead by his side.

The speakers whom (with reference to the foregoing considerations, and with reference also to the materials within our reach) we have selected for particular illustration are: Fisher Ames, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Wirt, Story, Randolph, Calhoun, Clay, Everett, and Webster.

Fisher Ames was born at Dedham, Massachusetts, 1758. He graduated at Harvard University, and, after going through a course of legal study at Boston, began the practice of his profession in his native village. In most parts of North America the functions of the barrister and attorney are combined, like those of surgeon and apothecary in an English country town, and he probably discharged both. He made himself known by his political contributions to the newspapers, and was elected a member of the provincial assembly, where he so highly distinguished himself as to lead to his being soon transferred to a more conspicuous field,—the first congress that met after the constitution was declared.

Fisher Ames has received from the fond partiality of his countrymen the name of the American Burke, and though his political "Essays" form the chief and most lasting foundation of his fame, there are passages in his speeches which might go far towards accounting for, if they do not quite justify, the appellation. His countrymen may still learn something from the following:—

"In open war we are the weaker, and shall be brought into danger if not to ruin. . . . By cherishing

the arts of peace, we shall acquire, and we are actually acquiring, the strength and resources for a war. Instead of seeking treaties, we ought to shun them; for the later they shall be formed the better will be the terms: we shall have more to give, and more to withhold. We have not yet taken our proper rank, or acquired that consideration which will not be refused us, if we persist in prudent and pacific counsels; if we give time for our strength to mature itself. *Though America is rising with a giant's strength its bones are yet but cartilages.* By delaying the beginning of a conflict, we insure the victory."

Burke, in his speech on American affairs delivered in 1772, calls the Americans "a nation in the gristle;" and Talleyrand on his return from the United States, described them as "un géant sans os ni nerfs."

Mr. Ames's great speech is one delivered in 1796 in support of the treaty with Great Britain, which, though ratified by the President, a considerable party in the House of Representatives were anxious to repudiate. He was so weak from severe illness when he rose that it seemed doubtful whether he would be able to do more than enter his protest against the proposed infraction of public faith; but as he warmed in the argument, he acquired a factitious strength, and there is a kind of feverish force and wildness in the expressions he flings forth as his convictions deepen in the very act of uttering them:—

"Will any man affirm the American nation is engaged by good faith to the British nation, but that engagement is nothing to this House? Such a man is not to be reasoned with. Such a doctrine is a coat of mail that would turn the edge of all the weapons of argument, if they were sharper than a sword. Will it be imagined the King of Great Britain and the President are mutually bound by the treaty, but the two nations are free?"

"This sir, is a cause that would be dishonoured and betrayed if I contented myself with appealing only to the understanding. It is too cold, and its processes are too slow,

for the occasion. I desire to thank God, that since he has given me an intellect so fallible, he has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure. On a question of shame and honour, reasoning is sometimes useless and worse. I feel the decision in my pulse—if it throws no light upon the brain, it kindles a fire at the heart.”

Under the treaty in question certain posts, supposed to be essential to the protection of the American frontier against the Indians, were to be surrendered by Great Britain. This afforded a fine topic of declamation:—

“By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable, and if duty be anything more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

“There is no mistake in this case, there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of their wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture. Already they seem to sigh in the west wind—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.”

In order to make the resemblance to Burke more complete, the speaker steals a second feather from his wing:—

“For when the fiery vapours of the war lowered in the skirts of our horizon, all our wishes were centred in this one, that we might escape the desolation of the storm. This

treaty, like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the space where it was raging, and afforded, at the same time, the sure prognostic of fair weather. If we reject it, the vivid colours will grow pale, it will be a baleful meteor portending tempest and war."

This is not exactly the famous Hyder-Ali image, but it is an obvious and rather clumsy imitation of it. A compliment was paid him at the conclusion of this speech, similar to that paid by Pitt to Sheridan at the conclusion of his famous Begum speech.* A member of the opposite party objected to taking a vote at that time, as they had been carried away by the impulse of Ames' oratory.

Ill health compelled him to retire into private life, but he viewed the progress of ultra-democratic opinions with ever-deepening interest and alarm, and continued to write a great deal on public matters down to his death in 1808. He was a man of warm devotional feelings, and is reported to have said, "I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language."

John Quincy Adams, the son of the orator of the revolutionary congress, was bred to the bar, and his name occurs once or twice in the Reports of the decisions of the supreme court; but he quitted this career for diplomacy, and filled the situation of minister at various foreign courts successively. The rest of his time was actively devoted to general politics, and in 1825 he was elected President. His studies have been as multifarious as his avocations: he affects to know (and really does know almost) everything; his speeches are profusely interspersed with literary allu-

* Let those who judge of speeches by the reported passages account for the praises lavished by cotemporaries, without one dissenting voice, on this speech of Sheridan's.

sions, and no description of subject is rejected as alien to his pursuits. Whenever a philosophic society or learned institution required an inaugural address, he was ready with one: when an eulogy was to be pronounced on Lafayette, he was selected by congress to pronounce it; and his anniversary orations are numberless.

The only specimens of Adams to be found in Mr. Willison's five-volume collection are his inaugural address as President in 1825—a manly, statesman-like, and spirited appeal—and an oration delivered at Plymouth, New England, Dec. 22, 1802, at the anniversary commemoration of the landing of the first settlers, commonly called the Pilgrims, at that place. One grand object on these occasions is to vindicate the purity of North American descent:—

“The founders of your race are not handed down to you, like the father of the Roman people, as the sucklings of a wolf. You are not descended from a nauseous compound of fanaticism and sensuality, whose only argument was the sword, and whose only paradise was a brothel. No Gothic scourge of God; no Vandal pest of nations; no fabled fugitive from the flames of Troy; no bastard Norman tyrant appears among the list of worthies who first landed on the rock which your veneration has preserved as a lasting monument of their achievement.”

When, amongst other grounds of complaint against the English army for burning Washington, it was urged that the national records had been destroyed, the “*Courier*” newspaper replied, that this part of the mischief might be easily repaired by presenting congress with a complete copy of “*The Newgate Calendar*;” and when a Virginian fine gentleman was once boasting of his family jewels, he was thrown into a frenzy by an English traveller, who inquired whether he meant the irons in which his ancestor made his escape. These are jokes addressed to popular ignorance; but

at the same time it might be as well to avoid invidious contrasts, since even English refugees for conscience' sake can hardly be better born than Englishmen, and the population of North America has certainly received considerable additions from a class described by Barrington, the famous pickpocket, in a prologue spoken in New South Wales : —

“True patriots we ; for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.”*

Mr. Adams continues —

“ Nearly a century ago one of these rare minds to whom it is given to discern future greatness in its seminal principles, upon contemplating the situation of this continent, pronounced in a vein of poetic inspiration,

“ Westward the Star of empire takes its way.”

Let us all unite in ardent supplications to the Founder of nations and the Builder of worlds, that what then was prophecy may continue unfolding into history—that the dearest hopes of the human race may not be extinguished in disappointment, and that the last may prove the noblest *empire of time.*”

The verse is taken from a stanza by Bishop Berkeley :—

“ Westward the course of empire takes its way.
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day.
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

How lamentably the thought is impaired in the citation by the change of a word!

We should do Mr. Adams injustice were we not to

* Mr. Barrington was finally transported for a most successful attendance at a drawing-room of Queen Charlotte's in the character of an Irish bishop ; his lawn sleeves were found crammed full with stars and diamonds. He rose subsequently to be stage-manager and high sheriff at Botany Bay.

add that he possesses higher merits than occasional force or felicity of style. His political views are almost uniformly broad and enlightened; and his speech on the affair of Texas has been pronounced by good judges to be altogether the most statesman-like ever delivered in North America. His voice, now broken by age, was once clear and musical, and his look and manner are remarkably impressive. Commemorative discourses are usually delivered in a church or meeting-house, and the venerable ex-president, addressing a large audience from the pulpit with all the animation of his youth, might form as good a subject for a picture as John Knox.

Josiah Quincy is the son of a Boston patriot bearing the same names, who died in 1775, but was considered to have sufficient claims on the gratitude of his countrymen to justify a Life by his son; though, be it observed this is a tribute which has become very common, and is not always, as in the present instance, justified by circumstances and the real merits of the man. Josiah the younger, though we believe bred to the bar, has paid more attention to literature than law. He is reckoned an excellent classic, and has filled the post of president of Harvard University for several years. He is a productive composer of anniversary harangues; but his two best speeches were made as a member of congress. In 1808 he spoke in support of a resolution to resist the edicts of the belligerent powers which had the effect of restricting the commerce of the United States: —

“Gentlemen exclaim, Great Britain ‘smites us on one cheek;’ and what does administration? It turns the other also. Gentlemen say, Great Britain is a robber; she ‘takes our cloak;’ and what says administration? ‘Let her take our coat also.’ France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely. Sir, this conduct may be the way to dignity and honour in

another world, but it will never secure safety and independence in this. . . . But I shall be told, 'this may lead to war.' I ask, 'are we now at peace?' Certainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under the lash be peace. The surest way to prevent war is not to fear it. The idea that nothing on earth is so dreadful as war is inculcated too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse. Abandonment of essential rights is worse."

We cannot venture to say that the following passage is in strict accordance with modern English taste; but we are quite sure that had an Irish orator uttered it, his cotemporaries would have applauded and his biographers recorded it:—

"But it has been asked in debate, 'will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?' An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain as a sea-nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her whilst she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo liberty; a handcuffed liberty; a liberty in fetters; a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster. Its parentage is all inland."

Yet let us do justice to Ireland. Grattan's personification was immeasurably superior: "Short-lived, indeed, was Irish independence. I sat by her cradle,—I followed her hearse."

The subject of Mr. Quincy's other great speech was the admission of Louisiana into the Union. His exordium (too long to quote) is admirable, though suddenly broken off by an appeal to the Chair. One of Lord Chatham's favourite modes of arresting attention, of which an example has been given, was to say something startling for the express purpose of

provoking a call to order; and we incline to think that Mr. Quincy had laid a trap for an interruption with the same view; for it is stated, on good authority, that he invariably learns his speeches by heart, though he, notwithstanding, contrives to deliver them with the required energy. This is one of the most difficult attainments in oratory; for, to do it well, it is necessary to reproduce the same state of thought and feeling under which the oration was composed. Unluckily the writer is more apt to feel like the litigant who complained to Lysias that the speech provided for him read well enough the first and second time, but sounded rather flat the third and fourth. "The audience," replied Lysias, "are only to hear it once." To put themselves as nearly as possible on a level with the audience in this respect, the practice of the best speakers is to meditate the subject thoroughly, fill their minds with arguments and illustrations, select and arrange the best topics, and trust to the excitement of the moment for the language and the tone.

Two of the best impromptu uses of an interruption are the following:—"Magnum vectigal est parsimonia," exclaimed Burke. "Vectigal," interrupted Lord North. "I thank the noble lord," resumed the orator, "for giving me an opportunity of repeating the inestimable adage, 'Magnum vectigal est parsimonia.'" Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, when member for London, was denouncing, in the House of Commons, sundry persons as guilty of corrupt practices at elections, when a cry of "name" arose. "Name! their name is legion."

William Wirt, the biographer of Patrick Henry, has done more than enough, according to American notions, to earn a biographer for himself. He was born in Maryland in 1772, and after a successful forensic career, was made attorney-general to the

United States, under the presidency of Monroe. He is known in literature by a series of essays, called "The British Spy;" written with a clearness, spirit, and facility, which, independently of extraneous evidence, would lead to the conclusion that he was calculated to excel in oratory. The fact, however, is satisfactorily established by his reported speeches, one of which has attained a high degree of celebrity—his speech against Aaron Burr, prosecuted in 1807 for treason in preparing the means of a military expedition against Mexico, a territory of the King of Spain, with whom the United States were at peace.

The defendant's counsel had endeavoured to shift the principal guilt of the expedition from Colonel Burr to a Mr. Blannerhassett. Mr. Wirt's description of this gentleman has grown into a common subject of declamation in the schools:—

"Who is Blannerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blannerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste, and science, and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and

made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanour, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardour panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangour and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstacy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse

into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately 'permitted not the winds of' summer 'to visit too roughly,' we find her shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he by whom he was thus plunged in misery is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blannerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness for ever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment."

The same kind of contrast is beautifully sketched by Curran in a speech delivered in 1794, alluding to the banishment of Muir:—

"To what other cause can you ascribe, what in my mind is still more astonishing, in such a country as Scotland, a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth; cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering; winning her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse; from the deep and scrutinising researches of her Humes, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic morality of her Burns—how from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant barbarous soil; condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the

period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life?"

The chief fault to be found with Mr. Wirt's description is that the occasional fancifulness of the images and the ornate grace of the language detract from our conviction of the speaker's earnestness. This objection is not applicable to a holiday discourse, and his eulogy on Jefferson and Adams, who died on the same day, July 4, 1826—and that day the anniversary of American independence—is the best which this remarkable coincidence has called forth.

Mr. Justice Story has established an enduring reputation amongst the lawyers of all countries by his "Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws;" whilst his works on "Bailments and Equity" are already exercising a formidable degree of rivalry with the best British books on these subjects. When we find a jurist of this calibre acquiring contemporaneous celebrity for language and style, it would be unjust both to his country and the man not to pay him the compliment of a quotation as we pass. We turn for this purpose to his "Miscellaneous Writings," where his best discourses are collected,—and lasting monuments they form to his taste, knowledge, truth of feeling, and grasp of thought. Our classical readers will readily give us credit for the justice of this commendation, when they read the defence of their favourite studies of which this passage forms part:—

"There is not a single nation, from the North to the South of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars; of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar-schools; of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because

it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who, that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who, that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who, that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel that he drank deep at

“ ‘ Siloa’s brook, that flow’d
Fast by the oracle of God ’—

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars ? ”

His discourses abound in passages of at least equal merit,—such as the description of the effects of modern chemistry (p. 119), which might be placed alongside of Lord Jeffrey’s description of the effects of steam in his Notice of Watt; or the sketch of the view from the Mount Auburn Cemetery (p. 97), which rivals the same writer’s exquisite contrast of highland and lowland scenery in his “ Essay on Taste ” in “ The Encyclopædia Britannica.”

Mr. Justice Story’s charges to juries are also much admired; and his judgments are admirable specimens of judicial statement and reasoning. The most important are reported by Mr. Charles Sumner, who recently paid a visit of some duration to this country, and presents in his own person a decisive proof that an American gentleman, without official rank or wide-spread reputation, by mere dint of courtesy, candour, and entire absence of pretension, an appreciating spirit, and a cultivated mind, may be received on a perfect footing of equality in the best

English circles. Indeed, such is the influence of community of race and language, that no visitors are more cordially welcomed than the citizens of the United States when they are content to take our society as they find it, to suppress their touchiness, and to talk of their national prospects without hyperbole.*

A second legal luminary of the first water was the late Chief Justice Marshall, the Lord Stowell of the United States: the late William Pinkney, attorney-general to the United States, was a third†: but want of space compels us to quit them for the politicians who are still fretting their busy hour upon the stage.

John Caldwell Calhoun (Miss Martineau's "cast-iron man, who looks as if he had never been born") was born March, 1782, in South Carolina. His family are Irish, and had a hard battle to fight with the Cherokees for their settlement. At an early age he applied himself to the reading of history with such diligence as seriously to impair his health, but this led to his being subsequently sent to Yale College, under Dr. Dwight, who said of him, after the animated discussion of a class question in which the student had the presumption to differ from the Principal, "That young man has talents enough to be President of the United States." Cyril Jackson is reported to have said something of the sort of Mr. Canning, then an under-graduate; but as he foretold about the same time that the late Lords Morley and Darnley would play conspicuous parts, and the late

* How completely a cultivated and travelled American can rise superior to such weaknesses, and take unprejudiced views of European affairs, may be seen in the "Letters of a States'-man," recently (1857) collected in a volume.

† See his *Life*, by Mr. Wheaton, the accomplished author of the "History of the Northmen." There is an interesting biographical sketch of Chief Justice Marshall in Story's "Miscellaneous Writings."

Lord Liverpool do nothing, we cannot take upon ourselves to put the Dean as a prophet on a par with Dr. Dwight, whose prediction has been already verified in spirit, and may be verified before long to the letter.

Whilst studying for the bar, Mr. Calhoun was diligent in his attendance on debating clubs, and has always, it is said, made a point of extemporising his speeches. He took his seat in congress in 1811, and continued a member till 1817, when he was appointed secretary-at-war. At the expiration of Mr. Monroe's second term of presidency, Mr. Calhoun was started as a candidate, but his name was withdrawn to avoid dividing his party, and he was elected Vice-President under General Jackson by a large majority. In 1833 he resigned this office, and, as a member of the senate, resumed his oratorical career.

His style is more close and sententious than is common in American speakers, his manner energetic, his delivery rapid, his figure tall, his countenance full of animation and intelligence. It is the opinion of good judges that he would succeed better in the English House of Commons than any other Transatlantic orator; but they add that he has somewhat of a metaphysical tendency, which certainly never suits that atmosphere.

His chief opponent was *John Randolph*, of Virginia, a strange eccentric genius, with a tall gaunt figure, and a screeching voice like a cunuch—who played an important part as a debater in congress from 1801 to 1832. Amongst other oddities he took an unaccountable interest in English topography, and could have competed with Pennant himself in a minute acquaintance with our country-seats and villages, though we are not aware that he ever paid a visit of any duration to this country. In 1833 he was appointed minister to St. Petersburg, but he only resided there six

weeks, and died in 1834, leaving several wills, which are still in litigation on the alleged ground of insanity. By one of them he emancipates his slaves, upwards of three hundred in number; and this alone would go far towards persuading a Virginian jury that he was mad. His speeches were awfully long, often occupying three days, but exceedingly effective, particularly when he was in the sarcastic vein. We can only find room for his mode of putting down the attempt to denounce British attachments as a crime:—

“Strange! that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilised or savage in the whole world! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. ‘Turks, Jews, and Infidels,’ Melimelli or the Little Turtle: barbarians and savages of every clime and colour are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins; in common with whom we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation—jury trial—voting the supplies—writ of *habeas corpus*—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence;—against our fellow protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion with ourselves. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges of America, learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valour? . . . I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religion. This is a British influence which I can never shake off.”

In the "North American Review" for October, 1832, will be found some notes of a conversation between Mr. A. Everett and Sir James Mackintosh, who is reported to have said of Randolph, "I have read some of his speeches, but the effect must depend very much on the manner. There is a good deal of vulgar finery. Malice there is too, but that would be excusable, provided it were in good taste."

Henry Clay, the son of a Virginian clergyman, was born in 1777. His early career coincides with that of Sir Samuel Romilly in three particulars: his education was neglected, he was placed in the office of a chancery clerk, and (like Curran also) he broke down when he first attempted to address an audience: "In his first attempt," we are told, "he was much embarrassed, and saluted the president of the society (a debating club) with the technical phrase, *Gentlemen of the Jury*, but gaining confidence as he proceeded, he burst the trammels of his youthful diffidence, and clothing his thoughts in appropriate language, gave utterance to an animated and eloquent address. He soon obtained an extensive and lucrative practice, and the reputation which the superiority of his genius acquired was maintained by his legal knowledge and practical accuracy."*

After acquiring distinction as an advocate, he made his first appearance as a political speaker in the state legislature, and was soon afterwards elected a member of the national senate. Since that period he has taken an active part in discussing or effectuating most of the great measures completed or contemplated by the government of the United States. He has been employed on diplomatic missions, has filled a cabinet office, been twice a candidate for the presidency, and at the present moment the leadership of

* The National Portrait Gallery.

the "Whig" party in congress lies between him and Mr. Webster.

Mr. Clay, as secretary-at-war under J. Q. Adams, zealously urged the recognition of the South American States; he hailed "the glorious spectacle of eighteen millions of people struggling to burst their chains and to be free;" and his biographer, in "The National Portrait Gallery," now arrogates for him the honour of having called a new world into existence: "That honour belongs not to George Canning, as a reference to dates will show: if there be glory due to any one mortal man more than to others, for rousing the sympathies of free men for a people struggling to be free, that glory is due to Henry Clay, *although he has never had the vanity to say so himself*: his exertions won the consent of the American people to sustain the president in the decisive stand which he took when the great European powers contemplated an intervention on behalf of Spain, and it was that which decided Great Britain in the course which she pursued. The Spanish American States have acknowledged their gratitude to Mr. Clay by public acts. His speeches have been read at the head of their armies, and his name will find as durable a place in the history of the South American republics as in the records of his native land."

This is a recurrence of the old error. The Americans are fully persuaded that the great European powers are constantly watching the policy of the United States with a view to the direction of their own, though, in point of fact, they think much less of it than they ought to do, and hardly ever reckon it as more than a makeweight in their system of balances. How can a nation powerless for aggressive warfare expect to influence sovereigns who can bring half a million of men into the field?

The tariff, however, is Mr. Clay's peculiar hobby;

and he might, with much more plausibility, be called the founder of the restrictive laws called "the American system," than the originator of a grand stroke of European statesmanship.

Mr. Clay must be heard and seen to be appreciated. His person is tall and commanding; his action graceful and dignified; and his voice possesses such compass and variety, that we have heard it compared to a band of music. Miss Martineau speaks of "his small grey eye and placid half-smile redeeming his face from its usual unaccountable commonness." But this lady's descriptions are not always confirmed by eye-witnesses. Clearness of statement is one of his chief merits; and this, added to some general resemblance in bearing, is probably the reason why Lord Lyndhurst, when he rises in the House of Lords, so frequently reminds Americans of Mr. Clay. The following is the best specimen of his style within our reach:—

"During all this time the parasites of opposition do not fail, by cunning sarcasm or sly innuendo, to throw out the idea of French influence, which is known to be false, which ought to be met in one manner only, and that is by the *lie direct*. The administration of this country devoted to foreign influence! The administration of this country subservient to France! Great God! what a charge! how is it so influenced? By what ligament, on what basis, on what possible foundation does it rest? Is it similarity of language? No! we speak different tongues — we speak the English language. On the resemblance of our laws? No! the sources of our jurisprudence spring from another and a different country. On commercial intercourse? No! we have comparatively none with France. Is it from the correspondence in the genius of the two governments? No! here alone is the liberty of man secure from the inexorable despotism which everywhere else tramples it under foot. Where, then, is the ground of such an influence? But, sir, I am insulting you by arguing on such a subject. Yet, preposterous and ridiculous as the insinuation is, it is propagated with so much

industry, that there are persons found foolish and credulous enough to believe it. You will, no doubt, think it incredible (but I have nevertheless been told it as a fact), that an honourable member of this House, now in my eye, recently lost his election by the circulation of a silly story in his district, that he was the first cousin of the Emperor Napoleon. The proof of the charge rested on a statement of facts, which was undoubtedly true. The gentleman in question, it was alleged, had married a connexion of the lady of the President of the United States, who was the intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, who, some years ago, was in the habit of wearing red French breeches. Now, taking these premises as established, you, Mr. Chairman, are too good a logician not to see that the conclusion necessarily follows!"

Edward Everett is one of the most remarkable men living. He is a native of Massachusetts, and was born about 1796. At nineteen he had already acquired the reputation of an accomplished scholar, and was drawing large audiences as a Unitarian preacher. At twenty-one (the age at which Roger Ascham achieved a similar distinction) he was appointed Professor of Greek in Harvard University, and soon afterwards he made a tour of Europe, including Greece. M. Cousin, who was with him in Germany, informed a friend of ours that he was one of the best Grecians he ever knew, and the translator of Plato must have known a good many of the best. On his return from his travels he lectured on Greek literature with the enthusiasm and success of another Abelard—we hope, without the Heloise.

In the United States the clerical (so-called) profession is taken up or thrown off almost at pleasure. Mr. Everett got so sick of it during his early trials, that he retains a marked aversion to a pulpit, and generally insists upon a stage or rostrum when he has to deliver an anniversary discourse. He was eight years a member of congress, and on his retiring

was made Governor of Massachusetts; but, failing to get re-elected in 1839, he has since lived in comparative retirement.* We are not sorry to add that he owes no inconsiderable portion of his fame to the "North American Review," to which (like his accomplished brother) he has been for many years a frequent and distinguished contributor. Indeed his celebrated article on Greece might be quoted as one of the best specimens of his eloquence.

Mr. Everett's chief qualifications as an orator are a clear sweet voice and a prodigious memory. He delivers his lectures and orations with the manuscript before him, but seldom or never has occasion to refer to it, and the effect is consequently fully equal to that of improvisation. It is admitted that he failed in congress; and his addresses, literary and commemorative, are rather eloquent pieces of writing than orations in the popular acceptance of the term. They are graceful, polished, imaginative, high-toned and flowing, with a kind of Ciceronian richness and redundancy; but the condensing power is wanting, and there is no such thing as effective oratory without that.

One of the first productions which brought Mr. Everett into notice was a discourse delivered at an academical society in the presence of Lafayette in 1824. The personal appeal to the illustrious visitor is a failure, but the discourse contains some great truths finely stated. For example:—

"Our country is called, as it is, practical; but this is the element for intellectual action. No strongly-marked and high-toned literature, poetry, eloquence, or ethics, ever appeared but in the pressure, the din, and crowd of great

* Mr. Everett was subsequently appointed minister of the United States at the British court, and has left an eminently favourable impression in this country.

interests, great enterprises, and perilous risks, and dazzling rewards. Statesmen, and warriors, and poets, and orators, and artists, start up under one and the same excitement. They are all branches of one stock. They form, and cheer, and stimulate, and, what is worth all the rest, understand each other; and it is as truly the sentiment of the student in the recesses of his cell, as of the soldier in the ranks, which breathes in the exclamation—

“‘To all the sons of sense proclaim,
One glorious hour of *crowded life*
Is worth an age without a name.’”

The ages of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo, of Louis the Fourteenth, of Elizabeth, of Anne, pass in review before us as we dwell upon this splendid stanza of Sir Walter Scott's. All these in one sense might be termed revolutionary periods, for the minds of men had been violently upstirred, and society was still rocking from the consequences of the shock. But what has this to do with the present condition of the people of the United States, who are practical as the population of Birmingham are practical?—and the sole magnates of intellect that distinguished community has sent forth are more fit to illustrate an age of brass.

Mr. Macaulay has produced many a gorgeous piece of historical painting, which it expands the mind and charms the imagination to dwell upon, but he has produced nothing more impressive than Mr. Everett's description of the landing of the first settlers.

“I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and weary from the voyage, — poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, — without shelter, — without means, — surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell

me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labour and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?"

Every orator before us has tried his hand at this topic, and put forth all his strength to heighten the contrast between the past and present condition of the colonies. But how ineffably inferior are all of them to Burke! If the invitations to these annual spouting-matches were headed with the famous passage in which he introduces the angel addressing Lord Bathurst, or if it were inscribed on a plain tablet on the traditional landing place at Plymouth, a great deal of useless trouble might be saved. How well it justifies the remark of Fox: "I cannot bear this thing in anybody but Burke, and he cannot help it."

Daniel Webster was born in 1782, the son of a New Hampshire farmer. Like the Dean of St. Patrick's, and many others, he showed no signs of

talent in early youth, and it was contrary to the wishes of his family that he undertook the study of the law. He was called to the bar in 1805, and began the practice of his profession in a small village, but removed in 1807 to Portsmouth, the capital of the county, where he soon acquired celebrity. He became a member of congress in 1812, and distinguished himself by his exertions to place the currency of the United States on a sound footing. In 1816, his pecuniary means having been much straitened by the consequences of a fire, he removed to Boston, and gave up all his time to his profession. The experiment was attended with complete success, and in a very short period his practice equalled that of any member of the American bar.

Many of his law arguments are good specimens of this kind of composition; but his speech on the prosecution of Knapp (tried for murder), from which Miss Martineau quotes largely and with high commendation, appears to us more remarkable for affectation than force. She says that, on the eve of the trial, Mr. Webster asked whether there was anything remarkable about any of the jury. The answer was, that the foreman was a man of remarkably tender conscience, and Miss Martineau entertains no doubt that the concluding passage was intended for his especial benefit: —

“A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the utmost parts of the seas, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the con-

sciousness of duty to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it."

We suspect that in general such considerations are as well suppressed in an address to a jury. If there be a delicate conscience it needs no stimulus to act, — and a dull one will be more sensible to arguments of a more mundane sort. The late Rowland Hill understood human nature well. His chapel having been infested by pickpockets, he took occasion to remind the congregation that there was an all-seeing Providence, to whom all hearts are open and from whom no secrets were hid; "but lest," he added, "there may be any present who are insensible to such reflections, I beg leave to state that there are also two Bow-street officers on the look-out."

At the end of seven years Mr. Webster had gained enough to justify his return to public life; and in January, 1823, he delivered one of the speeches which have done most towards the diffusion of his fame, — a speech in favour of the Greeks. The following passage is much and justly admired: —

"It may, in the next place, be asked, perhaps, supposing all this to be true, what can *we* do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations? — No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for *us*? If we will not endanger our own peace; if we will neither furnish armies nor navies to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within *our* power?"

"Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the *public opinion* of the civilised world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most

formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

“Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die.”

“Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilised world. It is nothing that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrest, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations, it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honour, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilised age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.”

Strange inconsistency! this passage is applauded, learnt by heart, and recited by the whole rising generation, in a land which doggedly retains millions of human beings in the most degrading state of slavery, in direct defiance of the opinion of the world!

The people of the United States are proud of having

fulfilled one poetic promise ; when will they fulfil another, made for them by a poet who never let slip an opportunity of showing kindness to an American ?

“ Assembling here, all nations shall be blest,
The sad be comforted, the weary rest ;
Untouch'd shall drop the fetters from the slave,
And He shall rule the world he died to save.” *

Or when will an American orator be permitted to rise to the height of the magnificent piece of declamation which gave Mr. Webster the framework of his best passage ? †

In 1826 Mr. Webster was elected a member of the senate, and in 1833 the same honour was again conferred upon him. This is the field in which he has gathered most of his laurels ; his resistance to the nullifying doctrines of the South Carolina delegates having been the principal means of preserving the entirety of the Union, which was seriously endangered by the threatened resistance of that State. Mr. Webster's profound knowledge of the constitution gave him a decided advantage in the resulting contest with Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Hayne, who were both antagonists of a calibre to call forth all his energies. His chief speech, in answer to Mr. Hayne, occupied three days in the delivery, and abounds in fine passages, besides giving ample evidence of his power as a debater in the English sense. For example :—

“ I shall not acknowledge that the honourable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honour, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurences, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans, all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by

* Rogers, *The Voyage of Columbus*.

† Curran's Speech for Archibald Hamilton Rowan.—“ No matter in what language his (the slave's) doom may be pronounced,” &c. &c.

state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here, in the senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state, or neighbourhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

“ Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past—let me remind you that in early times no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution—hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.”

The extract relating to Greece contains a quotation from Milton, and the last a paraphrase of Dryden. These, with Shakspeare, form the bulk of Mr. Webster's poetical reading; and we are by no means sure that it is useful for a popular orator to be familiar with any poets but those which are in the mouths and memories of the people; for what avail allusions which it requires notes or an appendix to explain?

It is obvious, however, that he has made a careful

study of the best English orators, particularly Burke. The following instances of resemblance, in the hands of a sharp critic, might be converted into plausible proofs of plagiarism.

Mr. Webster speaks of "affections which, running backwards, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity;" and Burke says, "they seldom look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors." The appeal to Lafayette, in the speech on laying the corner-stone of the Bunker's Hill monument,—“Fortunate, fortunate man! with what increase of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! you are connected with two hemispheres and with two generations,”—is only a fresh application of the allusion to Lord Bathurst. In the same speech (p. 72) we find,—“Like the mariner, whom the ocean and the winds carry along, till he sees the stars, which have directed his course and lighted his pathless way, descend, one by one, beneath the rising horizon, we should have felt that the stream of time had borne us onward, till another great luminary, whose light had cheered us, and whose guidance we had followed, had sunk away from our sight.” This was evidently suggested by an image, which the late Charles Butler terms the finest in modern oratory: “Even then, sir, before this splendid orb was entirely set, and whilst the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, in an opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant.”

But many others have been laid under contribution besides Burke. A passage in the eulogium of Adams and Jefferson beginning—“Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish although they water it and protect

it no longer"—probably owed something to the noble peroration of Grattan: "The spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted," &c. The passage beginning—"Is any man so weak as to hope for a reconciliation," &c.—is almost a translation from the Philippics of Demosthenes. The invocation against slavery—"I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice and all who minister at her altar,"—is borrowed from Lord Chatham's "I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution." The sudden and effective turn in the peroration of his speech for Prescott—"For myself, I am willing here to relinquish the character of an advocate, and to express opinions by which I am willing to be bound as a citizen of the community"—is imitated from Erskine, in his defence of Captain Bailey, "My lords, I address you no longer as an advocate, but as a man, as a member of that state whose very existence depends upon her naval power."

This peroration is one of those which American schoolboys recite on holiday occasions; and the circumstance is always worthy of note as an indication of popular taste.

Mr. Webster's taste is not uniformly refined, and he is by no means nice in his choice of language: but his style is not of the feeble order which depends upon the collocation of an epithet; it is of granite strength and texture; and, if the asperities were polished off, would still present the solidity of the rock. As Erskine said of Fox's speeches, "in their most imperfect reliques the bones of a giant are to be discovered." His voice is one of extraordinary power; his personal appearance, as many of our readers can bear testimony, is singularly impressive—nay, grand; his dark, deep-set eyes blaze with lustre

when he is animated, and his broad, black overhanging eyebrows give an almost unnatural air of energy and determination to his face. We may be pardoned for adding that his unaffected simplicity and modesty as well as dignity of bearing in society, were universally appreciated during his late visit to Great Britain.

Miss Martineau speaks of his "indolent, pleasure-loving disposition;" and it is a common saying in the United States, that "Webster must be pushed." Just so Dumont describes Mirabeau's manner as "un peu trainante" till he got under weigh—*jusqu'à ce qu'il se fût animé et que les soufflets de la forge fussent en fonction*. Lord Chatham used frequently to speak in a careless manner, and in an undertone for a quarter of an hour or more at a time, and then break out into one of his brilliant passages. Lord Brougham will often take as long to get clear of the long-entangled sentences—parenthesis within parenthesis—with which it is his pleasure to begin: but then it is our firm conviction that, confident in his resources, he often finds himself upon his legs without having made up his mind what he is going to say.

In compliance with the suggestion of David Hume, who says that criticism is nearly useless unless the critic quotes innumerable examples,—we have given specimens enough to enable our readers to form an opinion for themselves regarding the degree of excellence attained by the public speakers of the United States; but we have naturally been more anxious to illustrate their merits than their demerits, and must be pardoned, therefore, for briefly noting their two prominent defects. These are their lengthiness (to borrow one of their own words) and their magniloquence. Few American orators appear to have the slightest notion that too many words or topics may be employed, or that an effect may be produced by

simplicity. Reversing the method of Demosthenes, — who, according to Lord Brougham, never came back upon the same ground, and always ended quietly, — they never know when they have said enough, and generally conclude, like a melodrame, with a blaze.

It is an ordinary occurrence in congress for a member to speak two or three days, and his fellow-members make it a point to listen, or at least to suffer with decency. Captain Hall recommended the introduction of coughing, but was told that the state of manners did not admit of such a cure. Some Kentucky representative might adopt the late Mr. Richard Martin's example, and propose a bullet as "the best pill for the honourable gentleman's complaint;" or a dozen bowie-knives might start from their sheaths to revenge a catarrh that threatened him with insult. Besides, as we formerly observed, the evil is inherent in the very nature of a strictly representative system, and is beginning to be felt in the English House of Commons to a formidable extent:

"All laws," says M. de Tocqueville, "which tend to make the representative more dependent on the elector, not only affect the conduct of the legislature, but also their language. They exercise a simultaneous influence on affairs themselves, and on the manner in which affairs are discussed. There is hardly a member of congress who can make up his mind to go home without having despatched at least one speech to his constituents, nor who will endure any interruption until he has introduced into his harangue whatever useful suggestions may be made touching the four and twenty states of which the Union is composed, and especially the district which he represents."*

When an orator has got his audience bound hand and foot, it is not in human nature to be merciful, and it is consequently no matter of astonishment to

* Democracy in America. Part the Second, vol. iii. p. 189, English (Reeve's) Translation.

find the best speakers almost as unsparing as the worst. Considering how modern popular assemblies are composed, amplification is sometimes indispensable, and it would seldom be safe to calculate on that intuitive quickness of perception which takes in a fine image at a hint, or bolts a long train of reasoning in a syllogism. Does the bare ὄσπερ νέφος of Demosthenes fill the mind like the "one black cloud," which "hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains,"—or was Lord Erskine wrong in rating amongst Fox's highest merits his mode of passing and repassing the same topics, "in the most unforeseen and fascinating review?" But after making all fair allowances for audience and occasion, it is not going too far to say that the best American orators might be advantageously reduced a third—many, two-thirds.

The constant straining after effect is another of their obvious failings; they have no notion of repose or simplicity: they never stand at ease: they live, and move, and have their being upon stilts. *Action, action, action*, says the Greek: *Metaphor, metaphor, metaphor*, cries the American. "Get money," says the old-world adage, "honestly if you can—at all events get money,"—*quocunq̄ modo rem*. "Be eloquent," says the American, "naturally if you can—at all events be eloquent." There cannot be a stronger proof of their weakness in this particular than the fact of the Irish looking tame, chaste, and abstemious alongside of them. It will readily be admitted that the natives of the Green Isle are fond of ornament, and not over-nice in the selection; but they do not insist upon passing off faded or artificial flowers as fresh bouquets of their own gathering. They invoke the genius of their country too often, and lay too many chaplets on her shrine, but they are not eternally dancing round her (like the philanthropists in the Anti-jacobin) with sunflowers and hollyhocks in their hands.

Here, also, M. de Tocqueville has his theory ready; as for what anomaly has he not? In this instance he has clearly been led astray by his love of generalising:—

“In democratic communities each citizen is habitually engaged in the contemplation of a very puny object, namely, himself. If he ever raises his looks higher, he then perceives nothing but the universal form of society at large, or the still more imposing aspect of mankind. His ideas are all either extremely minute and clear, or extremely general and vague: what lies between is an open void. When he has been drawn out of his own sphere, therefore, he always expects the same amazing object will be offered to his attention; and it is on these terms alone that he consents to tear himself for an instant from the paltry, complicated cares which form the charm and excitement of his life.”*

With all due deference to M. de Tocqueville, we should say that the attention of such a citizen would be more likely to be attracted by simple domestic pictures and practical good sense than by sublime flights or large general views; that he would prefer Crabbe to Wordsworth, and Tierney to Burke. As to his perceiving nothing but society or mankind in the abstract, he cannot raise his eyes without seeing ships, shops, and crops—the outward and visible signs of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture; public works and public men; the wonders of art and nature; General Jackson and the falls of Niagara. In fact, the mixture of jealousy and self-complacency with which the citizens of the United States are wont to contemplate such things, affords a much more plausible solution of the mystery. The English are a proud nation; the Americans a vain one. The English care little what foreigners think or say of them; the Americans care a great deal. The English bide their time, or repose upon their laurels; the Ame-

* See the Chapter entitled, “Of the inflated Style of American Orators and Writers.”

ricans fret, fume, and play the frog in the fable, in the vain hope of arriving, *per saltum*, at the same height of intellectual and political superiority.

In our opinion, their commemorative discourses are alone sufficient to vitiate both their feelings and their style. On the anniversaries of the landing at Plymouth, the declaration of independence, the battle of Bunker's Hill, and many other interesting events of the same kind, all the orators of the country, bad, good, and indifferent, are regularly set to work to abuse England, and glorify their own great, good, wise, free, and unpretending democracy. The ordinary images and topics being long ago exhausted, exaggeration is the order of the day; and the more inflated the language the better, when national vanity is to be pampered, and commonplaces are to be attractively dished up. At the same time there is surely no necessity for going into any refined or recondite train of speculation to show why, speaking generally, our Transatlantic friends (if they will allow us to call them so) want taste, which is the sum and substance of the charge.

JOURNALISM IN FRANCE.

(FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, MARCH, 1840.)

1. *L'Ecole des Journalistes.* Par Madame EMILE DE GIRARDIN. Paris: 1839.
2. *Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris.* Par H. DE BALZAC. Paris: 1839.

CHAMFORT said of the ancient government of France, that it was a monarchy tempered by songs. The present government is a monarchy tempered (or dis-tempered) by newspapers. The stanza is superseded by the paragraph: the *chansonnier* gives place to the *feuilletoniste*; and Béranger is thrust out of fashion by Janin.

Enter the Chamber of Peers when a new batch are to take their seats, and the odds are that every third man of them is an editor or ex-editor. Attend the Chamber of Deputies on a field-day, and the most influential speaker will be a gentleman of the press. Dine at the Rocher de Cancale, and the chief room is engaged by a *rédacteur en chef*: ask for a stall at the *Théâtre Français*, when Mars or Rachel is to act, and the best are secured for his contributors. That suite of rooms, brilliantly lighted, has been fitted up by the founders of a journal, who give a ball to-night in honour of the undertaking: that grand-cross of the legion of honour, who is just coming out, gained his decorations by his articles; that splendidly-dressed woman, who is just going in, is the daughter of a millionaire, who lately bestowed her hand and fortune on a journalist: that gay cabriolet, now dashing through the street, belongs to a theatrical critic, who

supports himself by levying contributions on the singers and dancers of the opera. *Vogue la galère!* Power, pleasure, places, wealth, ribands, stars, heiresses, truffled turkeys, and champagne, all showered down in endless profusion upon men, many of whom were living *au cinquième*, in want of downright necessities, till the glorious Revolution of July! No wonder that they are intoxicated with their success; that they have grown giddy with their elevation; that, like other usurpers, they have forgotten the principles which raised them to the throne, or, like other possessors of irresponsible authority, have become capricious, tyrannical, and corrupt: no wonder, lastly, that their dynasty is now tottering to its fall—

“Le trône a succombé par excès de puissance;
La liberté mourut en devenant licence;
Et la presse, Monsieur, nouvel astre du jour,
Pour avoir trop brillé, va s'éteindre à son tour.”

Whilst that event is yet pending, it may be both amusing and instructive to inquire how this social and political anomaly has been brought about.

We need hardly say that the old régime afforded no scope for journalism, or that the moment the restrictive laws were repealed or became powerless, the conflicting parties eagerly resorted to the press. Within a short period after the breaking out of the Revolution, each section of the National Assembly, and each of the clubs of Paris, had its organ.* Bailly, Barnave, Lameth, and Madame Roland, were contributors; and the attempt of Mirabeau to establish a newspaper fills one of the most characteristic chapters of Dumont. It failed from bad management; nor are we at all astonished to find that no one else at that particular epoch was able to perfect the in-

* The first of note was “*Le Logomache*,” edited by Maret, afterwards Duc de Bassano.

vention; for hardly had the writers begun to emerge and breathe freely, when, wave after wave, the revolutionary tide rolled over them, and taste, talent, feeling and information were swept away or lay buried in its depths; whilst the grossest ignorance, the most stupid prejudice, the most unmitigated brutality, raved, revelled, blasphemed, and celebrated revolting orgies, in their stead. During the height of the democratic frenzy no man's life would have been worth a minute's purchase who should have endeavoured to speak sense and reason, or to impose the slightest check on the sovereign will and pleasure of the multitude. Chabot announced, — “Qu'elle (*la presse*) avoit été nécessaire pour amener le règne de la liberté; mais que, ce bout une fois atteint, il ne falloit plus de liberté de la presse, de peur de compromettre la liberté elle-même.”

“It's ill arguing with a king who has an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, *and such very hard-soled boots!*” said Quintus Sicilius (*alias* Guichard), after having had his shins well kicked by Frederick for suggesting an objection to his royal patron's theory regarding the immortality of the soul. “It's ill arguing with gentlemen who have a committee of public safety and a guillotine at their back!” said the French journalists; and the 18th Fructidor effectually silenced the few who disregarded the warning and wrote on. But no sooner had Napoleon enforced order, than they re-appeared with renewed vigour; and were we required to name the period when the French press enjoyed the highest degree of influence and consideration, we should name the two or three concluding years of the consulate. Then the truth of Benjamin Constant's aphorism,—“the press is the mistress of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world!”—was admitted to its full extent. Power, according to the prevailing theory (for the

practice turned out rather differently in the end), was only to be acquired or retained through opinion; and about the year 1800 all that was most distinguished in literature and politics was in direct or indirect communication with the periodical press.

The journals which took the lead were the "Journal des Débats" and "Le Mercure:" the "Journal des Débats" with Delalot, Fievée, the Abbé de Boulogne, Dussault, and Geoffroy (who, according to Janin, then divided the attention of Europe with Napoleon), for contributors: "Le Mercure" with Fontanes, de Bonald, La Harpe (the author of the "Cours de la Littérature"), and Chateaubriand. Their principles were royalist, but with no particular predilection for individuals; and they both supported Napoleon, because they thought him alone capable of maintaining order, re-establishing religion, and protecting industry.

On the other hand, the movement party were wanting neither in talent nor energy; but the reaction had begun, the spirit of the epoch was against them, and it was difficult to persuade the people, with the impression of the reign of terror still fresh upon their minds, to risk a renewal of the tragedy. The grand organ of this party was "La Décade Philosophique:" the principal writers being Ginguené, Chenier, Cabanis, Benjamin Constant, and Say.

"There are below in that *tribune*," said the First Consul, "a dozen or fifteen metaphysicians fit to be thrown into the water. They are a vermin which keep sticking to my clothes; but I will shake them off." Shortly afterwards he turned out, amongst others, Constant, Chenier, and Ginguené. "Nous vous avons *épurés*," was his justification to the remaining members. "Say *écrémés*," retorted Madame de Staël. It was hardly to be expected that they would be allowed the free use of their pens, by way

of compensation for lost liberty of speech. Their journal was soon found troublesome and suppressed.

The conservatives enjoyed a longer respite, and down to so late a period as 1807 the press enjoyed some semblance of liberty; but in the course of that year an eloquent article of Chateaubriand's—in which, *à-propos* of M. Delaborde's Spanish journey, he spoke of Nero and Tacitus—proved fatal to the “*Mercur*;” whilst to rebut, at all events, the imputation of partiality, the “*Journal des Débats*,” metamorphosed into the “*Journal de l'Empire*,” was about the same time taken out of the hands of the proprietors (MM. Bertin, brothers) and placed under the management of official editors. Amongst these was M. Etienne, the author of the comedy of “*Les Deux Gendres*,” a man of tact and talent, who has since become a proprietor and conductor of the “*Constitutionnel*,” member of the Academy, and peer of France!

From this period until the Allies entered Paris, there was no political paper worth mentioning but the “*Moniteur*,” which might well supply materials for a philosophic treatise on despotism. What ingenious comments on the text of *might makes right*! what garbling of facts! what perversion of motives! what Ossianic amplifications of victory! what sophisticated apologies or mendacious subterfuges for defeat! And then the nightly conferences of the trembling editor with the imperial penman, expecting sense and grammar to wheel about at the word of command like grenadiers. The editor in question was M. Sauvo, who contrived to retain the office and discharge its duties to the entire satisfaction of his employers, through every change of dynasty, till after the Revolution of July. A well-authenticated anecdote may serve to convey some notion of his capacity. Late at night on the eve of that revolution, he was hastily summoned to attend the minister. The ordinances

were put into his hands. He glanced over them to see that all was right; but, instead of making his bow and leaving the room as usual, he paused, and stood with the door in his hand, anxious yet hesitating to speak. "Well, sir, were not your instructions plain?" "Monseigneur," replied M. Sauvo, "I have had so much experience, I have known so many governments —" "That," broke in the prince (Polignac), "you must have learned by this time that you have nothing to do but to obey. Sir, I wish you a good evening." The door closed, and the fate of the reigning dynasty was sealed.

On the very day of the Emperor's compelled abdication in 1814, the Bertins, disregarding Talleyrand who cautioned them to wait, rushed back to their old *bureau de rédaction*, and were the first to raise and fling abroad the long prostrate banner of journalism. But it had a hard battle to fight long after its fellest oppressor was overthrown, and during the next fifteen years, it struggled on through a series of restrictions — relaxed by Martignac, or tightened by Villèle and Peyronnet. During the greater part of this trying period, Chateaubriand and Benjamin Constant bore the brunt; and when the censorship put an occasional stop to the contest in the newspapers, they went on plying opposing ministries and each other with pamphlets. The chief royalist journal was the "Conservateur," under Chateaubriand, Bonald, La Mennais, Clausel de Cousserges, &c. &c. It was ably encountered by "La Minerve," under Constant, Etienne, Jouy, Arnault, and others professing liberal and constitutional principles. MM. Comte and Dunoyer also, in "Le Censeur," bravely maintained the cause of what they believed liberty, and endured all sorts of persecutions for its sake. M. Comte, in particular, was for many years an exile in consequence.

But the power and resources of the press could

hardly be said to have been fully developed or made known until after the invasion of Spain in 1823, when the various and before conflicting elements of opposition formed themselves, as if by tacit combination, into one compact column, and bore down upon M. Villèle. Amongst the most formidable of the attacking body was still, as ever, his former colleague, Chateaubriand, who, though fighting with his vizor down, was easily recognised, by the force of the stroke and the glitter of the weapon, in the "Journal des Débats." The "Constitutionnel," founded subsequently to the Restoration, first became remarkable for the good sense, tact, and cleverness with which it adapted political truths to ordinary apprehensions, and won over the feelings and prejudices of the mass. The principal writers were MM. Etienne, Buchon, Felix, Baudin, Jay, de Pradt, and Thiers — who had just been placed in connexion with this paper by Manuel. The Doctrinaires, too, were then vehement against the government in the "Courier Français," where the school was ably represented by M. Guizot and his first wife, — a woman of great and varied accomplishments. They were seconded by M. Mignet, the historian, who was brought forward, at the same time as his friend Thiers, by Manuel.

The "Globe," founded in 1824 with a view to literature and philosophy, obtained little consideration at starting, but when it diverged into politics, and persons of established reputation were currently named as contributors, it rapidly rose into importance, and took its station amongst the most influential journals of the day. The best of the writers were M. Sainte-Beuve, M. Dubois (now deputy, and councillor of the university), M. Tanneguy Duchatel (the minister), MM. Jouffroy and Damiron (the eclectic philosophers), M. Thiers, for a season: MM. Vitet, Charles de Remusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, &c. &c., — all men of un-

doubted talent, as every one conversant with modern French literature and politics must admit; and they had then advantages which few of them possess now,—the high hopes, the warm feelings, the dash, the vigour, the elasticity and vivacity, of youth.

In 1827, M. Villèle's patience gave way, and he re-established the censorship. Whilst this lasted, the demand for periodical writings of the more stimulating kind was almost exclusively supplied by the exertions of one man, M. de Salvandy (since Minister of Public Instruction), who sent forth weekly a pamphlet, or bundle of pamphlets, containing a sufficient number of pages to exempt it from the operation of the law. His "Lettres à la Giraffe" were published in this manner, and enjoyed a very large circulation. Nor must we forget to mention the songs of Béranger, or the pamphlets of Paul Louis Courier, who, on most critical emergencies, threw himself into the fray, without much regard to consequences. In his "Pamphlet des Pamphlets" he thus ludicrously describes the horror with which this mode of publication was then regarded by entire classes of the community:—

"J'y ai réfléchi, et me souviens qu'avant lui M. de Broë, homme éloquent, zélé pour la morale publique, me conseilla de même, en termes moins flatteurs, devant la Cour d'Assises. *Vil Pamphlétaire!*—Ce fut un mouvement oratoire des plus beaux, quand se tournant vers moi qui, foi de paysan, ne songeais à rien moins, il m'apostropha de la sorte: *Vil Pamphlétaire*, &c., coup de foudre, non, de massue, vu le style de l'orateur, dont il m'assomma sans remède. Ce mot soulevant contre moi les juges, les témoins, les jurés, l'assemblée (mon avocat lui-même en parut ébranlé), ce mot décida tout. Je fus condamné dès l'heure dans l'esprit de ces Messieurs, dès que l'homme du roi m'eut appelé pamphlétaire, à quoi je ne sus que répondre. Car il me semblait bien en mon ame avoir fait ce qu'on nomme un pamphlet; je ne l'eusse osé nier. J'étais donc pamphlétaire à mon propre jugement, et voyant

l'horreur qu'un tel nom inspirait à tout l'auditoire, je demeurai confus."

M. Villèle fell, and was succeeded by M. Martignac, one of whose first steps was to free the journalists from the worst of the restrictions that weighed them down; but he failed in conciliating their favour. Whether it was that they distrusted his eventual intentions, or, intoxicated with their recent victory over M. Villèle, had already begun to think of setting up for themselves, certain it is that they made no allowance for his peculiar position as regarded the Court, but on the first disappointment assailed him without ceremony, and contributed largely to his fall. The Doctrinaires committed the same mistake as that section of the Tory party who drove the Duke of Wellington from power in 1830; they assisted in overthrowing a moderate, constitutional, and truly conservative government, to precipitate a crisis which has shaken monarchy to its base in both countries.

It may be difficult to fix the precise period when a revolution became inevitable, but it is clear that it was confidently anticipated a considerable time beforehand; and the "National" was established in 1829 for the avowed object of accelerating the crash. The founders were Carrel, Mignet, Sautelet, and Thiers, who thought the "Constitutionnel" too tame and unenterprising for the emergency.* They have been accused of republican projects, but there is no foundation for the charge. There is a current anecdote to the effect, that one day, during the Polignac ministry, M. Cousin (the present Minister of Public Instruction), who hides a good deal of worldly shrewdness and love of mischief under his philosophy, meeting Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel, laughingly exclaimed,

* M. de Talleyrand had shares.

“*Eh, bien! quand vous aurez renversé la monarchie légitime, que mettrez-vous à la place?*” Carrel replied: “*Bah! mon cher Cousin, nous mettrons en place la monarchie administrative.*” An administrative monarch, according to Carrel’s acceptance of the term, would have been more like a president than a king; and the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) was already under consideration, and an understood candidate for the post.

A report, drawn up at the time by M. Chantelouze, attributed all the evils of the country to the newspapers; and the struggle now lay entirely between the monarchy and the press. It was clear that one or the other must succumb; the movement party burnt their ships and threw away their scabbards; and the wisest statesmen in Europe were agreed that a *coup d’état* must be attempted, at all hazards, by the crown. The measure failed from the improvidence and irresolution of the projectors; to illustrate which a single incident may suffice. — A literary friend tells us that the moment (on Monday morning) he read the ordinances, and found that no unlicensed publication could appear, he hurried off to his printer, and requested that, as a good deal of the regular work would probably be discontinued, the extra hands might be put upon a purely scientific production of his own. The reply of the printer was, that he had already demanded licenses for works unconnected with politics, and having been informed that the bureaux of examination would not be ready until the Thursday following, he had given his establishment a holiday till then. Thus the capital was to be deprived of its daily reading—as necessary to a Parisian as his daily bread—for four days, and the most dangerous part of the population were set loose. By an unlucky coincidence also the printers hold a meeting every Monday evening, so that they

were enabled to concoct their measures without delay.

The journalists acted, on the whole, with spirit and unanimity. Most of the leading writers signed the protest, and attended the consultation at Dupin's. The "Constitutionnel" gave way, and remained silent, the property being too valuable to risk; the "Journal des Débats," and two or three others, entered into a composition with the government; but the majority set the law at defiance, and when their printing-presses were seized placarded the walls of Paris with their articles. An article from the "Globe," beginning "*Le crime est consommé*," was circulated in this manner, and produced a prodigious effect. It was written by M. de Remusat, now Minister of the Interior. A curious scene took place at the office of "Le Temps," the proprietors of which (MM. Baude and Coste) acted like so many Hampdens. The functionaries of the police, finding the door locked and barred, sent for a blacksmith, who had just commenced operations, when a head, a book, and a blunderbuss were protruded from a window, and the blacksmith was requested to take notice, that, by an express enactment of the code, any member of his fraternity aiding in an act of illegal violence might be treated as a housebreaker:—he threw down his tools, and before they could get another, the tumult was at its height.

The conductors of the "National" were taken by surprise, and had no time to strengthen their position. The original protest with the signatures, which was lying on the table and might have fatally compromised some of the first men in the country, disappeared in the confusion, and has never been seen since. One of the most distinguished of the parties present is commonly suspected of having pocketed it.

It is beside our purpose to enter further into

these details. The best proof, however, that the Revolution of July was well understood and acknowledged at the time to have been effected by journalism, is to be found in the fact, that when Chateaubriand, a professed royalist, appeared in the streets, he was actually laid hold of and carried in triumph by the populace, as the man, *par excellence*, of the press. Yet from this very period must its decline be dated — *ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri* — prosperity paved the way for corruption; another such victory and they are undone.

Smollett tells a story of a troop of monkeys, who, under the management of an able trainer, had been taught to go through a succession of military movements with surprising precision; till one evening, in the midst of their evolutions, a spectator threw a handful of nuts amongst them, and in an instant they were scattered about the stage — chattering, screaming, biting, scratching, in hot contention for the spoil. Something of the same sort occurred, when the government of France, with its rich array of patronage, was surrendered at discretion to the movement party, and a good half of the best places were distributed, or rather flung, amongst the journalists.* The compact line which they had presented since 1823 was broken in a moment, and all hurried forward to secure a share of the plunder. Far from seeking to restore order, the leaders made no other use of their authority than to acquire an advantage in the race; and so soon as any one of them gained a firm footing, he kicked down the ladder by which

* We believe every writer of consequence in the "Journal des Débats" got something, and all the founders of the "National" were handsomely provided for, except Carrel, who declined the offered preferment, and Sautelet, who, under the combined pressure of love and debt, committed suicide before the consummation of their hopes. In the course of a few months, M. Guizot, as Minister of the Interior, displaced and replaced 70 prefects, 176 sub-prefects, and 38 secretaries.

he mounted, often with so little caution, that it fell plump upon the noses of his followers.

In a country such as France, where there is no fixed landed or commercial aristocracy, nor any class set apart by circumstances for the service of the state, eminent men of letters are only assuming their natural position, and exercising a legitimate right, when they aspire to the conduct of affairs; and it would be unfair to judge them by the rules of a country like England. They, therefore, cannot be blamed for making the best use of their opportunities, and allowance must be made for any trifling discrepancy that might be traced between the principles they maintained before the revolution and those they have professed since. Calling for liberal measures is one thing, the passing of them another; libellous denunciations and insurrectionary movements are often of great use to an opposition leader, but an invariable source of annoyance and embarrassment to a minister; and the same politician may have no objection to progressiveness when *out* of place, who, so long as he is left to his own natural tendencies, will manifest a marked predilection for permanence and stability when *in*. It should also be remembered, that many of the principal writers were not journalists by profession, but took to their pens when they deemed their liberties at stake, as their forefathers would have taken to their swords. Still they need not have thrown them down in such a hurry as to bring discredit on the calling; it was hardly prudent, even as regards themselves, to let the public into the secret of their real objects; and they might have left to others the task of disabusing their associates.

There was something almost ludicrous in the eagerness with which the example was followed by the less distinguished members of the press, and the greediness

(it deserves no better name) with which they gorged themselves on the good things. Some of them (a well-known *Garde des Sceaux*, for example) fattened literally and physically, in six months; and the entire scene irresistibly recalls the description given by Tacitus of the effects of long-fasting on such adventurers. Their places were instantly supplied; for the news—or rather the visible palpable signs—of their success, acted on such of the rising generation as had their fortunes to make, much in the same manner as the first importation of gold from the New World, or the return of the first race of nabobs from the East. The new Eldorado and Golconda was journalism; the returns of commerce and the regular professions were voted too slow for the rising genius of the capital: and crowds of provincials, *grands hommes de province*, hurried up to compete with the metropolitan celebrities.

Many of the old hands who had come off second-best in the distribution, also continued at their posts; so that there was no want of talent, vigour, experience or audacity. But the veil was rent asunder, and the illusion at an end: principles were no longer the real, and hardly the avowed, object; there was neither concert, steadiness of purpose, conviction, or enthusiasm; they did not respect themselves, and were not respected; they distrusted one another, and the public distrusted them: their tone partook at once of the blighted bitterness of the veteran and the compromising indiscretion of the recruit; and so soon as it became evident that their more fortunate predecessors neither could nor would provide places for the whole, they grew irritated, angry, almost savage, in their denunciations of such base, such shameless, such unheard-of and profligate apostacy—as they termed a course of conduct which they had been most anxious to anticipate, and would be most happy to pursue. The storm of fierce, reckless, unblushing

calunmy which has ever since been pouring upon M. Thiers, and under which, had he been other than a man of first-rate talents and unflinching resolution, he must have sunk, is principally attributable to the jealousy with which his former equals and rivals saw him raised so immeasurably above their heads; and an edifying spectacle, well calculated to inspire general confidence and advance their own interests, it has been — to see almost the whole press of Paris making cause against an individual *because* he had risen from their ranks. The worst is yet to come: their ambition sank as their hopes fell, and they soon began to regulate their objects by their means. To revert to our former illustration—the first Spanish invaders of Mexico, and the first English proprietors of Bengal, sacked royal treasuries and extorted ransoms from kings; the second flight were obliged to content themselves with squeezing revenue-collectors and nobles: the third were petty larceny depredators, who dealt in peculation and took bribes. Just so the most eminent or most active of the French journalists got places in the ministry; the next best were made prefects, masters of requests, librarians, or councillors of boards; the last comers were obliged to rest satisfied with *douceurs*.

Dating from this period, far the most remarkable of the regular writers was Armand Carrel, henceforth the main support and animating spirit of the “National.” Indeed, parodying the *mot* of Louis XIV., he might have exclaimed, *Le National, c'est moi*. So long as he lived, it was hardly possible, and would have been extremely dangerous, to speak disparagingly of journalism. When he died, its best title to consideration died with him. His errors were those of temperament, of undue confidence, of limited cultivation, of political shortsightedness: there was no taint of meanness in

his disposition or motives, and not a breath of suspicion ever rested upon his character.

Carrel was educated at the college of Rouen and the military school of St. Cyr. He entered the army but left it after obtaining the rank of sub-lieutenant, and was about to start in commerce when he was offered the appointment of secretary to M. Thierry, the historian, which his literary tastes induced him to accept. His duty consisted in verifying the references, arranging the notes, and correcting the proofs of M. Thierry's publications, particularly the "History of the Conquest of England by the Normans;" and the time thus occupied was subsequently turned to good account. At the end of six months, a bookseller having applied to M. Thierry to write a summary of the history of Scotland, he excused himself on the ground of prior engagements, and recommended his assistant for the work. It was undertaken by Carrel, and completed accordingly; and, with the aid of an introduction by M. Thierry, succeeded sufficiently to embolden the author to aim at independence. A small sum of money being collected from his family, he set up a circulating library in partnership with a friend; and in the back room of this establishment, with his favourite Newfoundland dog at his feet, he composed his "Histoire de la Contre-Révolution en Angleterre," a work principally interesting from the illustration it affords of his own political opinions at the time; for it is obvious that the Stuarts and the Bourbons are identified throughout. The book was thought sound and well-judging, but rather heavy; and it possessed few attractions for readers accustomed to the depth and point of a Mignet, the comprehensive speculations of a Guizot, or the living, moving, dioramic pages of a Thiers.

The first productions of Carrel which gave promise

of his future excellence, were two articles in the "Revue Française" on the Spanish war of 1823, in which he had taken part against his countrymen. These appeared in 1828, and probably led to his engagement in the "National," in which he played only a subordinate part at starting; and an opinion had got abroad that he required time to meditate his articles, and was consequently unequal to the daily demands of a newspaper. The truth is, he was one of those men who only grow great with circumstances, and cannot put forth their full strength until they feel the entire responsibility resting upon them; for no sooner did Carrel find himself editor-in-chief than the slow, painful, laborious, sterile writer became ready, rapid, and abundant. Even those who knew him best stood astonished at the combined freedom and purity of his style, the logical closeness of his reasoning, the occasional richness of his illustrations, his singular power of painting or conveying images by words, and the command of language which enabled him to disclose or keep back just so much of his meaning or eventual intentions as he thought fit.

It was then too remarked amongst his friends, that, as his capacity for acting the part of leader came to be appreciated, his temper perceptibly improved, and much of his morbid susceptibility to fancied slights, evidently originating in the fear or consciousness of being undervalued, disappeared. He might be almost said to have loved danger for its own sake, such was his chivalrous eagerness to press forward at the sound of a menace or the semblance of a risk. When four successive *gérants* of the "National" had been imprisoned for articles notoriously of his writing, he could endure this sort of vicarious punishment no longer: he designedly composed another of such a character as to compel the government to proceed against himself, and his imprisonment in Ste. Pélagie was the

result. When it became the fashion to summon editors to the field, he accepted cartel after cartel till he fell.

A prefecture of the third class was conferred on Carrel without consulting him: but he thought the appointment inferior to his just claims, and there were weighty personal considerations which attached him to the capital. He adhered to the journal, but was rather the supporter than the opponent of the government till the end of the ministry of Dupont de l'Eure and Lafitte. The accession of Casimir Perier to power was the signal for the commencement of the dogged uncompromising hostility with which he assailed Louis-Philippe, for he saw or thought he saw in that event the first decided step in a retrograde direction, the first outward and visible sign of the citizen king's predilection for the substance as well as the trappings of monarchy.

Carrel was killed in a duel with M. Emile de Girardin in 1837, being then about thirty-seven years of age. The heir-presumptive, the present Duke of Orleans, has been much commended for his generosity in exclaiming, *C'est une perte pour tout le monde*; and the event made a great sensation. But it may be doubted whether Carrel did not quit the stage most opportunely for his fame. Disappointment had soured his temper, and the ill-success of his attacks on Louis-Philippe had begun to hurry him into a violence both of conduct and expression which it is impossible to excuse. He had, moreover, undergone the usual fate of popular leaders who seek to establish principles, or place any curb on the excesses of their followers. The ultra-section of his own party repudiated him as a disguised aristocrat, a would-be *élégant*, and pointed to his dress and equipage as infallible proofs of a falling off from the true doctrines of equality. This fact is impliedly confirmed by one of M. Nisard's anecdotes:—

“Un soir, il revenait des bureaux du ‘National’ fort tard, dans ce cabriolet qui lui a été tant reproché, soit par des hommes qui auraient vendu la tombe de leur père pour en avoir un, soit par des amis de l’égalité, qui la veulent dans les fortunes, pour se consoler de l’inégalité des talens. Il passe devant un pauvre homme, préposé à la garde des travaux de voirie, et qui grelottait de froid. Carrel arrête sa voiture, en tire la housse d’hiver de son cheval, la jette sur les épaules du gardien, lui met quelque argent dans la main, et disparaît avant les remerciements.”

We make no apology for dwelling so long on the character of this man. Bare justice to the periodical press of Paris required it, for during many years he was the only regular member of their body to whom the praise of first-rate talent and unimpeached integrity could be awarded without exciting a general murmur of dissent. This account of him, moreover, includes that of one of the most remarkable of the French journals, the “National;” for its importance ceased upon his death, and it has ever since been conducted by writers of little talent, literary reputation, or authority—with the exception of M. Émile Souvestre, the author of “Riche et Pauvre,” one of the best of the modern novels. Its principles are republican. In this line it had to compete with “La Tribune” under Armand Marrast and Cavaignac. Marrast, though far inferior to Carrel, was a writer of spirit and ability, but republicanism had only a very short run in Paris, and “La Tribune” is no more. The leading ultra-democratic journal at present is “Le Bon Sens;” edited, we believe, by Louis Blanc, a mistaken politician but remarkably able and eloquent writer.

Their connection with the preceding topic has led us to mention the republican papers in this place. So far as precedence depends upon influence and general respectability, the “Journal des Débats” is

undoubtedly entitled to stand first. The proprietors are still the same who tore it from the clutches of Napoleon—M. Bertin de Vaux, long time deputy, and now peer of France, and M. Bertin l'aîné, who might easily obtain the same distinction if he chose. He is nominally the director of the paper, but the duties are discharged by his son. Though both are men of sense and talent, they never write; nor, to the best of our information, does any member of the family, but they do not deserve less praise or enjoy less consideration on that account. When an attempt was made to depreciate Queen Elizabeth on the ground that all the great actions and wise policy of her reign were attributable to her ministers, it was answered that the selection of good ministers was the best possible proof of her superiority. Tried by this criterion, the Bertins will rank very high, for the writers to whom the conduct of their paper has been intrusted have amply justified their confidence and done honour to their discernment. The principal political contributors are M. Saint-Marc Girardin, M. de Sacy, and M. Michel Chevalier.

M. Girardin is councillor of the University, professor of literature at the Sorbonne, and was for some years a member of the Chamber. He is the author of a good work on Germany "Notices sur l'Allemagne," and writes in a pleasing, light, lively style, with uniform good temper and good sense.

M. de Sacy is the son of the celebrated orientalist of that name. He is a quiet, steady, unpretending writer; less varied and vivacious, but more discreet, connected, and consistent than M. Girardin.

M. Chevalier is the author of an excellent work on America, well worthy to be placed alongside of M. de Tocqueville's, though nothing can well differ more widely than their plans. When the "Globe" was bought up by the Saint-Simonians he was its editor;

and he is still tainted with some of the least blamable of their doctrines.*

Other well-known contributors are or have been: M. Villemain, peer and man of letters; M. de Bourqueney, secretary to the London embassy; the Abbé Feletz; M. Le Clerc, dean of the faculty of letters; M. Loeve-Weimar; and M. Cuvilier-Fleury, the tutor of one of Louis-Philippe's sons. It is also understood that ready-made articles sometimes arrive from the Tuileries, and are inserted without alteration. The proprietors were originally pure royalists; nothing short of a regular, legitimate, right-divine sort of monarch would satisfy them. Their opinions have been undergoing changes ever since the restoration, and they are now, to all appearance, quite satisfied with a king by the blessing of the barricades.

The literary department has always been well supported; and at present we are by no means certain that the paper is not indebted for the better half of its celebrity to its good fortune in securing the services of M. Jules Janin, the most popular of living *feuilletonistes*, a host, an epoch, a dynasty, a *puissance*, in himself. Is there a breakfast-table at Paris which does not hail with eagerness the Monday number of the Journal, in which alone his weekly criticism is to be found? Is there an actor, dancer, singer, or playwright, who does not tremble at his nod? Is there a cultivated man in Europe, who cannot read with pleasure this reckless, thoughtless, wild, wandering, discursive, gay, good-humoured, fertile, fanciful, and sensible contributor — this *enfant gâté d'un monde qu'il gâte*? It is not fair to judge him

* M. Chevalier has since done excellent service by his writings on free trade; a subject on which the French are behindhand to an extent quite irreconcilable with their claims to superior cultivation and enlightenment.

by his romances. He cannot write a book : he wants continuity ; he wants the power of adhering doggedly to an idea, a system, a doctrine, or a plot. Like a child who quits the path to pick flowers or chase a butterfly, he is eternally wandering off into fresh trains of associations, but comes back loaded with so many pretty things, that we lose all inclination to find fault. Take for example, a few passages from his necrological notice of a flower-seller : —

“ Vous avez laissé mourir, moi absent, une des plus aimables femmes dont le commerce parisien pouvait à bon droit s'enorgueillir, Mme Prévost, la marchande de fleurs du Palais-Royal.

“ Cette femme avait été très-belle, et, rien qu'à la voir cachée dans ses dentelles, on devinait sans peine que l'amour avait passé par là. Son regard était fine, mais voilé ; son sourire était doux de calme, mais elle souriait rarement. Toute sa vie elle avait eu une grande passion pour les fleurs ; non-seulement elle les cultivait avec un succès sans égal, mais encore pas une main mortelle ne savait en nuancer les couleurs avec plus d'art et plus de goût. Elle faisait un bouquet avec autant de passion que Cardaillac le bijoutier quand il montait un de ses chefs-d'œuvre ; puis, son bouquet fait, elle le mettait en réserve, attendant une femme assez belle pour le porter ; et, si cette femme n'arrivait pas le même jour, Mme Prévost gardait son bouquet pour elle-même, et elle était heureuse. Aux femmes qui passaient et qui achetaient un bouquet par hasard, elle donnait des bouquets faits au hasard ; au mari qui achetait un bouquet pour sa femme, comme il eût acheté une poupée pour sa fille, Mme Prévost donnait un bouquet tel quel : elle savait si bien que ce bouquet ne serait regardé ni par celui qui le donnait ni par celle qui le devait porter ! Elle avait des bouquets pour tous les âges, pour toutes les positions de la vie ; elle voyait d'un coup d'œil quelle était la fleur qu'il fallait employer pour sauver un pauvre cœur qui allait se perdre, pour ranimer un amour qui faiblissait. Elle était indulgente pour les uns, sévère pour les autres, impitoyable pour les séducteurs, bienveillante pour l'amant timide. Elle disait qu'elle n'était jamais si heureuse que lorsqu'elle tressait une couronne virgine. Que de jeunes femmes elle a sauvées

qui ne se sont pas douté de la main qui les sauvait ! que de Lovelaces arrêtés dans leur triomphe qui en sont encore à se demander : *Comment donc celle-là m'a-t-elle échappée ?* . .

“ Un jour que j'étais seul dans l'arrière-boutique, je trouvai sous ma main un petit livre à couverture verte, qui avait l'air d'un livre de comptes. J'ouvris machinalement ce livre ; et quel fut mon effroi quand je me vis tombé tout en plein au beau milieu de l'histoire la plus cachée du monde parisien ! Terrible histoire ! touchante histoire ! trahisons, mensonges, perfidies ; mais aussi dévouement, passion, fidélité. Dans ce livre Mme Prévost écrivait elle-même, jour par jour, comme on fait dans un livre de commerce, les noms de tous ceux qui achetaient des fleurs chez elle en lui disant : — Faites-les porter chez Mme * * *, rue * * *. — Tel était ce livre. Ici le nom d'un homme ; puis loin, et tout en face du nom de cet homme, était écrit le nom d'une femme et sa demeure. Et pourtant savez-vous ? jamais un roman de M. de Balzac lui-même, même dans les beaux jours de M. de Balzac, quand il coupait avec tant de verve et de bonheur le regain de son esprit, n'a présenté un intérêt pareil à celui de tous ces noms en présence ! Oui, un homme qui envoie d'abord un simple bouquet de violettes à cette femme qui l'accepte ; plus tard la violette devint une rose ; chaque jour ajoute d'abord une fleur à cet envoi de l'amour ; puis bientôt chaque jour arrache une fleur, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin le nom de cet homme ne soit plus accouplé au nom de cette femme. Et si vous saviez combien peu elles durent, ces grandes passions éternelles comme la rose !

“ Et quel livre, ce compte des amours parisiens ainsi tenu en partie double ! Lisons encore, lisons toujours. Aujourd'hui ce même homme a cessé d'envoyer un souvenir à cette même femme ; mais regardez plus haut, à l'autre page : au moment où le bouquet de cet homme allait en s'amointrissant, un autre bouquet s'avancait sur l'horizon vers cette même femme ; et ainsi vous pouvez suivre l'amour parisien dans ces sentiers ténébreux et fleuris. Et chose étrange ! que de noms, qui se tiennent par un lien de fleurs, dont vous n'auriez pas cru que la rencontre fût même possible ! que de chaînes tour à tour brisées, renouées, rompues ! que de bouquets renvoyés et rendus ! quel pêle-mêle bizarre, étrange, incroyable ! que d'histoires galantes qui se croisent ! que de dates funestes ! — Voilà donc le bouquet que portait cette femme le jour où son amant fut tué en duel ! et ce bouquet

n'était pas même celui de cet amant!—Voilà donc d'où venait la fleur que vous portiez dans vos cheveux, Coralie! et vous disiez que vous l'aviez cueillie dans la serre de votre père!—Louise, pauvre enfant! Je comprends à cette heure pourquoi cette fleur desséchée au chevet de son lit, au pied du Christ.— Ah! juste ciel! en voici une qui a reçu d'abord une rose, puis une fleur d'oranger pour aller à l'autel. Heureuse celle-là! heureuse entre toutes! . . . O l'horreur! maintenant c'est une couronne d'immortelles que le jeune époux vient de jeter sur la tombe de sa femme!— Tel était ce livre terrible.” — *Les Catacombes*, tom. ii. pp. 267-282.

What an exquisite train of associations is here suggested! What feeling, poetry, and truth! Would any one doubt that there had been such a woman and such a book? Yet it is all sheer fancy. The shop or stall in question was a dark, dingy little hole, half-hidden behind a pillar; the flowers looked worthy of the place; and Madame Prévost herself is not to be named in the same day with a little *bouquetière* (Mary Johnson) in Covent Garden. In fact, he writes best about nothing; and his papers may too frequently be compared to a bottle of the late Charles Wright's champagne, which frisks, foams, and sparkles, titillates the palate and enlivens the spirits, if you drink it off the moment it is uncorked; but subsides into a thin, sugary, insipid kind of beverage, if you let it stand awhile with the view of passing an opinion upon its quality. Besides his Monday criticisms, he scatters his articles about pretty freely, without much regard to political opinion or principle; and, unless he is much belied, he has even been known to boast of answering his own articles in the “*Quotidienne*,” by way of frolic, in the “*Constitutionnel*.”

The “*Constitutionnel*,” a few years ago, counted more than twenty thousand subscribers. This was when the writers before mentioned were engaged in it, and waging a fierce war against the Jesuits and the court. It has sensibly declined since 1830, and it

had become the fashion to say that "on se *désabonnait* au 'Constitutionnel.'" But, as the occasional organ of M. Dupin aîné, it has retained no inconsiderable degree of importance; and during the Molé ministry the public attention was attracted to it by frequent contributions from M. Thiers.

"Le Courier Français" fought side by side with the "Constitutionnel" against the monarchy of the restoration. Since the Revolution it has leaned towards the Dupont de l' Eure and Odilon Barrot party or parties; and the latter has the credit of writing in it occasionally. M. Guizot has also been confidently named as a contributor. The editor, in its best days, was M. Chastelain, an honest, though heavy, writer. Since his death its leading articles have been supplied by M. Foucher, who has improved upon his predecessor.

The royalist or legitimist party are much divided in opinion. The two principal divisions are represented by "La Gazette de France" and "La Quotidienne." The chief support of the "Quotidienne," until within these few months, was M. Michaud, the academician, and author of the "History of the Crusades;" a man ill fitted for the defender of a cause whose main dependence should be faith. In allusion to the use they were making of the church in the contest, he laughingly said, "*Nous tirons par les fenêtres de la sacristie*;" and the remark is no bad illustration of his character. He was supposed to be assisted with advice or contributions by MM. Berryer, Laurentie, the Duc de Valmy, and the Vicomte Lostanges. The general tone of the paper is careless, mocking, and cavalier, with a marked affectation of the French gentlemen of the ancient *régime*.

The "Gazette de France" is the direct opposite of all this. Deep devotion, profound respect, steadiness of purpose, and a strict regard for the decencies (with the small exception of veracity), are its charac-

teristics: nor amongst its merits or demerits must we forget its zealous adoption of one material portion of the Jesuit creed—the maxim, that the end justifies the means. At least we cannot give the conductors entire credit for believing all their own fictions, or for being themselves the dupes of all the political speculations they put forth. Their version of the past history of France seems to be, that the old monarchy, actually and practically, secured an equality of rights for all classes; and they anticipate future history, by assuring their readers that this source of prosperity will be very speedily restored. Nor is the advent of Henry V. postponed indefinitely or to a period when no one is likely to retain any recollection of the prophecy. In this respect they resemble Cobbett, who long outlived the period when he was to perish, like another Guatimozin, on a grid-iron. The restoration is confidently fixed for to-morrow, or next week, or Monday fortnight (positively the last time of restoring); and when the prediction fails, they assert, that, by all the rules of prediction, it ought not to have failed; just as Napoleon was beaten, though by all the rules of war he ought not to have been beaten, at Waterloo. They are warm advocates of universal suffrage, probably on Coleridge's principle, that reverence for ancient forms and institutions is now confined to the lower classes.

The principal writer is the Abbé (formerly Baron) de Genoude. His maligners assert that when he left his native place his appellation was *Genou*, and that he has placed a *de* on both sides to make it doubly acceptable to the aristocracy; or they give another turn to the insinuation, “Il a mis à son *genou* deux charnières (hinges) pour mieux le fléchir.” The most marked occasion on which he is said to have bent the knee was during the ministry of M. Villèle, who, by way of repayment, we presume, has recently emerged from his retirement to write letters on

finance in the "Gazette." M. de Genoude is reputed extremely rich. We have heard his income estimated at not less than seventy or eighty thousand francs a year, and we can believe it; for the legitimist nobles are both wealthy and generous. They still cling to many habits and prejudices injurious to their cause; they are bad canvassers, and they live too much within a clique; but their houses and purses are freely opened to their friends; and funds are never wanting to maintain their hold upon the press. For this reason the sale of the legitimist journals is an unsafe criterion of their circulation, since every member of the party makes a point of subscribing, and any given copy is seldom read beyond the family.

"Le Monde," formerly (about 1837) edited by the celebrated Abbé de la Mennais, with the assistance of the equally celebrated Georges Sand, is no more. "La Paix" has also been given up, though M. Guizot was understood to be a contributor. "Le Commerce," a paper founded at the restoration, and respectable from its information and consistency, is now the organ of M. Mauguin, the celebrated orator and advocate, who makes use of it to advance his own peculiar views in politics, as well as to defend certain colonial interests intrusted to his care. "Le Temps," founded by M. Jacques Coste, the hero of the barricades, and for many years very skilfully conducted by him, has been bought by or for M. Conil, deputy and colonial delegate, who uses it much as M. Mauguin uses "Le Commerce."

We now come to a paper which has effected a revolution in journalism, "La Presse," established in July, 1839, at half the price (forty francs a year) of other papers of the same class. The projector was M. Emile de Girardin, a gentleman whose precise position and character it is no easy matter to describe, for few men have been more unceremoniously calumni-

ated, and, after being many years a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he has been recently declared ineligible on the ground that he could not prove himself to be a Frenchman. The difficulty, it seems, hinged on the peculiar circumstances of his birth, which he has managed to turn (as he manages to turn most things) to account, by relating them in an agreeable little book, entitled "Emile." He is a natural son of the Comte de Girardin, grand-huntsman to Charles X., and has won his way against considerable disadvantages with a gallantry which it is impossible to help admiring. He is perfectly unrivalled in that species of sagacity which divines at a glance the capabilities of a new project or speculation; and, perhaps the true secret of his extreme unpopularity is the jealousy excited by his success.

He started "Le Voleur," a paper made up of borrowed articles, pushed it into circulation, and then sold it on advantageous terms. He started "La Mode," and disposed of it in the same manner. He took the lead in establishing "Le Panthéon Littéraire" (a collection of classical writers) under distinguished patronage, and is said to have made an equally good thing of that. Such was now the confidence placed in his tact, that, when he announced the project of a forty-franc journal, the sum of 700,000 francs (28,000*l.*) was forthwith subscribed and placed at his disposal; and notwithstanding the combined attempts of the competitors, whom he thus undersold and half-ruined, to put him down, it is far from clear that this undertaking will not prove as prosperous as the rest. Soon after the establishment of his journal, he became engaged in a controversy with Carrel. It led to a duel, in which Carrel was killed. Frenchmen — who in some respects are not above half civilised — regard disputes of this kind much in the same light as Sir Lucius O'Trigger: "It's

a very pretty quarrel as it stands." They never dream of explanations, and have frequently no better object in fighting than to show that they are not afraid. Four or five years ago, the ultras of both sides seemed seriously intent on carrying the Bobadil plan of extermination into effect. "We would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them! challenge twenty more; kill them! twenty more; kill them too! and so on." This duel, therefore, was rather M. de Girardin's misfortune than his fault. By way of compensation he had the good luck to marry the beautiful and accomplished Delphine Gay, the daughter of the celebrated Sophie Gay, through whom he gained a legitimate footing in society. Yet such was the prejudice excited against him by the death of Carrel and the establishment of his newspaper; such is the influence of the press, when combined for any given object, good or evil; such the overwhelming power of popular clamour, passion, or caprice, in France, that M. Girardin was driven, almost by acclamation, from the Chamber, for not being able to produce strict documentary evidence of a fact of which no moral doubt was ever entertained by any one.

His journal partakes of the character of the founder: it is clever and amusing enough, but by no means remarkable for steadiness or consistency. At the present moment it is understood to be the organ of the king, a very different thing from being the organ of the government. The chief contributor is M. Granier de Cassagnac, a bold, dashing, paradoxical, ready writer, by whom the political article is most frequently supplied. The literary department is rich in celebrated names, some of Dumas and Balzac's romances having appeared piecemeal in the columns of "La Presse." But the contributions of Madame de Girardin, under the signature of the Vicomte de

Launay, form the grand attraction to subscribers ; and nothing can be happier or more alluring than the manner in which her weekly summary of literary, musical, artistical, fashionable, and social gossip is dished up. Her comedy, which we shall presently have occasion to examine in detail, was written to vindicate her husband, and retaliate on his calumniators.

“Le Siècle,” started in opposition to “La Presse” on the underselling principle, is one of the most zealous supporters of an extension of the elective franchise, and circulates widely. It is supposed to be under the control of M. Odilon Barrot, whose views it advocates ; but the political articles are written by M. Chambolle, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, who derives no slight importance from the general belief that he forms a medium of communication or connecting link between M. Odilon Barrot and M. Thiers. The literary portion of the paper forms a strange contrast with the political: the one, like M. Odilon Barrot’s speeches, breathing a pure, stern, uncompromising morality, the other exhibiting the most culpable laxity and indifference. We have heard the conductors compared, in this respect, to certain pious householders, who preserve the strictest regard to decency in the upper portion of the house occupied by their own families, but make no scruple of adding largely to their revenue by letting out the lower stories to persons of equivocal reputation, at a high rent. It is stated by M. Sainte-Beuve, in his curious article on “La Littérature Industrielle,” in the “Revue des Deux Mondes” for September, 1839, that the literary contributors to the “Siècle” act in the same capacity in the “Charivari,” which may account in some measure for the objectionable tone of their lucubrations.* A writer is not likely to learn manners or morals in such a school.

* The history of their connection is given by M. Alphonse Peyrat in the first number of his “Personalités.”

This brings us to a class of newspapers of which the "Charivari" may now be considered as the chief—a class reflecting little credit on the country, notwithstanding their cleverness. Their business is to laugh at everybody, and turn everything into ridicule. If a celebrated man has a foible or defect, mental or physical, they point it out: if a celebrated woman has been suspected of a *faux pas*, they dwell upon it. Woe to the advocate who professes a fondness for rural amusements, and shame upon the deputy who squints! Nor do they confine themselves to words—

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,"—

and their most biting insinuations are illustrated by caricatures. The real or fancied resemblance of Louis-Philippe's head to a pear was the discovery of Philippon, one of the illustrators of the "Charivari," and gave the king more real annoyance than the attacks upon his life. Go where he would, this unlucky print haunted him; and it is thought that the famous laws of September, which extended to caricatures, were owing full as much to the pear as to Fieschi.

The "Figaro," the first in point of time, earned its reputation fairly and honestly enough by laughing at the Jesuits. After the Revolution of July, it changed its tone, became a supporter of the established order of things, and has ever since been sensibly declining, though M. Alphonse Karr undertook the management for a time.

The "Charivari" was founded by M. Desnoyers, a clever writer of vaudevilles and melodrames. It professes to be edited by *trois hommes d'état*, namely, MM. Desnoyers, Altaroche, and Cler. Most of the other wits of Paris contribute occasionally; and MM. Philippon and Grenville are the illustrators. The general tendency is democratic, but great care is taken

not to offend the legitimist party, who subscribe to the paper for the sake of the jokes against the king. The "Charivari" was also the first to expose and condemn the treachery of Maroto, and is consequently in high favour with the Carlists. "Le Corsaire," and several others, belong to the same category as the "Figaro" and the "Charivari."

To estimate the effects of these papers, we must weigh well their precise object, and bear constantly in mind the peculiar character of the people amongst whom they circulate. Ridicule has been called the test of truth, and so it may be in the hands of writers who use it only as the clencher of an argument; but in the hands of persons who get their living by it, the case is widely different, and we are quite sure that in the present state of the public mind of Paris, all that is great, good, pure, true, and holy, may be—we much fear has been already—lowered, soiled, and desecrated by means of it. Some of our Sunday newspapers are bad enough in all conscience, but these are excluded from all decent houses, and even the shop-boys and milliners' apprentices, who form their chief purchasers, must be disturbed by doubts as to the authenticity of the absurd accounts there set before them of the sayings and doing of their betters. At Paris, on the contrary, everybody reads the "Charivari," and the contributors walk about apparently no more ashamed of their vocation than Dr. Lawrence of the "Rolliad," Lord Palmerston of the "New Whig Guide," or Mr. Canning of the "Anti-Jacobin." Even this sort of notoriety does not satisfy some of them; and it has recently become the practice to publish monthly pamphlets, entirely made up of the same materials as the "Charivari," in the names of the authors. Of this description are "Les Guêpes" of Alphonse Karr, "Les Papillons Noirs" of the bibliophile Jacob (Lacroix), and "Les Personnalités"

of Alphonse Peyrat. We cannot say much for the wit of these productions; but we recommend them to the attention of those who think that the worst evils of the press are produced by its anonymous character.

The only evening papers of note are "Le Moniteur Parisien," lately an organ of the government; and "Le Messenger," the property of M. le Comte Walewski, the son of Napoleon by a celebrated Polish beauty, whose personal advantages, along with a million or so of francs bestowed by the emperor, have been inherited by the count. He is a popular member of the best Parisian circles, and has lately written a comedy to describe their manners, and (*on dit*) to bring forward an actress named Anaïs. The piece, entitled "L'École du Monde," was not quite so successful at the public representation at the Théâtre Français as at the private readings in the salons of the initiated, and Janin cut it up without ceremony. An injudicious friend of the author's, who volunteered a reply, insinuated that the habits of high life were beyond the jurisdiction of the pit, and that the play would have fared better had the critic been duly propitiated by a few preliminary attentions. The rejoinder was in Janin's happiest manner. He triumphantly vindicates the competency of the public, turns off the personalities with goodhumoured raillery, and handles the pretensions of the count's coterie, the modern "Précieuses Ridicules," in a style which must have made them the laughter of Paris for a week. There was some talk of a duel, but in the next number Janin candidly assured the public that he was still alive and merry.

The Bonapartist party — *i. e.* the adherents of Prince Louis Napoleon — have lately set up a newspaper entitled "Le Capitole," under the management of M. Durand, formerly editor of the "Frankfort Gazette," but they make few proselytes, and have little

to depend upon but the chapter of accidents, which, it must be admitted, bids fair to prove a varied and important chapter in France. The *Russian* interest is also said to be represented in this paper!

Balzac relates that when Blucher and Sacken reached the heights which overlook Paris, the latter exultingly doomed it to destruction. "It will suit our purpose better to let it alone," said Blucher; "that great cancer will be the ruin of France." The remark is not quite in keeping with what has been recorded of the gallant veteran's capacity, but, whoever made it, it is founded on truth; for the public opinion of the provincial towns is a mere echo or reflection of the metropolis. It follows that the provincial press exercises comparatively little influence, and we know of only two writers who have risen into consideration by its means — M. Anselme Petetin, at Lyons, and M. Henri Fonfrede, at Bordeaux.

Not long since M. de Lamartine contributed some political articles to a journal of his own province (Mâcon) which created a great sensation throughout France; but this is attributable to his peculiar character and position. The high moral tone he has uniformly sustained, the practical though enthusiastic nature of his philosophy, the solid foundation of reason and logic which underlies his most imaginative flights, and the undeviating rectitude of his motives, have procured for him an extent of personal and individual weight, wholly unprecedented in one who is not aiming at power, and is more likely to frustrate the objects of any given party than to forward them.

It has hitherto been found impracticable to maintain a French review on the plan of the best English reviews. The sole solution that we have ever been able to obtain of the phenomenon is, that opinions and parties change too often, and that the nation is too volatile to wait a quarter of a year for anybody.

The experiment was fairly tried by M. Guizot and the Duc de Broglie in 1829, when they established the "Revue Française," in which their political, critical, and philosophical doctrines were developed and applied with remarkable ability; but it did not last long, and the late attempt to revive it has received little encouragement. The "Revue Trimestrielle" was also well conducted, but soon ceased. We hear, however, that it is about to be revived under high auspices.

The best of the so-called reviews are the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the "Revue de Paris." They are composed much in the same manner as our magazines; and although masterly pieces of criticism are often to be found in them, these, being invariably signed, are necessarily regarded merely as the opinions of an individual, and exercise no influence beyond what is derivable from the name. During the Molé ministry, when the whole energies of the press were taxed to the uttermost, both these reviews took part in the contest, and were both said to have accepted gratifications of some sort; but accusations of this kind are rife, and deservedly carry little weight.*

In the case of the political journals of Paris, a deposit (*cautionnement*) of about 100,000 francs is required, which is the reason why they bear a small proportion to the rest. It appears that the leading papers have not reduced their prices in imitation of "La Presse;" but almost all of them have been obliged to increase their bulk, which has equally reduced their profits. The stamp on each newspaper is a sou; the cost of

* The restrictions on the newspaper press, and the want of a parliamentary arena, have given new strength and influence to monthly and bi-monthly literature in France. The "Revue des Deux Mondes" now stands in the very first rank of this description of journalism; and the "Correspondant" occupies an important position mainly owing to the brilliant contributions of Count de Montalembert. His celebrated work on England first appeared in it.

distribution about a quarter of a sou. The O. P. papers are sold at about four sous a copy; "La Presse" and "Le Siècle" at little more than two; and no great space is ordinarily allotted for advertisements. Compute the interest on capital, the remuneration to writers, the cost of management, the cost of printing, &c., and it will be seen that the regular returns of most of the Paris newspapers are utterly inadequate to their support.

Incredible as it may appear, we have heard it stated very confidently that English authors and actors who give dinners, are treated with greater indulgence by certain critics than those who do not. But it has never been said that any critical journal in England, with the slightest pretensions to respectability, was in the habit of levying black-mail, in the Rob Roy fashion, upon writers or artists of any kind; and it is alleged, on high authority, that the majority of the French critical journals are principally supported from such a source. For example, there is a current anecdote to the effect that when the celebrated singer Nourrit died, the editor of one of the musical reviews waited on his successor, Duprez, and, with a profusion of compliments and apologies, intimated to him that Nourrit had invariably allowed 2000 francs a year to the review. Duprez, taken rather aback, expressed his readiness to allow half that sum. "*Bien, monsieur,*" said the editor with a shrug, "*mais, parole d'honneur, j'y perds mille francs.*"

But it would take a book to illustrate this system of exaction; and a book has actually been written for the express purpose by a man thoroughly well qualified, by habits and information, to expose it in all its modifications. Balzac's "Grand Homme de Province à Paris" presents a graphic delineation, a living breathing image, of talent perverted, taste vitiated, sensibility crushed, energy frittered away, generosity

hardened into selfishness, and virtue gangrened into vice, by the ordinary, every-day life of journalism ; and it strikes us that a brief outline of the hero's career will be the most satisfactory mode of conveying a vivid impression of the state of things by which so much mischief has been wrought.

Lucien Chardon, a young man of great personal attractions, and cleverness enough to be taken for a genius—as Fielding says Joseph Andrews might have been taken for a lord—by those who never saw one, contracts a *liaison* of the Platonic order with the great lady of his native place (Madame de Bargeton, née Louise de Négrepelisse), and they arrive in Paris together, she to become a leader of the fashionable world, and he to glitter as a star of the first water in the literary. They very soon experience the truth of the maxim with which James I. was wont to chase the country gentlemen from his court, — “Ships which look big in a river, look very little when at sea ;” and the first effect of the change of scene is to dissipate their common illusion as to one another. The provincial goddess subsides into a very ordinary mortal alongside of the De Noailles and De Gramonts, whilst the “mute inglorious” Victor Hugo or Lamartine pales his ineffectual light before the actual bearers of these appellatives. Nay, his very good looks vanish for want of the magic stamp of fashion ; and the lady, taking the initiative, summarily dismisses him for a battered shattered beau of fifty, M. le Baron du Châtelet, who, without rhyme or reason, is in vogue. Lucien sinks into the lowest state of destitution ; his historical novel, the “Archer of Charles IX.,” is declared a mere drug ; his collection of sonnets is received like Parson Adams's sermons by the booksellers ; and he even applies for work at the office of a newspaper in vain. He is received, not by the *rédacteur-en-chef*, M. Finot, but

by one Girandeau, an old soldier, who seems to fill the place of fighting editor, and this dialogue takes place : —

“ *Gir.* Finot est mon neveu, le seul de la famille qui m’ait adouci ma position. Aussi quiconque cherche querelle à Finot, trouve-t-il le vieux Girondeau, capitaine aux grenadiers, parti simple soldat, Sambre-et-Meuse, cinq ans maître-d’armes au premier de tirailleurs, armée d’Italie ! Une, deux ! et le plaignant serait à l’ombre, ajouta-t-il en faisant le geste de se fendre. Or donc, mon petit, nous avons différents corps dans les rédacteurs. Il y a le rédacteur qui rédige et qui a sa solde, le rédacteur qui rédige et qui n’a rien, ce que nous appelons un volontaire ; enfin, le rédacteur qui ne rédige rien et qui n’est pas le plus bête—il ne fait pas de fautes, celui-là, il se donne les gants d’être un homme d’esprit, il appartient au journal, il nous paye à diner, il flâne dans les théâtres, il est très-heureux. Que voulez-vous être ? ”

“ *L. Chard.* Mais rédacteur travaillant bien et partant bien payé.

“ *Gir.* Vous voilà comme tous les conscrits qui veulent être maréchaux de France ! ”— vol. i. p. 93.

Still Lucien struggles on manfully, cheered by the exhortations and example of a set of young men, who are resolved on winning their way to fame and fortune by honest industry, when, in an evil hour, he becomes acquainted with one of the minor critics, who undertakes to make him free of the corporation.

This worthy is obliged to sell the new publications sent in to be reviewed, to pay for the dinner he is about to give Lucien.

After dinner they repair first to the shop of the then emperor of the bookselling world of Paris, Dauriat, probably intended for Ladvoat, who, after ruining himself by his speculations, had interest enough with his authors to induce them to try and set him up again by the famous “ *Livre des Cent-et-Un.* ” He is here represented in the heyday of prosperity ; his shop crowded with wits, deputies, authors, and

artists, who are keeping up an unremitting fire of repartees, whilst the great man himself floats about like a leviathan : —

“ On n’entre ici qu’avec une réputation faite ! Devenez célèbre, et vous y trouverez des flots d’or. Voilà trois grands hommes de ma façon, j’ai fait trois ingrats ! Nathan parle de six mille francs pour la seconde édition de son livre, qui m’a coûté trois mille francs d’articles et ne m’a pas rapporté mille francs. Les deux articles de Blondet, je les ai payés mille francs et un dîner de cinq cents francs.”

“ Je ne suis pas ici pour être le marchepied des gloires à venir, mais pour gagner de l’argent et pour en donner aux hommes célèbres.”

This is certainly the correct commercial view of the question, let incipient poetasters groan over the declaration as they will. Lucien did groan over it, for it sealed the fate of his sonnets ; but he saw this redoubtable bookseller bow down before a journalist ; he heard him speak of the thousand-franc articles of Blondet (Janin), and he hurries off to the theatre, bent on producing such articles without delay. Fortune favours him : the regular critic is absent without leave ; and Lucien, who has fallen in love with the principal actress, is allowed to undertake the criticism of the piece. It is dashed off whilst supper is getting ready, and makes a sensation, which is the first step towards making a fortune in France. The actress rewards him with herself and her establishment ; and the editor eagerly enrols him amongst the contributors. At the first meeting of his brethren, they are at a loss for subjects : —

“ — Messieurs, si nous prêtions des ridicules aux hommes vertueux de la droite ?

“ — Commençons une série de portraits des orateurs ministériels, dit Hector Merlin.

“ — Fais cela, mon petit, dit Lousteau, tu les connais, ils

sont de ton parti, tu pourras satisfaire quelques haines intestines.”

They laugh at his reluctance to praising a book one day and abusing it the next, and his mistress ridicules his prudery : —

“— Fais de la critique, dit Coralie, amuse-toi ! Est-ce que je ne suis pas ce soir en andalouse, demain ne me mettrai-je pas en bohémienne, un autre jour en homme ? Fais comme moi ! Donne-leur des grimaces pour leur argent, et vivons heureux.”—vol. ii. p. 81.

After laying aside all his scruples, however, his gains prove inadequate to his expenses, living as he now does in the gayest Parisian sets ; but on this point too his friends have comfort in store for him : —

“ Quand le soir, à souper, Lucien un peu triste expliquait sa position à ses amis les viveurs, ils noyaient ses scrupules dans des flots de vin de Champagne, glacé de plaisanteries. Les dettes ! il n’y a pas d’homme fort sans dettes ! Les dettes représentent des besoins satisfaits, des vices exigeants. Un homme ne parvient que pressé par la main de fer de la Nécessité.

“— Aux grands hommes, le mont-de-piété reconnaissant ! lui criait Blondet.

“— Tout vouloir, c’est tout devoir ! criait Bixiou.

“— Non, tout devoir, c’est avoir eu tout ! répondait Des Lupeaulx.”—vol. ii. pp. 142, 143.

This is almost as good as Lord Alvanley’s description of a man who “muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen’s bills ;” or Lord Orford’s definition of timber, “an excrescence on the face of the earth, placed there by Providence for the payment of debts ;” or Pelham’s argument, that it was respectable to be arrested, because it showed that the debtor once had credit. Aphorisms of this sort generally lead to the same conclusion, and our hero is now on the very brink of a catastrophe. True, “le petit journal rendait des services inappréciables à Lucien et à

Coralie en maintenant le tailleur, la marchande de modes et la couturière, *qui tous tremblaient de mécontenter un journaliste capable de tympaniser leurs établissements* ;” the other creditors are not to be kept off, and Coralie’s furniture is seized. Four thousand francs are imperatively required ; he can raise only the tenth part of that sum : —

“— Je vais toujours lui porter cet argent.

“— Autre sottise ! Tu n’apaiseras rien avec quatre cents francs ; il faut en avoir quatre mille. Gardons de quoi nous griser en cas de perte, et joue !

“— Le conseil est bon, dit le grand inconnu.”

He plays, gets drunk, and returns to his mistress without a sou.

“— Tu as bien fait, mon ange, lui dit l’actrice en le serrant dans ses bras.”

In this extremity he closes with an offer to conduct a royalist paper against his own original party (the liberal), and falls into a trap laid for him by his first mistress and the rival who has supplanted him. They delude him with visionary expectations of favours from the lady and the court, until he is fatally committed, and then persuade the minister that a calumnious article in one of the opposition papers is from his pen. Both parties now repudiate him, and the critics combine to write down Coralie, who, after presenting a really beautiful picture of female devotedness, sinks under the repeated mortifications heaped upon her, and dies. Lucien, forced into a duel with an early friend, severely wounded, and reduced to the very verge of starvation, quits Paris in the hope of being able to reach his native town on foot. About the same time, the great provincial lady gives her hand to the old beau, Du Châtelet, who is made a prefect for the successful conduct of the intrigue. The concluding situation is inimitable : —

“La nuit surprit Lucien dans les plaines du Poitou. Il

était résolu à bivouaquer, quand, au fond d'un ravin, il aperçut une calèche montant une côte. A l'insu du postillon, des voyageurs et d'un valet de chambre placé sur le siège, il put se blottir derrière entre deux paquets ou il s'endormit en se plaçant de manière à pouvoir résister aux secousses.

"Au matin, il fut réveillé par le soleil qui lui frappait les yeux, et par un bruit de voix. Il était à Mansle au milieu d'un cercle de curieux et de postillons. Il se vit couvert de poussière, il comprit qu'il devait être l'objet d'une accusation, il sauta sur ses pieds, et allait parler, quand deux voyageurs, sortis de la calèche, lui coupèrent la parole: il voyait le nouveau préfet de la Charente, le comte du Châtelet et sa femme, Louise de Négrepelisse."—vol. ii. p. 245.

Madame de Girardin's comedy is based upon the same views, and enforces much the same moral, but the interest is more general, and a far greater effect has consequently been produced.

The opening scene represents an elegant apartment in the suite occupied by M. Pluchard, *gérant* of a new journal, "La Vérité," the first number of which is to appear on the morrow. He is giving a dinner to the contributors, with the exception of the chief, M. Martel, thus described in the list of *dramatis personæ*, "tournure élégante, tenue négligée, l'air moquer et dédaigneux, manières d'homme distingué qui vit en mauvaise compagnie." The partner of his bed and board, unluckily without a legitimate title to the character, is Cornélie, "danseuse coryphée à l'opéra — l'air muassade et prude, tournure de femme maigre qui se croit bien faite, manières de sotte qui se croit charmante." This fascinating creature keeps the editor in complete subjection, and it is with difficulty that he has stolen away to see how matters are going on at M. Pluchard's. He is here joined by his staff of writers, a motley group in various stages of intoxication, accompanied by Edgar de Norval, the intended husband of a banker's youngest daughter, who, it seems, has joined the party in entire ignorance

of its object. The proofs of their articles are brought in and distributed amongst them whilst they are in this state, and the revel is about to recommence when Martel is called out by a peremptory message from his danseuse. She comes to complain of an article against herself, which had escaped the editor's notice. The banker (who has furnished the capital) rushes in, to state that a paragraph against railroads has lost him 12,000 francs, and is not to be appeased even by the promise, readily given, of a positive contradiction the next day : —

“*Tout s'explique : vraiment, je ne m'étonne plus,
Messieurs, si vos écrits le soir sont mal relus ;
Et si l'on trouve tant de prose vertueuse
Dans vos articles faits aux pieds d'une danseuse !*”

Pluchard follows, to announce that a famous painter, whom they have been running down, is furious ; and the editor, unprovided with matter, and almost maddened by these successive interruptions, hastily sanctions the insertion of a paragraph, in which, under the transparent veil of feigned names, it is insinuated that Madame Guilbert (the banker's wife) was about to marry her daughter Valentine to her own lover, with a view to the more convenient continuation of the intrigue. The best scene in the play, too long to quote, is when Valentine is reading the article. An explanation ensues. The mother confesses an early unreturned passion for her intended son-in-law, but takes heaven to witness, that, from the first moment of his attachment to the daughter, she had never nourished a culpable feeling regarding him. Valentine is satisfied — more easily, perhaps, than most Frenchwomen similarly situated would have been, — and they agree to lay the whole blame of their temporary disagreement upon the journalists :—

“*Hommes sans foi, démons inspirés par l'envie ! —
Ah, je ne veux plus lire un journal de ma vie.*”

The last act is almost exclusively devoted to the painter, who throws himself out of window and breaks his neck. On the announcement of this event, there is a regular chorus of reprobation; Martel, ashamed of the vocation, offers the journal for sale, and Edgar becomes the purchaser upon the spot. His motives for this strange resolution are explained in the concluding dialogue: —

“Oui, pour guérir un mal
Il faut l'étudier. Je descends dans la lice;
Pour vaincre les journaux je me fais leur complice.”

According to the general understanding in Paris, M. Edgar de Norval is M. Emile de Girardin, the husband of the authoress; Morin, the painter, is Gros; and the story of “Le Ministre et l'Amant,” is the hardly justifiable revival of an old calumny.

This comedy was read by the authoress to a select circle assembled at her house for the express purpose, on the 12th November, 1839. All the journalists of note were present, and appeared to suffer with Christian fortitude, except Janin, who, at the end of the second act, could contain himself no longer, and loudly exclaimed against the improbability of the supposition that journals were ever, or ever could be, composed over punch and broiled bones, amidst intoxication and revelry. She replied by citing the example of Becquet, currently believed to have written the celebrated article, beginning “*Malheureux roi! Malheureuse France!*” * under the inspiration of wine. Janin retorted that Becquet wrote it one Sunday morning fasting, and it was probably fortunate for the tempers of both, that the necessity of proceeding with the business of the evening put an end to the altercation.

* This article appeared in the “Journal des Débats,” on the accession of the Polignac ministry in 1830, and had a grand effect.

To this controversy we are evidently indebted for one of Janin's most amusing compositions, a reply to the popular charges against the journalists, in the shape of a letter to Madame de Girardin.* We find in this letter, very strikingly expressed, most of the topics we were about to urge ourselves, and our main object, therefore, will probably be best attained by quoting a few passages in point.

The company was composed of the wits, the poets, the critics, the orators, the beauties, the fashionables of the day : —

“Déjà chacun de nous était à sa place ; sur les premiers sièges des femmes parées, quelques-unes fort belles, quelques autres fort intelligentes, ce qui vaut presque autant. On peut dire de ces femmes ce que je disais tout à l'heure des hommes de lettres qui étaient chez vous, il y en avait de toutes les conditions : les heureuses et les sages qui jouissent de l'esprit tout fait ; les moqueuses et les rieuses, agaçantes et vivaces feuilletons du salon, plus redoutables et plus redoutés mille fois que tous les nôtres, des feuilletons en chair et en os, qui montrent leurs épaules rebondies, et dont le sarcasme est toujours accompagné d'un fin sourire. Il y avait de ces femmes qui regardent tout sans rien comprendre, et qui pourtant se sont bien amusées quand elles ont deviné enfin, non pas la comédie que vous lisiez, mais celle qui se passait dans la salle. . . . Il y avait même des grands seigneurs, des noms inscrits dans notre histoire et portés avec honneur ; mais cependant, je vous assure, mon beauconfrère, que c'était justement devant ceux-là qu'il fallait s'abstenir de verser l'injure sur notre profession. Songez que ces hommes qui ont perdu tous leurs privilèges, sur lesquels l'égalité a passé son niveau de fer, ne nous pardonneront jamais, à nous autres écrivains, de nous être placés devant leur soleil. Songez donc qu'aujourd'hui ce sont les poètes, les romanciers, les auteurs dramatiques, les journalistes en renom, qui ont les titres, les blasons, les couronnes. Ce sont ceux-là qu'on regarde avec empressement quand ils entrent ; ceux-là dont

* Published in the weekly journal, “L'Artiste,” November 17th, 1839.

le laquais prononce le nom avec orgueil quand il annonce. Faites entrer en même temps un *Créqui* et *M. de Chateaubriand*, et vous verrez de quel côté se tourneront tout d'abord toutes les têtes et tous les cœurs. Annoncez M. le duc de Montmorenci et M. de Balzac, on regardera M. de Balzac. Et quand cette supériorité de l'esprit est ainsi constatée ; quand cette défaite de l'aristocratie est acceptée par tous, même par les vaincus ; quand les ducs, les marquis, les comtes, et les vicomtes font place à l'écrivain qui passe, vous allez lire devant ces mêmes gentilshommes, imprudente que vous êtes, une comédie où vos confrères de la lutte périodique sont traités sans réserve et sans respect ! Allons donc ! comprenez mieux votre dignité et la nôtre. Rions de nous, si vous voulez, mais en famille. Disons-nous nos dures vérités s'il le faut, mais tête à tête. Qui que nous soyons, poètes ou journalistes, enfants de la même famille, ne salissons pas notre nid, ne nous donnons pas en spectacle aux descendants de ces mêmes maisons princières dans lesquelles nous n'aurions pas été reçus il y a cent ans ; et qui s'estiment heureux de venir chez nous aujourd'hui."

This, at the first blush, certainly looks more like an argument founded on expediency than on truth ; but he directly goes on to show that if journalists had been the only listeners, a passing smile of incredulity would have been the utmost effect the two first acts would have produced. Repeating his denial of the imputation against Becquet, he triumphantly refutes a vulgar fallacy on this subject, and exposes a glaring inconsistency in the plot : —

“ Non, vous le savez mieux que personne, le vin n'a jamais été inspirateur ; les chansonniers eux-mêmes, quand ils célèbrent Baechus et l'Amour, les célèbrent à tête reposée, à jeun, le matin ; il n'y a pas une chanson de table qui ait été composée à table. . . . Otez donc, je vous prie, de votre comédie, ces ignobles bols de punch dont la flamme projette une ombre si triste sur votre esprit ! Otez cette odeur nauséabonde de viandes et de truffes, ce bruit de verres qu'on brise et d'assiettes qu'on se jette à la tête ! Les épreuves de ces messieurs sont les bien malvenues sur cette nappe tachée de vin ; on n'écrirait

pas un journal de quolibets, ainsi vautré sur des canapés souillés par l'indigestion ; à plus forte raison, un journal qui doit changer le ministère le lendemain et tout bouleverser quand il parle."

Still more conclusive is the answer to the accusation founded on the death of the painter, the supposed man of genius, who dies because his daily allowance of public flattery is withdrawn. The same sort of twaddle was levelled against the conductors of this Review when they had the misfortune to criticise a sickly poet, who died soon afterwards, apparently for the express purpose of dishonouring them ; and we find from a recent publication that Shelley, who, as a real man of genius, ought to have known better, actually went the length of drawing up a remonstrance to the late Mr. Gifford ; in which, frankly admitting the justice of the censure, he says,—

" Poor Keats was thrown into a dreadful state of mind by this review, *which, I am persuaded, was not written with any intention of producing the effect* to which it has at least greatly contributed, of embittering his existence and inducing a disease from which there are now but faint hopes of his recovery." *

It required no great stretch of candour to become persuaded that the article was not written with any intention of damaging poor Keats' lungs or stomach ; and we fairly own that, if, in any given case, it could be clearly proved to us that a sentence of condemnation against a book would be a sentence of death against the writer, we might be weak enough to let him live. But how can we anticipate such contingencies ? how are editors or reviewers to become acquainted with all the bodily ailments and susceptibilities of the authors subjected to the ordeal ? Must

* "Essays, Letters from Abroad," &c., by P. B. Shelley, edited by Mrs. Shelley, 1840. Mr. Shelley never forwarded his remonstrance to Mr. Gifford.

we, like the directors of an insurance office, refer our intended victims to a medical board for examination? or, adopting the wise precautions of our ancestors in cases of physical torture, send the proofs to be read over in the presence of Sir B. Brodie or Mr. Liston, who, thumb on pulse, might indicate the passages which are too much for human nature to endure? The only information we have at present is derived from the portraits it has become the fashion to prefix by way of frontispiece: but these are generally so snirking and ringleted, so redolent of self-satisfaction and conceit, that we are apt to consider it a duty to infuse an additional spice of severity, in the hope of bringing down the originals to a proper state of mind for authorship.

In short, we have no sympathy for your pretended men of genius who die under the lash of a critic. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. It may disturb a young man's rest to find that the partial judgment of friends is not confirmed by the impartial portion of the press; and it is quite consistent with medical experience that a pungent article should operate on an inexperienced author like a fright. But what right has any man to aspire to rank amongst the magnates of intellect—to walk in glory with the Byrons and Wordsworths of the present age, the Miltons and Spensers of the past—if he is too delicate to endure the rough questioning of his contemporaries, if he cannot even support the heat of the furnace by which the truth and purity of his metal are to be tried?

It is unfair, then, to accuse the press of an undue tendency to nip infant genius in the bud—still more unfair to accuse it, as Madame de Girardin had done, of wantonly precipitating matured genius from its pedestal. But we cannot do better than leave M. Gros to the handling of Janin:

“ M. Gros, pour me servir de votre exemple, car c'est lui dont vous nous faites l'histoire dans votre second drame, qu'avait-il donc à reprocher à la France? La France l'avait fait célèbre entre tous, elle l'avait rendu riche comme un prince, honoré plus qu'un prince; il avait une armée d'élèves qui lui faisaient cortège quand il passait; il avait obtenu tous les honneurs de l'Empire et de la Restauration; l'empereur l'avait fait officier de ses ordres pour avoir peint ses batailles; pour la coupole de Sainte-Geneviève, le roi de France l'avait créé baron. Chacun donnait à cet artiste ce qu'il pouvait donner: la fortune, la renommée, les cordons, les titres. Certes, si l'on peut payer le génie, celui-là était payé. Cependant, que fait M. Gros? Il obéit à la condition humaine, il devient vieux. Une fois là, au lieu de se tenir enfermé dans sa gloire comme son illustre ami, le baron Gérard, et quand il pouvait jouir en paix, comme Gérard, de sa célébrité, de son opulence, des amitiés qui l'entouraient; quand il n'avait qu'à se montrer pour être salué jusqu'à terre, voilà cet imprudent qui veut courir de nouveau les hasards du Salon, qui fait un Hercule, qui s'amuse à faire le portrait de M. le médecin Clot-Bey, moitié Français et moitié Egyptien! Que vouliez-vous que fit le public, ainsi attaqué jusque dans le Louvre? ”—p. 188.

M. Gros did not throw himself out of a window, but he retired into the country, took a house in an unhealthy situation, and died of disappointed vanity and bad air. Still we say with Janin—

“ Soyez-en sûre, les journaux n'ont fait mourir personne; bien plus, ils n'ont pas tué une seule gloire; car ils ne viennent qu'après le bon sens public. Eh! que diable! quoi qu'on fasse, quoi qu'on dise, un bon vers est un bon vers! un bon tableau, un bon tableau! un honnête homme, un honnête homme! Si l'opinion publique était tout à fait à la merci de ces jugements en l'air qui vous attristent, il faudrait désespérer de la société humaine. Qu'il y ait des injustices dans l'opinion, nul n'en doute. L'injustice se glisse partout dans les institutions des hommes; mais parce que Calas a été juridiquement assassiné, serait-ce bien là une raison pour abolir tous les juges, tous les tribunaux de la France? Enfin, il y a encore cette raison à donner, c'est que la publicité est

une des conditions indispensables de la liberté constitutionnelle. Vous aurez beau faire, rien ne pourra vous soustraire aux doubles débats de la tribune et du journal.”

Janin is quite right. In the present state of things, it is idle to rail at journalism: we have taken it for better and for worse; and when Balzac calls it *le peuple en folio*, he furnishes the most conclusive reply to all that has been said in exaggeration of its merits or its vices. The voice of the people may be the voice of God when they rise as one man on some grand occasion for the just and necessary vindication of their rights, but it is difficult to recognise the divine origin when we hear nothing but the Babel-like hubbub of selfishness, corruption and intrigue. Paris, during the last ten years, has been the very hotbed of vanity, the Utopia of charlatanism, the true land of promise to the adventurer. So many and strange have been the changes; so captivating are the examples of the few who have enriched themselves by lucky speculations or fought their way to fame and fortune by the pen; so unstable is the government; and so restless, wavering, indulgent to pretension, destitute of fixed rules, and regardless of moral weight or position, is society, — that it would be a downright miracle if the periodical press, necessarily recruited from the cleverest, vainest, most excitable and aspiring part of the population, did not copy some of the bad habits and adopt a few of the bad practices in vogue. Gentlemen who have their fortune to make, now generally begin by spending one; most of the rising generation are living beyond their means; and *la jeune France* depend upon their pens to supply any fresh extravagance, as the Viennese dames are said to depend upon their *beaux yeux* to furnish any extra article of the toilette.

“Given a nation of knaves and fools — to form a wise, virtuous and religious community,” was

the problem proposed by a cynic friend of ours to a Benthamite. "Given a capital where public morality is a by-word — to produce a body of journalists superior to undue influence of every kind," is the problem proposed by Madame de Girardin and M. de Balzac to their contemporaries. There is meanness, profligacy, venality, and falsehood, as there is courage, honour, disinterestedness, and truth, in the country; and there is precisely the same mixture of good and evil, of all that most dignifies, with much that most degrades, human nature in the newspapers. Any government that should succeed in silencing them, would resemble the mariner who should fling away his weather-glass and compass, or the engine-driver who should fasten down the safety-valve.

March, 1858.—The present condition of the French press has been ingeniously compared to that of Gulliver with his ribs pinched between the finger and thumb of the Brobdignag farmer, at an elevation of some sixty feet from the ground, and in imminent danger of his life. Whilst it was still unfettered, a severe blow was inflicted on its efficiency, without improving its tone, by the law requiring each separate article or contribution to be signed by the writer. Many who do not go quite the length of wishing to reduce English newspapers to the actual level of the French, think that good would ensue from the prohibition of anonymous writing; forgetting that they would thereby drive out of journalism all who from habits, temper, rank, or connection, might object to figure prominently before the public as critics or controversialists. Yet this is the very section of the educated class whom we should encourage to take part in political discussion. By confining it to their less retiring brethren of the press, we should encourage, instead of mitigating, violence of language; for experience shows that the strongest things are said and written by persons who are eager to append their names and to repudiate editorial control on the plea that they are personally answerable. Our law visits libels on private reputation with ruinous severity, and the conductor of a London newspaper feels that not merely the interests of the proprie-

tors, but his character and that of his staff, are at stake. He and they are commonly known enough to ensure virtual responsibility, and we have been more than once amused by invectives against 'that villainous anonymous press,' within earshot of an editor who was notoriously received everywhere as a flattered guest in virtue of his editorial celebrity. Nor is the mystic 'we' a gratuitous assumption; for the unnamed writer is generally the exponent of the views of his party, or of public opinion in the broad sense of the term.

What the press would lose in authority and influence, is obvious enough. Indeed the avowed object of the proposed change is to weaken it. Yet there is this plain difference between ourselves and our neighbours in this matter. The French nation was once governed by journals. The English nation governs itself through their instrumentality. The only essential or attractive portion of the French papers in their best days (if we except the *feuilleton*) was the leader. They supplied views, theories, and arguments in abundance, but furnished little or no information on which an independent judgment could be based. A first-class English paper has correspondents in every quarter of the world. It finds room for their communications, for reports of parliamentary proceedings and public meetings, for letters and miscellaneous news. These are the elements of public opinion in this country. Every man who makes a speech worth reporting, or indites an epistle worth printing, takes part in its formation. A leading journal can attract attention to particular subjects, but cannot dictate the conclusions to which the popular mind shall eventually be brought concerning them. It may give undue publicity to one side of a question or one aspect of a case; but any one-sidedness is speedily set right in the columns of contemporaries or in its own; one of the most honourable characteristics of English journalism being a constant readiness to admit explanations or replies. Well, therefore, was it said by Lord Stanley: "The power of the press is in itself a representation. It is the best protection of the poor and humble against the powerful. It is a protection which no legislation created; and (we hope he may prove right in adding) it is a protection which no legislation can take away."

PARISIAN MORALS AND MANNERS.

(FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, JULY, 1842.)

1. *Les Français peints par Eux-mêmes.* Texte par les Sommités Littéraires; dessins par MM. GAVARNI et H. MONNIER. 9 vols. grand in-oct. Paris: 1840-1842.
2. *Les Physiologies de l'Etudiant, de la Grisette, de l'Homme Marié, &c. &c.* 30 vols. Paris: 1842.

THE best information regarding the domestic habits of the Athenians is to be found in the plays of Aristophanes; and if the learned were asked what additional book by a Greek or Roman author they would prefer, we believe the majority would vote for a good novel; — it being generally agreed that more is to be gathered touching the manners, morals, and even ordinary modes of thinking, of a people from their lighter works of fiction than, from set histories with all their dignity, or moral essays in all their prosiness.

Our neighbours across the Channel, however, protest vehemently against all conclusions founded on the present state of their light literature of fiction or their stage; nor, to say the truth, do we much wonder at their reluctance to subject their national character for taste, feeling, or social refinement to such a test. “A traveller passing through Paris in the year 1802,” says an accomplished female writer, “applied to a great and respectable bookseller for some trifling works to read on the road. Nearly a hundred volumes were immediately sent to choose from — they were part of the novels, romances, and

anecdotes of the last ten years. There was no time for selection, and the purchaser's taste at length hazarded thirty or forty volumes of the most inviting titles. On examination they were found, with hardly an exception, to be such disgusting repetitions of the vilest profligacy, such unvaried pictures of the same disgraceful state of society and manners, without even the apology of wit or the veil of decency, that the traveller successively threw the volumes out of the carriage window, to avoid being supposed the patient reader of such revolting trash.*

This is a strong case, but it proves the principle; for it will hardly be denied that these books must both have received their colour from the existing state of manners and reacted on them. Though the modern French novels belong to a widely different category, there are few of the most popular which an English writer would venture to translate literally; and without admitting to its full extent the truth of the maxim, "vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness," it would be difficult to contend that the insidious corruption of the new school is less injurious than the repelling coarseness of the old.

We do not judge a book by the number of murders or adulteries recorded in it; still less by what is vulgarly called the moral. The mere reading about crimes does not necessarily inspire a taste for them; and, on the other hand, a guilty passion may be rendered dangerously attractive by a novelist who takes care to see it duly punished in the end. In "Gerfault" (which has been eagerly read in both countries), the catastrophe is to the last degree appalling: the frank and confiding husband falling by the unwilling hand of the lover—the

* "England and France," by the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters. (Miss Berry) 1834.

beautiful and not quite guilty wife committing suicide—the lover quietly returning to his literary pursuits, and even borrowing fresh inspiration from the adventure;—this, one would think, were enough to make a woman tremble and draw back, before fatally involving herself in a forbidden intimacy. But then, how delicately and gracefully the growth of the feeling is shadowed out; how artfully our sympathies are conciliated for one who seems to be merely yielding to an irresistible impulse of the heart: where is the harm of encouraging a mere friendship (*amour voilé*, for this is the common sophistry)—an interest founded as much on mutual esteem as tenderness? and what a delicious excitement it affords to those wounded or disappointed spirits—those *femmes incomprises* and *âmes méconnues*, as they call themselves—which are pretty sure to abound amidst the idleness and satiety of a rich, luxurious and refined metropolis. Man (including woman) is little less an imitative animal than a monkey; we like to try everything that sounds or reads pleasant: danger adds to the zest; everybody feels quite confident that he or she can stop short at the required moment; and, altogether, we are very much afraid that the only useful lesson the majority of French (and perhaps English) women deduce from the tragic conclusion of this romance is, that secret drawers are no safer than writing-desks, and that the best depository for compromising letters is the fire.

The tone of mind, or state of feeling, left by a book is the true criterion of its tendency: and the class of novelists of which MM. de Bernard and Balzac are the chief, too often leave their female readers languid, restless, dissatisfied with domestic life, and apt to view with an extremely lenient eye any sort of tie or connection which promises to satisfy the vague, undefined longing that agitates them. Most of the other

popular novelists are principally objectionable on the score of their hard, cold, sceptical, mocking, materialist, illusion-destroying tone. They appear to have no faith in any thing or any body; but it would be absurd to deny the praise (if it be a praise) of great talent, often amounting to genius, to many of them. In fact, the wonder to us has always been, how such extraordinary powers could be so long and so habitually perverted; how minds capable of such keen analysis, such fineness of observation, such tenacity and intensity of thought, could help discovering in their own despite that they were wrong — could help seeing that neither private happiness, nor public prosperity, ever was or ever will be promoted by selfishness or sensuality,—gloss, colour, polish, sift or filter them as you may.

To argue with these gentlemen on their own ground, and parody a famous saying—a true philosopher would have invented modesty had no such quality been known before his time; and even an enlightened epicure would wish to keep the female mind as long as possible in the state so beautifully described by Moore —

“ When not a voice whispers, where not a hand presses,
Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move;
And the senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,
Can only be reach'd through the temple of love.”

Still stronger indications are afforded by the Drama, particularly as to one essential point in national morals, the comparative prevalence of matrimonial infidelity. We once asked the late Mr. Yates, whom we met on the look-out for novelties, why he did not dramatise M. de Bernard's clever story of “*Une Aventure d'un Magistrat*,” and his answer was, that the mere fact of the frail and pursuing fair one being the wife of a decent tradesman, (a watchmaker,) presented an insurmountable difficulty. The only mode, he added, of giving probability to the plot in the eyes of an

English audience taken from the middle class, or of reconciling it with their notions, would be to convert the faithless *madame* into a ruined *mademoiselle*. Now, just about the time that this suggestion was hazarded, a piece in which three tradesmen are *aux petits soins* with each others' wives at once, was brought out at a French theatre, and had what is technically called a *run*;—no one seeming to think that there was any thing overcharged or improbable in such a representation.

Still we feel bound to state, that many of our French friends on whose judgment and accuracy we place great reliance, assure us that the corruption (if any) is confined to the bottom and the top, and that their middle classes are free from it. A little laxity among the rich, idle, and luxurious is not denied; and perhaps these are essentially the same in all the great European capitals—London, Paris, Vienna, and Petersburg. But we are assured that there are no better wives in the world than those of the French lawyers, doctors, brokers, bankers, merchants, and shopkeepers. Stage morals, they contend, are conventional, and may long survive the manners which originated them. For example, the comedies of Congreve, Farquhar, and Vanbrugh, in which our city dames are cruelly calumniated, remained in vogue for nearly half a century after it had ceased to be the fashion for the courtiers of Whitehall to make incursions into the city for the avowed purpose of invading the domestic happiness of aldermen. As to novels, they boldly ask, whether we consider our national character involved in the popularity of "Jack Sheppard"? or whether (if mere reading is to be the test) "Mathilde," "Les Mystères de Paris," &c., have not been as much read in the higher circles of London as of Paris?

This style of defence is far from satisfactory; but it would be worse than useless to quarrel over a dis-

puted authority, when a host of others, undisputed and indisputable, are at hand ; and such we conceive ourselves to possess in the books selected as text-books for this article. Nine volumes of "The French, painted by Themselves," with thirty highly finished "Physiologies," must surely afford ample materials for ascertaining whether the people of Paris are fairly entitled to that place and precedence in the vanguard of civilisation, which has been quietly (too quietly) conceded to them; and must throw new light on a question hourly becoming more and more important—whether the spread of Parisian influence, Parisian manners, and Parisian opinions, is likely to prove a curse or a blessing to society. We are far from denying the possession of high, sterling qualities to the French. They have contributed their full share to the science, philosophy, solid literature, and (above all) historical writing which do most honour to the age; but manners are best learned from the light and sketchy, laughing or sneering, literature which both forms and indicates the habits of the mass;—particularly when, as in the present instance, it enjoys an extensive popularity, and has called forth a host of imitators.

The term *Physiology*, as used by these gentlemen, includes every light in which a subject can be placed, with all its relations. The scope of the principal work ("The French, painted by Themselves") is precisely what might be collected from the title-page; for the conductors have kept faith, and it really does contain full-length and striking (if occasionally overdrawn) portraits of the French of all ranks and both sexes, by contributors of established reputation. Nor has there been any wish in any quarter to contract the sphere of their labours, by keeping back anything that lay fairly within the range of pen or pencil, but the contrary. Both portrait-painters and physiologists have been left free: the world was all before

them where to choose; and not only has every recognised class, trade, profession, calling, or employment been portrayed, but the human species (as it exists in France) would almost seem to have been divided, subdivided, and classified anew, with an especial eye to these works; — so numerous are the *états* or conditions, so endless the variety of hitherto unknown or unnoticed forms and modes of existence, brought to light in them. The ingenuity and invention of some of the editors and authors are beyond all praise. Surely Buffon must yield the palm to the naturalist who first discovered a *lorette*; Cuvier might take lessons from the physiologist who can tell the precise age and rank of a female pedestrian from the fashion of her *chaussure*; and the Roman epicure who could name at the first mouthful, the exact part of the Tiber in which a fish was caught, is alone worthy to be named alongside of the observer who can distinguish, at the first glance, a *habitué* of the *Porte St. Martin* from a *habitué* of the *Gymnase*. Instead of crying “Long life to the people who taught us two hundred and thirty-eight ways to dress eggs!” — Mr. Fudge might well cry now, “Long life to the people who taught us an odd hundred or so new subdivisions of mankind!”

There is such a thing, however, as a distinction without a difference; and on looking more minutely into these portraits and “Physiologies,” we arrive at pretty nearly the same result to which we have occasionally been brought by the careful study of the *carte* at a restaurant; namely, that the French have a wonderful knack at giving a false, or at all events exaggerated, notion of the extent of their resources, and are as prone to exercise it in book-making as in cookery. We therefore hope to find room for most of the physiologies which are really new, striking, or illustrative.

Place aux Dames. — We begin with the ladies, and put *La Dame comme il faut*, a truly indigenous production, at the head of them. It is from the pen of M. Balzac, the highest living authority on such matters. Goethe said of him, that each of his best novels seemed dug out of a suffering woman's heart; and the ladies of Paris are agreed that his power of penetrating into the inmost recesses of their minds, and translating their minutest movements, is little short of miraculous. To the best of our information, he was once a printer; so that, in one material point, the parallel which we once saw attempted between him and Richardson holds good; and the patience with which he has worked his way *invitâ Minervâ* to celebrity, was certainly little inferior to that of the author of "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison" — works which, long as they are in print, were rather more than twice as long in manuscript. M. Balzac wrote and published between twenty and thirty volumes of novels (most under the assumed name of Horace de Raison) before he succeeded in attracting notice; and he has never forgiven the press for their neglect of these; — though his earlier efforts gave about the same promise of "Eugénie Grandet," "Le Père Goriot," or that most exquisite of all his sketches, "La Femme de Trente Ans," as the "Hours of Idleness" gave of "Childe Harold" or "Don Juan:" and an excellent French critic, Sainte-Beuve — in allusion to the falling off in the more recent, as well as the total absence of his peculiar merits in the first productions of his pen — compares him to a fish basking on the surface of the water, whose head and tail are sunk whilst his back reflects the sun. He certainly saw little or nothing of the society he describes, till he had earned his *entrée* by describing it; and we must set down his knowledge to the credit of that instinct of genius

which, given the human heart and the external circumstances at any particular period, arrives at everything else which is wanting to fill the canvas, or individualise the actors on the scene, by a succession of bold, rapid, intellectual leaps or inferences. Shakspeare had nothing beyond Plutarch and a bad history or so to go upon, yet what Greeks or Romans are comparable to his ?

Three of the greatest names in English literature have been introduced, in the course of a few sentences, to illustrate our notions of M. Balzac. He will have no occasion to complain of any want of respect hereafter, should we find it necessary to qualify our high estimate of his powers.* His masterly portrait of the "Femme comme il faut" would not bear literal translation—what good French writing of the lighter order will?—and it is too long to quote. We must therefore endeavour to bring together the leading traits in a sort of abridgment.

"You are lounging in Paris some fine afternoon between two and five. You see a woman coming toward you. The first glance is like the preface of an agreeable book; it leads you to anticipate a world of pretty things. Either she is accompanied by two distinguished-looking men, one at least decorated, or a servant in a quiet livery follows at a short distance. She wears neither showy colours, nor open clocked stockings, nor ornamented waist buckle, nor trowsers with embroidered trimmings flourishing about her

* A highly interesting memoir of Balzac has recently (Dec. 1857) appeared from the pen of his sister, Madame de Surville. The most curious feature of his character, thus developed, was his fondness for speculation, which kept him in a constant state of pecuniary embarrassment. He passed his life in a dream of coming prosperity, which never came. His best works were produced under the stern pressure of necessity, and one of his humbler day-dreams was the appearance of some millionaire who should say to him;—"There's a handsome income for you,—now take your time, and give us works worthy of you and your real genius."

instep. On her feet (we copy these details for the instruction of our female readers) you see either prunella shoes, with sandals over a cotton stocking of excessive fineness, or a plain silk stocking of a greyish hue, or half-boots of the most exquisite simplicity. She has a manner all her own of folding and wearing a shawl, and needs no patent to keep the invention to herself. Her bonnet is perfectly simple. Flowers attract attention; feathers require a carriage; she wears only fresh ribands in the streets. Then, mark her mode of walking; how gracefully the gown is made to undulate before the foot. Let an Englishwoman (adds this prejudiced and patriotic writer) try this step, and she will have the air of a grenadier advancing to the attack of a redoubt."

It is an old piece of Parisian impertinence to suppose that they alone know how to dine — *Chez vous, Monsieur, on mange, mais on ne dine pas*. Improving on this, it is here asserted that the Paris woman alone is endowed with the genius of walking, and that the asphaltic pavement was a tardy but just tribute to her merit. Its first effect, however, will be to make her change her mode of walking, which was modified in no slight measure by the necessity of stepping from one stone to another, before the introduction of the *trottoir*.

This charming variety of the species affects the warmest latitudes and cleanest longitudes of the French capital. She is to be met with between the 20th and 110th arcade of the Rue de Rivoli; along the line of the Boulevards; from the equator of the Passage du Panorama, to the cape of the Madeleine; and between the 30th and 150th number of the Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré: so that the *attachés* of the English embassy have occasionally a good chance of meeting her.

"In the evening she is to be found at the opera, or

a ball, where her little feminine strokes of policy are well worth studying. If she has a beautiful hand, the most acute and sceptical observer would believe that it was absolutely necessary for her to raise or part that very band or ringlet which she is caressing. If she has a fine profile, it would appear as if she was merely turning to give effect to what she is saying to the man at her side; whilst she is placing herself in such an attitude as to produce that magical effect of which the great painters are so fond—throwing the light upon the cheek, defining the clear outline of the nose, leaving the eye its rich, full, and concentrated expression, and bringing out the elegant contour of the chin. If she has a pretty foot, she will throw herself upon a divan with the coquettishness of a kitten in the sun—the feet in advance, without suffering any thing to be seen in the attitude except the most delicious model presented by lassitude to the statuary.”

The art of exhibiting the hand and foot is pretty well understood all the world over, but the choice of a good light is a refinement peculiar to Frenchwomen; who cannot be made to understand how Englishwomen, no longer in the first blush of youth, can be so imprudent as to hazard a morning party in the open air. Probably the beautiful friend of Madame de Staël—the same who boasted of having had half the celebrated men of Europe for her adorers, and kept them as her friends,—has never been seen for the last twenty years, except in that sort of half-day which best conceals the ravages of time, or with an artificial light falling from behind her or above.

The lady's mode of receiving her particular friends is simply remarkable for grace and tact; but we cannot say the same of her conversation. She is actually made to talk a mixture of bad politics and doubtful religion, till the visitor has had enough, and

goes away exclaiming—what few visitors, we fancy, would exclaim under the circumstances—“Decidedly, this is a superior woman!” Irreligion is sufficiently repulsive in a man, but the slightest taint of it in a woman excites a feeling of disgust. We recommend M. Balzac, should he reprint the sketch, to make her choose a different set of subjects, and not prose so long about them.

The state of her heart is a mystery; the only thing known about it being, that it is irregularly bestowed. This leads to some disclosures explanatory of the greater decency of modern manners—sometimes, not always, a symptom of a corresponding improvement in morals.

“In times past, the great lady loved, as it were, by advertisement; in times present, the woman *comme il faut* has her little passion ruled like a music lesson, with its crotchets, quavers, notes, and demi-notes. Feeble creature! she shrinks from compromising either her love, or her husband, or the prospects of her family; home, position, fortune, are no longer flags sufficiently powerful to cover all the merchandise on board. The whole aristocracy no longer step forward to screen a woman guilty of a false step. The woman *comme il faut*, therefore, has not a proud defying gait like the great lady of the olden time; she can tread nothing under her feet; it is she herself who will be trodden down. She is consequently the woman of the jesuitical *mezzo termino* of *convenances* respected, of anonymous passions conducted between two rows of breakers. She stands in awe of her servants, like an Englishwoman, who has the action of *crim. con.* eternally before her eyes.”

If this were meant as a joke, it would be a bad joke; but it is meant in sober seriousness. M. Balzac, a man of the people, a man of yesterday, regrets the times when a Duchess of Longueville, or a Duchess of Orleans, could trample decency under foot, and defy public opinion with impunity—secure in the

protection of her order, who, under the kindly influence of a *fellow-feeling*, were never found deficient in charity. Byron would not have said or sung in these days:—

“ And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister’s shame.”

The only difficulty would have been to find a sister who would be regarded as erring. M. Balzac has also an evident contempt for the “ feeble creature ” who cannot make up her mind to sacrifice the peace of her family, and the prospects of her children, to gratify an illicit passion ; but, with all due deference to him, he has here unconsciously described one of the most beneficial effects produced by the division of property and the progress of opinion. *Ce n’est que le premier pas qui coûte*; and the first step towards the general amelioration of morals has been made, when the leaders of fashion are compelled to hide their occasional transgressions from the world.

The varied accomplishments required to form the character of the *femme comme il faut*, demand time, and the finishing touch must be given by the world. Twenty-five is named as the earliest period at which an aspirant can become qualified for the part. The writer says, that indiscreet persons have inquired of him, whether an authoress can ever attain to the distinction ; a question which he enigmatically evades by saying, “ when she does not possess genius, she is a woman *comme il n’en faut pas*.” We are not disposed to profit by this evasion ; and, with the aid of M. Soulié’s “ *Physiologie du Bas-Bleu*,” we will endeavour to answer this question in good earnest. No one, after numbering up (we will not say reading) the books by women of rank which have appeared within the last two years, can doubt that it is becoming a highly important one in England, whatever it may be in France.

Lord Byron, as may be seen in his Journals, regarded Madame de Staël as a bore, and liked to see her put down or discomfited. On one occasion he records with a chuckle, that she had been well *ironed* by Sheridan. We regret to say that literary men in general are influenced by the same feelings which lay at the bottom of the noble poet's prejudice, and seldom betray a weakness for blue-stockings. M. Soulié assuredly has none; and he states at the commencement what seems to strike him as a sufficient reason for disliking them. "The word *Bas-bleu* is of the masculine gender: whilst a woman remains actress, singer, dancer, queen, or washer-woman, we speak of her as *elle*; the moment she becomes *Bas-bleu* as *il*; e. g. *il est malpropre, il est prétentieux, il est malfaisant, il est une peste.*" The example indicates what sort of treatment she may expect at the hands of the *physiologist*.

His first division of the subject is by epochs. Besides the contemporary blue-stocking, there is the aristocratic blue-stocking, whose principal occupation is to turn the heads of young poets and artists; the imperial blue-stocking, who begins every third sentence with, *C'est Fouché qui m'a raconté l'anecdote, &c.*—*M. de Talleyrand me l'a montré*; and the blue-stocking of the Restoration, of whom we find two anecdotes, curiously illustrative of the court and character of Louis XVIII.

The refined taste, wit, and cultivated understanding of that monarch are well known. He was also famous for gallantry, and is said to have bestowed more pains on his *billets-doux* than on his ordinances.* It is consequently, rather surprising to

* "When Bonaparte entered the Tuileries during the Hundred Days, he found many of these little billets, and a large collection of Louis's interesting Correspondence. The Emperor would never hear of their being read or published."—See Bulwer's "France, Social, Literary, and Political." 1834.

find that, among his female favourites, one was uneducated, and another a blue-stocking. The learned lady felt confident that the reign of the unlearned rival would be short, if a decided proof of her weakness, on the side of grammar, could be brought under the quick sarcastic eye of majesty; but this was no easy matter, since, distrustful of her own spelling and penmanship, she invariably employed an amanuensis. It was necessary to approach her in an unguarded hour; and one evening, during a private audience with the king, she received a note to say that some ladies of the highest rank, associated for some pretended object, proposed to elect her their president, and waited only an intimation of her pleasure to proceed. She seized a pen, and traced, in large pot-hook characters, *J'accepte*. A little while afterwards, the lettered competitor, seated in the royal closet, was celebrating her victory by a *mot* which is hardly on the verge of *bon*: "*Le règne de tous les usurpateurs a cessé.*" (cc.)

The same lady was paying over some *rouleaux*, just received from the king, to a gentleman who was suspected to stand in much the same relation to her in which Tom Jones stood to Lady Bellaston. He rather ungallantly began counting the contents, and found several pieces wanting; "*C'est vrai,*" said the lady, after verifying the discovery, "*ces pauvres rois! comme on les trompe.*"

The contemporary blue-stocking is divided into the married, and unmarried (which is not exactly the same thing as single). The married lives with her husband, or does not live with her husband, or, living with her husband, does not consider him in that light. In this sort of establishment, his position resembles that of the witty Charles Townshend when he married a dowager Countess of Dalkeith, and paid his first

visit to Dalkeith palace in her company. The friends and retainers of the house came out in full force to welcome her; and were hurrying her forward in entire forgetfulness of her lord, when he called out, "For heaven's sake, gentlemen, remember that I am Prince George of Denmark at any rate!" The husband of the blue-stocking in question is fortunate if he gets to be considered even as Prince George of Denmark. The chances are that he remains a mere nullity through life, or worse than a mere nullity, considering the trouble, expense, and ridicule, that devolve upon him. "He has no distinctive independent character. Monsieur A. is not Monsieur A. He is the husband of Madame A. No one ever hears of him unless they happen to inquire for his wife's children, when they are informed that he is gone with them to the Luxembourg gardens."

"There is told," says M. Soulié, "of I know not what painter, an anecdote that has also been applied to David, at an epoch when it was the fashion to impute every crime to a man who had belonged to the Convention. It is related that this painter, wishing to paint a dying Saviour, sent for a model, and persuaded him to let himself be fastened to a cross. As the model, despite of the exhortations of the painter, gave nothing but an expression of *ennui* to the immortal agony, the painter, in a moment of artistical enthusiasm, seized a pike and thrust it into his side. The model died, and the painter produced a masterpiece. Well, the blue-stocking has been often known to try this experiment, morally, upon her husband. If she wants a scene of despair, she irritates, insults, agonises, maddens him; and, despite the endurance of the victim, ends by forcing from him a movement of revolt, of rage, of despair; then, at the moment when he is going to throw himself out of the window, she stops him with an inspired air, observing—'That is fine, very fine; I have got my scene; I must go and write it down; you will put off dinner till six.'

"Then she goes away, or after hovering a moment at the door, from which she contemplates the stupefaction, the

disorder, the annihilation of the model, she retires to her study, telling him—‘Order me some coffee. I shall work all night.’”

The husband of the blue-socking who makes it her chief duty to advance him in the world, is not much better off. The modes she is said to employ for this laudable purpose, are developed in a dramatic scene between the lady and a cabinet minister, which is rather too highly seasoned for English readers.

We have then the blue virgin, the blue widow, and the blue wife married to a man of her own tastes and pursuits. The effect of this sort of union, according to M. Soulié, is to produce a fair allowance of domestic harmony, and convert the pair into a downright nuisance. “If the blue-socking and her spouse are deceitful and impertinent, they become a hundred times more deceitful and impertinent; as ten multiplied by ten make a hundred, the couple increase all their ridiculous points, all their vices, all their petty passions, to the square of their original number.” In a word, he has no mercy for any individual of the class; and after making every possible allowance for malice or prejudice, his sketches cannot fail to leave a most unfavourable impression of the female writers, and learned ladies of Paris. In attacking their reputations on the score of chastity, he would perhaps scarcely conceive himself to be saying an unkind thing of them; but it may be as well to add, that he heaps anecdote upon anecdote to confirm the axiom, *une femme savante est toujours galante*: and we are not sufficiently conversant with the private history of his more celebrated countrywomen, (with the exception of two or three who would not much advance the charitable side of the question,) to be able to enter the lists in vindication of their fame. But never was axiom more completely local and

temporary, if we may judge from what falls directly under our own observation in this country.

There may still exist a good deal of silly vulgar pretension, in persons of both sexes, who affect to patronise authors and artists, though the example made by Mr. Dickens of one of them, has gone far to exterminate the entire breed of lion-hunters. It is also undeniable that a great many books are annually produced by women, which add little to the general stock of knowledge or thought; but, among those to which public attention has been attracted by the rank of the writer, we hardly remember one which fails to conciliate the good opinion of a candid reader; or which does not exhibit abundant traces of cultivation, refinement, good feeling, and good taste. When people sneer at the multiplication of authors, and sarcastically observe that every body writes now, they are unconsciously bearing testimony to the progress of education; nor is it a slight thing to say of the higher classes in any country, that the majority of them are equal to the composition of a book; which assuredly implies some command of language, and a certain capacity for thought. At the same time, authorship, particularly of the Journalising sort, is often neither more nor less than a culpable indulgence of egotism; the excitement is by no means of the most wholesome description; and we would rather not see a woman we respected dependent for her peace of mind upon the opinions of the press, or going out of her way to attract the regard of an Editor or Reviewer, though we ourselves should be the man.

This brings us back to the question from which we diverged into the subject of blue-stockings. Undoubtedly authorship will be fatal to the pretensions of the *femme comme il faut*, if it impairs the graceful ease, the *àplomb*, the self-dependence, the repose,

which are absolutely essential to the part ; and if she possesses genius of the highest order, or succeeds in acquiring a brilliant literary reputation, this again will militate against the minor object of ambition ; as, it is to be hoped, we may take the liberty of considering it. For example, no effect of the imagination could convert Corinne and Georges Sand into women *comme il faut* ; and our impression is, that in this country, if a woman of fashion ever ventures further than a graceful book of travels, she must make up her mind to come down from her pedestal.

The next inquiry regards birth. Is any, and what, qualification required in this respect ?

“ Alas, she is a creature of the revolution ! — the triumph of the elective system applied to the fair sex. The duchesses are going out, and the marchionesses along with them. As for the *baronnes*, they have never been able to get themselves recognised in good earnest. Aristocracy begins at the viscountesses. The countesses will live. As for the great lady she is dead with the formalities of the last age.”

This is calculated to give rather an erroneous notion of the value attached to birth in France. Far from being underrated, it is decidedly at a premium ; as may be seen by the constant assumption of the *de*, even amongst the most vehement proclaimers of equality ; and it is an undoubted fact that certain seignories in the neighbourhood of Paris which legitimate a change of name, vary in price from ten to fifty per cent., according to the euphony of the title. But a great change in manners, as well as fortunes, has been effected by the law of partibility ; the operation of which is accurately traced in the following passage : —

“ Under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. a duke might occasionally be met with who possessed two hundred thousand livres a-year, a magnificent hotel, and a sumptuous train of

attendants. Such a one might still be a *grand seigneur*. The last of these, the Prince de Talleyrand, died the other day.

“The knell of high society has been rung, be assured. The first stroke is this modern phrase of *femme comme il faut*. Coming forth from the ranks of the nobility, or sprung from the trading class, the produce of every soil, even the provinces, she is the type of the times we live in; a surviving image of good taste, wit, grace, and distinction, reunited but reduced. We shall see no more great ladies in France; but there will long be women *comme il faut*, elected by public opinion to a female House of Lords, and filling amongst their own sex much the same place as *gentlemen* in England [a happy illustration] amongst men. Such is the course of things. In the old time a woman might have the step of a grenadier, the front of a courtesan, the voice of a fisherwoman, a large foot, a clumsy hand: she might be a great lady notwithstanding; but now-a-days were such a one a Montmorency — if the Mademoiselles de Montmorency were ever so formed — she could not, and would not, be a woman *comme il faut*.”

This is a curious passage, and suggests more than it expresses. A fortune of 200,000 livres (about 8000*l.*) a-year, is mentioned as we should mention a rent-roll of a hundred thousand pounds sterling; and even this is spoken of in the past tense. No wonder that the resources of the nobility are no longer on a par with their pretensions; that they cannot dazzle by magnificence; and have no alternative but to retreat into obscurity, or aim at distinction by grace, refinement and simplicity.

It is not true, however, that there are no great ladies. There is *La Grande Dame de 1830* — an emanation of the revolution of July. She has a chapter to herself in “*Les Français, peints par Eux-mêmes* :” the delineator being Madame Stéphanie de Longueville. We are introduced to her at one of her own grand receptions, which is attended by a

German duke, with a French count for his *cicerone*, who supplies all the particulars of her history. The motto of the sketch, from Molière, indicates the main features : “Voyez-vous cette Madame la Marquise qui fait tant la glorieuse? c’est la fille de M. Jourdain.”

Madame de Marne is the daughter of a rich iron-master. Her husband is a member of the Cabinet, and derives no small portion of his influence from her wealth. Her own pride of place is based upon the same foundation. “Is he noble?” is the first inquiry of the great lady of other days. “Is he rich?” is the first inquiry of Madame de Marne. Like Napoleon—like *parvenus* or *parvenues* of all sorts—she is gratified at hearing an historic name resounding through her antechamber, but her warmest sympathies are with the *millionnaire*. The instinct of origin is too strong for her: in the enumeration of a man’s qualities, she invariably commences with his fortune; and she cannot praise a trinket without dwelling emphatically on its cost. How different from the de Créquis and Crillons, who possessed about the same amount of information regarding money as Marie Antoinette exhibited regarding bread and pie-crust, and would have viewed an act of prudence much in the same light as that Prince of Condé, who, when the heir of the house brought home half his allowance from school, and expected praise for his economy, indignantly flung the purse into the street.

It has been stated that Madame de Marne is not indifferent to the birth of her visitors. She is not altogether indifferent to her own. To conceal it as much as possible, she makes small and gradual changes in her name; slipping in the *de* at once by way of prefix to the place of her nativity, or the name of her country-seat. Her morals are doubtful at the best:—

“ ‘ Love, gallantry, (says the count,) all is dead in France. Women no longer stand, as regards men, even next in order to business; they are no more than a sort of interlude to their pleasures, a halting point between the horse-race at the *Bois* and a supper at the *Café de Paris*. Beset with fewer seductions than the great lady who preceded her, is she more faithful to the conjugal vow? I have my doubts, but the age has nothing to say to her; she lives virtuously in her fashion; she observes its precepts, she saves appearances. Moreover, mystery in her intrigues is a necessity of position, a condition of existence.’

“ As the count uttered these words, a tall young man, with a long pale face and his chin covered with a beard, was in the very act of stealing mysteriously into the boudoir, but on seeing it occupied, retreated precipitately. ‘ My doubts are at an end,’ said the count. ‘ Yes, the great lady has her private hours of reception, like her predecessors.’

“ Who is that man, pivoting in the middle of the room, like a swan in a marble basin—he whom the surrounding group are listening to with such respectful attention?

“ The son of a village schoolmaster: prior to 1830, an insignificant journalist; now the representative and defender of the interests of France in all the courts of Europe, in all the countries of the world—the husband of the great lady—M. de Marne, the minister of yesterday!”

Remarks of this sort must be taken with many grains of allowance; for hardly any writer can avoid the temptation of a sneer at the men and women of July; the legitimist, from honest hearty hatred—the democrat or republican, from spite. There is nothing one aspirant will not say against another who has got the start of him; even the very truths or falsehoods which are sure to be flung against himself, when he gets high enough to form a mark for them. The fiercest assailants of M. Thiers, on his first accession to power, were his old colleagues of the press, who used to dine with him at the *Café Anglais* on the Boulevards; and M. Guizot’s want of aristo-

cratical distinction is made a reproach to him, by persons who have none, and are angry that they cannot rise as high, without half his talent, or a tithe of his integrity. How eagerly did some of them retail an alleged repartee of M. Royer-Collard! The story ran that M. Guizot remonstrated with his ancient chief for calling him *un intrigant austère*, and that the only explanation he received was—“*Intrigant, mon ami, mais pas austère.*” Nothing of the sort took place; but such anecdotes are serious evils in Paris, where reputations, male and female, are frequently demolished by a *mot*.

The prejudice against low birth is conspicuous in the sketch entitled “*Les Duchesses*,” by M. Le Comte de Courchamps; who, for aught we know to the contrary, may have a hereditary right to be fastidious, though we suspect from his tone that he has not. He falls with extreme bitterness on the duchesses of the empire, the wives of Napoleon’s generals, whose titles, recalling conquests and victories, might well command respect in France.

“The type of revolutionary illustrations, in the true ‘duchess of the empire,’ is a woman who is continually crying ‘The queen, my aunt,’ and who might say, ‘My grandfather, the linen-draper.’ She is commonly called Duchess of Gertrudenberg, Princess of the Danube; and as the Danube is a principality, not less than five hundred leagues long and twenty fathoms broad, there are several sovereigns who do not choose to admit the title of this princess. The Grand Turk is the only one who takes the matter philosophically. ‘*Allah Akbar!*’ exclaims the father of true believers; ‘the river Danube flows all the same into my sea.’”

The writer repeats the well-known problem of La Bruyère: “Which is the greatest advantage — to be well born, or to be so distinguished that no one thinks of asking whether you are so or not?” We do not well see how this question could ever arise in

Paris, where enthusiasm for contemporary greatness, or faith in contemporary virtue, never mounts high enough to protect the individual from detraction. In England, the case is widely different. We have a rational respect for birth; but who, unless the fact or the inquiry was forced upon him, would ask, or care to know, whether a Nelson or a Wellington, a Brougham or a Lyndhurst, ever had a grandfather?

Perhaps there are no writers in the world who make such blunders regarding foreigners as the French. The plot of a comedy, entitled "Popularité," by M. Casimir Delavigne, a member of the Academy, published five or six years ago, turns on the ambition of a Comte de Derby to become lord mayor of London; and a French journal, in giving an account of the *rédaction* of the "Morning Post," says it is principally managed by "Sir Wetherall, et quelques autres jeunes fashionables." This arises principally from their excessive confidence and the national vanity, which leads many of them to suppose that there is, and can be, nothing worth studying out of France. The following are some of the peculiarities attributed to one of the duchesses of the ancient régime, with whom, it seems, Anglomania is the prevalent disease:—

"She has English governesses for her children; she speaks nothing but English, although her mother and husband do not understand a word of it. What she likes best is giblet soup and bread sauce, though the duke would prefer pigeons *à la crapauline*, or fricasseed chicken occasionally, and has never yet succeeded in procuring a melon at his dessert: to insure domestic peace, he is obliged to eat it with *rhubarb*. He is regaled every day with English broth—that is to say, water, pepper, and thyme. The moment she hears the three raps at the door, which announce a visitor, she takes up an English newspaper, an enormous gazette, and the conversation turns infallibly on the last ball at Almack's, the fêtes of Count D'Orsay, and the cock-fights at Epping Forest. If

you are not obliged to sit out the reading of a tale of Lady Blessington's, you may consider yourself let off cheaply."

There was a time when the vulgar error, that the French were essentially a frog-eating people, was extensively diffused in this country; but we never remember seeing it embodied in an essay by a person of quality. The Count de Courchamps will find, upon inquiry, that cock-fighting has ceased to be a fashionable, or even a popular, amusement for more than half a century; that English soup is a richer composition than French, which we are wont to call *soupe-maigre* by comparison; that we eat melon with ginger, not rhubarb; and that, though conversation might turn on Count D'Orsay's agreeability and accomplishments, it never turns upon his *fêtes*, for the simple reason, that he never gives any.

The *femme à la mode* is a character essentially distinct both from the great lady, and the *femme comme il faut*. She is, or aims at being, the queen of society: no party is, or ought to be, complete without her; no set or circle unexceptionable but her own. To succeed in this career, to win and keep her proud pre-eminence, the aspirant should possess a host of qualifications, negative and positive, acquired and natural — fortune, position, connection, some beauty, a varnish of refinement, indomitable assurance, little or no sensibility, and the perfection of tact. Above all, she must begin by imposing a self-denying ordinance on herself. She must make up her mind to sacrifice every thing — tastes, habits, feelings, family, friends, lovers (if she has any); let her turn aside a moment to indulge a caprice or emotion, and she is lost.

The splendid Countess of Marcilly, in whom the idea of the character has been embodied by Madame Ancelot, is introduced pensive and soliloquising: —

“Did not Mademoiselle de Merinville occupy the *salons* an entire week by her imposing beauty? Happily, she was so deficient in mental attractions, that at the first assembly, which admitted of conversation, I found no difficulty in exposing her dulness, and thus destroying her empire; for no power can be preserved any where for any length of time without mind.

“The delicate features of Lady Morton might well have captivated the capricious attention of the world, but her dress was so fanciful that its singularity nearly approximated to bad taste; it was eccentric, it is true, but without grace; the simplicity of mine made the absurdity of hers more glaring. In France, one pleases only for the moment with bad taste.

“As to the brilliant Duchesse de Romillac, she was indeed a formidable rival. Her rank, her fortune, her *éclat*, might well have triumphed in this land of vanities. She fixed attention for a month, but she had the imprudence to compromise herself with the handsome Edward d’Arcy; and for a woman *à la mode*, who ought to reckon hopes adroitly scattered among her most effective weapons, to love in earnest is to abdicate.

“My power had increased by all the renown of my dethroned rivals. I began to think I had escaped every danger, and it is she!—Alix de Verneuil, a provincial, a relative that I receive when, after two years of widowhood, she wishes to revisit Paris—less beautiful, less elegant, less occupied with the cares of pleasing than myself—she it is who now commands universal attention.”

In London a considerable degree of social influence is or was to be obtained by a persevering course of assumption, backed by a reasonable allowance of rank and fortune. In Paris, it is more frequently founded on caprice, and may really be won or lost, as intimated in the foregoing extract.

Of all the products of Paris, the most truly Parisian is the *grisette*. So says M. Jules Janin, to whom she has been confided; and she could scarcely be placed in better hands, if a thorough love of the subject, and

a gay, lively style, full of glancing allusion, will suffice.

“Travel as long as you choose in distant countries, you will meet with triumphal arches, royal gardens, museums, cathedrals, and churches more or less Gothic; as also, go where you will, you will be elbowed on the road by tradesmen and highnesses, bishops and captains, clowns and great lords: but nowhere, neither at London, St. Petersburg, Berlin, or Philadelphia, will you encounter that thing so young, so gay, so fresh, so slender, so delicate, so light, so satisfied with little, that we denominate a *grisette*. Did I say in Europe? You might traverse the whole of France without meeting, in all her truth, in all her abandonment, in all her improvidence, in all her restlessness and roguishness, the *grisette* of Paris.”

The origin of the term has been long a source of embarrassment to etymologists. The best of their guesses is, that it is derived from a coarse sort of cloth or stuff formerly much worn by females of the working-class. A lazy *grisette*, we are assured, is not in nature. When she has ceased to earn her living, she has crossed the limit which separates her from the vice of Paris. But a single lover does not rank as vice. “La Parisienne qui n’a qu’un amant croit n’être point coquette; celle qui en a plusieurs croit n’être que coquette.”* According to this rule, the *grisette* is not even coquette, though she is the prescriptive *friend* of the student. Her mode of house-keeping has been rendered so familiar by M. Paul de Kock, that it would be a waste of time to dwell upon it in England, where (we believe) his novels are much more read by the higher classes than in France. There they are voted low. The truth is, they are low, just as Smollett and Fielding are low, from the too frequent use of words not admitted into the drawing-room; but, with all his faults, he is the only

* “Physiologie de la Parisienne,” p. 37.

popular writer who is altogether free from that cold, selfish spirit which we have ventured to hold up to reprobation. At the same time he can hardly be deemed fit for the boudoir whilst "Peregrine Pickle" and "Tom Jones" are exiled from it; unless, indeed, as we have said already, the fair occupants are resolved, at all hazards, to become familiar with the *grisette* mode of life—a sort of knowledge which would not prove altogether valueless, should it chance to direct their attention to the present condition of the corresponding class in London.

It has long and justly been a subject of complaint in England, that men are rapidly encroaching on the employments of women. Shopmen are now every where substituted for shopwomen, under the curious plea that the ladies prefer being served by young men. The same fatal system is silently operating in France. From the "Physiology of the Tailor," we learn that men have taken to making shirts; and the author of the "Physiology of the Grisette" assures us that, within the last fifteen months, male dressmakers (*modistes*) have made fearful advances; though Victorine, Palmyre, Oudot-Manoury, and a few others, are still unshaken in their supremacy. Formerly there used to be a species of *grisette* called the *trottine*, usually the prettiest of the establishment, whose duty it was to carry home the bonnet or the gown. She has been suppressed or superseded, and the streets of Paris now resemble a parterre stripped of the gayest of its flowers. We cordially join with the Physiologist in deprecating all innovations of the sort. Indeed, we are disposed to go still further and exclaim, with the Ettrick Shepherd, that if we could afford a dozen serving lads, they should all be lasses.

The Physiologist of the *grisette* devotes a chapter to what he is pleased to term her passions—two innocent, and one doubtful; their objects being chestnuts,

moustaches, and galette. Chestnuts and moustaches require no explanation. Galette is a sort of cake, distributed at a *sou* a slice on the Boulevards. It was invented many years ago by the occupant of a stall on the Boulevard St.-Denis, popularly known as M. Coupe-Toujours. He did nothing but cut *galette* from morning till night; and, according to M. Guerry, the celebrated statician, was computed to cut up and distribute about 22,000 mètres a-year. Bets have frequently been made and won, that no two consecutive slices would be found to vary above two grains in weight—his skill with the knife well nigh rivalling that of the old carver of Vauxhall, who undertook to cover the whole garden with one ham. M. Coupe-Toujours cut to some purpose; for he left a fortune of 3,000,000 francs, and a name at which *galette* venders grow red. His behaviour during the cholera may afford a lesson to ministers of state. When his *galette* was publicly accused of contributing to the epidemic, he took not the slightest notice of the calumny, but quietly went on cutting, and his customers soon rushed back to him in crowds.

Grisettes vanish like donkeys and postboys from the stage, without any one knowing what has become of them. Some, not many, are metamorphosed into *Lorettes*;—young ladies who, without exactly belonging to the class of *industrielles* treated of in a celebrated work by M. Parent Du Châtelet, must be content to be denominated *coquettes*. A volume of a hundred and twenty-seven pages devoted to them is before us; but the only distinctive facts we can collect from it are, that they always dress beyond their ostensible means, almost always stand in need of protection, and were discovered and classified not long ago by M. Nestor Roqueplan—the editor of the “*Nouvelles à la Main*,” one of the monthly repertories of personality founded in imitation of “*Les Guêpes*.”

Formerly, no unmarried women, either young ladies or old maids, were to be seen at a Paris reception. Husbands were forthcoming at the proper age; or, in the rare case of parents neglecting to provide one, the demoiselle took refuge in a convent from the slings and arrows of the world. Of late, a sort of *juste-milieu* system has been adopted; the marriage is still arranged by friends, but the parties are admitted to look at one another before the arrangement is definitely concluded, and sometimes allowed a *veto*. In the higher classes it has also become the fashion to spend a long honeymoon abroad. Accurate observers are of opinion, that the husband is not the less apt to neglect his wife, or the wife to seek for compensation, on their return. Be this as it may, the change accounts for our finding *La Vieille Fille* and *La Demoiselle à Marier* amongst the portraits.

Ever since reading the late Mrs. Sullivan's affecting story of "The Old Maid," we have felt the most unfeigned respect for the sisterhood. We never hear an invidious application of the term without thinking that she, who is now the object of it, may once have been courted, flattered, idolised, for her grace, her beauty, or her wit—may have loved and been loved—with heroic self-devotion, may have surrendered all her hopes of happiness to secure that of a sister or a friend. We, therefore, decline retailing the jokes and sneers which form the staple of the paper devoted to her. The only material statement in it is, that old maids have increased to an appalling extent in Paris; which the writer attributes to the growing passion for wealth; no young man of spirit being content to sit down with competence and a wife.

La Demoiselle à Marier, who is introduced speaking for herself, describes, with some humour, a few of the most marked consequences of the modern system. Here, conversation is adapted to the audience; at

Paris, people are rather apt to forget the presence of those who have only just emerged from the nursery.

“ ‘ I have heard (says an English friend) that at Paris conversation was often very free, and I fancy you must now and then hear odd things.’ ‘ Yes, they talk of everything before us—intrigues, scandalous anecdotes, *bons-mots*, which are not always restrained within due bounds, but woe to us if we comprehend the plainest language; we must neither smile nor blush, under pain of passing for knowing more than would be suitable to our condition.’

“ ‘ And are you, in point of fact, so ignorant?’

“ ‘ Ah, as for that, I believe we are a little like the children, whose nurses boast of them—He cannot talk yet, but he knows everything.’ ”

Some degree of compulsion is occasionally put in force still; as we find the young lady talking of being compelled to make a marriage of inclination:

“ ‘ Compelled to make a marriage of inclination! you are joking.’ ‘ No, I am quite in earnest; it is a new mode, but one ought to be immensely rich to follow it. One should have at least 100,000 francs a-year, and a mother whose dearest friend has not above half; but, by way of compensation, a title, or a name—one of those names that are in themselves a dignity. Then the mothers arrange the marriage of their beloved children, which they have been planning for the last ten years, in an hour of sentimental expansion. However, it is settled that the young people are not to be united till they become attached to one another.’ ”

To bring about this consummation, the gentleman receives permission to make himself agreeable, and has all reasonable facilities afforded him. In other words, he plays the fortune-hunter, with the mothers for accomplices. A correspondence given in “*La Physiologie de la Parisienne*,” may serve to enlighten us as to the result. The bride, Louise, writes thus to *her* friend:—

“ Chère Ernestine, — La première fois que j’ai vu mon mari, c’était à quinze jours avant mon mariage. Le soir même des noces nous sommes partis pour l’Italie. Comme je serois contente si tu étais auprès de moi ! Que de confidences j’ai à te faire ! Mais le papier me fait peur ; il me semble qu’il a une âme, qu’il comprend tout ce qu’on lui dit, et qu’il le raconte. Nous ne voyons ici que des Anglais et des Anglaises. Les uns ont traversé le Bosphore à la nage, les autres ont fait l’ascension du Mont-Blanc. Toutes ces dames montent à cheval. Adolphe veut aussi que j’apprenne. J’ai voulu résister, parce que je n’aime pas les chevaux ; il m’a brusquée. J’ai pleuré ; il m’a quittée en riant. Depuis hier, un carabinier pontifical me donne des leçons. Adolphe prétend que je me formerai.

“ Tiens, ma chère amie, tout ceci n’est que du bavardage ; il faut que je te dise la vérité. Je crois qu’Adolphe ne m’aime pas, et qu’il ne m’aimera jamais. Et si, à mon tour, j’allais faire comme lui ? ma mère ne m’a-t-elle pas dit, quand je refusais de la quitter, qu’il fallait aimer quelqu’un dans la vie ? ”

The bridegroom writes thus to *his* :

“ Dans un mois je serai à Paris. Le tête-à-tête avec ma femme est insupportable. Décidément le mariage ne me vaut rien. Louise est une petite pensionnaire ignorante, dont il est impossible de rien faire ; je crois qu’elle est romanesque. C’est une femme jugée. A Paris, nous vivrons séparés. Tu conçois bien que je n’ai pas de temps à perdre à faire l’éducation de ma femme. Dans un mois nous nous reverrons. *Informe-toi si Rosalie est toujours vacante à l’opéra.* ”

Ernestine gives Louise good advice :—

“ Notre plus grand ennemi est nous-mêmes ; c’est l’imagination qui nous perd. Méfie-toi de la tienne. Ton mari finira par t’aimer, mais il faut faire bien des sacrifices, cacher bien des blessures, pour arriver à ce résultat. S’il résiste, si tu ne peux parvenir à te l’attacher, alors, ma pauvre Louise, tu feras comme tant d’autres : tu mourras de chagrin de voir ta vie ainsi livrée à la solitude du cœur, ou bien tu te consoleras. *Je crois même qu’à ta place je prendrais ce dernier*

parti; mais heureusement le moment de faire un choix n'est pas encore venu."

The separation takes place. Ernestine introduces the bride into society. At the end of the season they set out for Baden-Baden, accompanied by a friend of Adolphe, the Marquis de B., who has been constantly in attendance on Louise. Adolphe goes to Spa with Rosalie. On their return Louise seems reconciled to her fate. The young couple behave with the most finished politeness to each other, and when they chance to occupy the same opera-box, the painter of manners points to them: "*Voilà un lion et une lionne.*"

A Paris *lion* pretty nearly resembles what, in the early days of the late Charles James Fox, was called a *macaroni*, and in Brummell's day a *dandy*, in England. A Paris lioness is a woman, commonly of rank and fortune, who attracts public attention by demeanour, equipage, and dress. The term may be regarded either as a censure or a compliment. It necessarily implies nothing more than a certain degree of fashionable notoriety.

We shall now vary the scene by introducing a few portraits of men. Amongst the most striking, true types of the nation and the epoch, are the *Epicier* of Balzac, the *Gamin de Paris* of Janin, and the *Agent de Change* of Soulié. We begin with the *Epicier*.

According to Napoleon, England was a nation of shopkeepers; according to M. Balzac, Paris is not far from being a city of grocers—so marked the position, so commanding the influence he attributes to them:—

"A grocer is supposed never to think the least in the world—to be equally ignorant of arts, literature, and politics. Who, then, has devoured successive editions of Voltaire and Rousseau? Who weeps at melodramas? Who treats the Legion of Honour as a serious matter? Who takes shares in impossible speculations? Who hesitates to wipe his nose at the Français whilst they are acting Chatterton? Who

reads Paul de Kock? Who hurries to see and admire the Museum of Versailles? Who has made the fortune of the *Postilion of Lorjumeau*? Who buys time-pieces, with Mamelukes weeping over their chargers? Who names the most dangerous deputies of the Opposition, and who supports the energetic measures of power against disturbers? The grocer — the grocer — still the grocer. You find him armed for action on the threshold of all emergencies even the most opposite, as he is on the threshold of his door, not always comprehending what is going on, but supporting all by his silence, his labour, his immobility, his money. If we have not become savages, Spaniards, or Saint-Simonians, thank the grand army of grocers. It has maintained everything; to maintain, is its device. *If they did not maintain a social order of some sort, where would they find customers?*”

This is the true character of the shopkeepers of Paris, and the real secret of conservatism in France. Ever liable to be misled, in the first instance, by all sorts of absurdities and weaknesses, those of the sentimental order not excepted — for it was they who clamoured loudest for the ashes of Napoleon — the moment they see the commerce of daily life disturbed or threatened, they stop short, form themselves into national guards, and stand prepared to support any dynasty whatever that is strong enough to maintain order by their aid.

We hardly know one good anecdote, of long standing, that might not give rise to as doubtful a contest as the birthplace of Homer. The story of the retired tallow chandler reserving the right to attend on melting-days, sounds like genuine English; yet here we find it fitted to the retired grocer, with an added grace; for he returns to beg permission to stand behind the counter, exclaiming, *Je suis comme le lierre, je meurs où je m'attache.*

The *Gamin de Paris* (made familiar to many of our readers by the inimitable acting of Bouffé) represents the progressive or (in American language) go-a-head

principle, as surely as the grocer represents the stationary or conservative principle: and M. Janin, in the course of his lively but rather overdrawn sketch, unconsciously unfolds the danger to which the peace of Europe is exposed from the rashness, thoughtlessness, volatility, and vanity of his countrymen.

“Nothing surprises the *gamin*; he learns so quickly that he has the air of recollecting. In their vocabulary is a word which is, for them, a summary of all branches of knowledge, political, scientific, or literary; when they have said *connu, connu*, they have said all. Speak to them of St. Peter and St. Paul—*connu, connu*; of Charlemagne and Louis XIV.—*connu, connu*; explain that two and two make four, that it is the earth that turns and not the sun—*connu, connu*. But pronounce the name of Napoleon Buonaparte, and on the instant you will see these young heads uncovered—these wicked smiles grow serious; instead of repeating *connu, connu*, they will listen with inexhaustible attention to the slightest details of this their gospel-history of modern times.”

The boy is father of the man. This is young France to the letter and the life; neither grasping nor selfish in the full sense of the words, but careless of consequences to themselves or others, so long as their insatiable longing for excitement can be gratified; incorrigible from temperament, unteachable from self-conceit, adoring Napoleon for what he added to their glory, without a thought of the disasters that he brought upon them. Unfortunately the sufferers in these are fast diminishing, and it would be no easy matter to learn them from his bulletins; which afford the strongest negative evidence in favour of a statement we once heard boldly hazarded by a young Frenchman at a *table-d'hôte*, that the French had never been beaten in fair fight. “But,” said one of the company, “if this be so, how happens it that the English, who landed on the extreme verge of the

Peninsula, found themselves, after several pitched battles, in your territory?" "*C'était la trahison, monsieur.*" This is the pendant to their *connu, connu*, whenever the unfortunate side of such questions is pressed upon them.

In the "Catechisme du Soldat Français," we find: "Quelle était dans cette occasion (1814) la politique anglaise? De corrompre les magistrats pour s'emparer de nos villes sans effusion de sang. M. Lynch, maire de Bordeaux, parut à Wellington mériter une demande, et Bordeaux fut à l'instant au pouvoir de l'étranger." The same work represents our generals at St. Sebastian pointing out the women and children whose throats were to be cut, and thus describes the condition of the English at Waterloo: "Enfoncés sur tous les points, rompus dans tous les vus, et fuyant en desordre, les Anglais demandaient à la terre des abîmes pour se cacher." It is wonderful how the French can read this sort of stuff without a sense of national degradation. But Louis-Philippe understands his countrymen; and the battle of Toulouse still keeps its place in the gallery of French victories and conquests at Versailles.*

Let it be said to their credit that all their enthusiasm is not reserved for the more dazzling glories of the conqueror. The longing desire of a printer's lad was to see M. de Châteaubriand; at length he was entrusted with a *proof* to carry to him. He rushed out of breath into the presence of his idol, and began to search his pockets. Sheets of novels, reviews, and vaudevilles appeared by the dozen; but the *proof* in question was not amongst them, and M. de Château-

* According to M. Lamartine ("History of the Restoration") the Duke of Wellington won Waterloo by depriving the heavy dragoons of their bridle bits, making them drunk, and then precipitating them on the French columns. He says the Duke did this after having had his seventh horse killed under him.

briand began to grow impatient, when the lad, suddenly recollecting himself, put his hand into his breast and drew it forth. It had been placed, says M. Janin, upon his heart, and M. de Châteaubriand was more touched with this simple *hommage*, than by all the flatteries addressed to him throughout Europe!

Let us also do justice to the gallantry of these lads* who, in the contests of the military with the people, might be seen combining the bravery of the veteran with the frolic spirit of the boy:—

“He answers musket-balls with stones, he confronts grape-shot like a veteran. If he happens to lose his cap in the *mêlée*, he returns to fetch it under the horse’s feet, *so afraid is he of being scolded by his mother*. He glides through the armed battalions, he mounts behind the horseman at full speed, he is astride upon the cannon as it rolls gloomily along, he anticipates the fire, and throws himself flat upon his face; the balls seem to know him and pass on; not a soldier dares touch him with his bayonet, for that soldier would think he was assassinating his brother or his child; *and, mark me well, in these dreadful conflicts, where the destiny of empires is at stake, the gamin sees but one thing—a good pretext for quitting the workshop, for deserting the school—a kind of sport for his particular benefit.*”

Here, again, a melancholy truth is suggested. The French Government is hourly liable to be upset by revolutions, in which the most active of the parties engaged have no definite object beyond the excitement of the moment, or a vague desire of change;—turning out to upset a dynasty, like school-boys for a barring-out, or Irishmen for a row.

The *Agent de Change* (stockbroker) is another type of the epoch, of whom it is impossible to form a notion

* Cavaignac’s victory over the insurgents in June, 1848—which definitively crushed red republicanism—was mainly owing to the *Garde-Mobile*.

from what we have seen of the same class in England. In a city where large established fortunes are rare, and all that glitters passes current for gold, the speculator who can manage to keep his head above water for a time, and spends his money freely, becomes a member of a newfangled description of aristocracy. In this country, we are fond of associating the notion of wealth with the outward symbols of poverty, or even meanness. An old-established firm would rather fall than rise in the opinion of its customers by substituting a handsome showy house of business, for a plain, low, dark, and gloomy one, like that of Messrs. Child and Co. at Temple Bar; and if either of the partners be inclined to expense, he had better keep his weakness a secret.

An incident, well-known in Lombard Street, is in point. There was a banking firm headed by a baronet: a retired merchant, of enormous fortune, living in a small lodging in Threadneedle Street, was a customer of this firm, and generally left a balance of thirty or forty thousand pounds in their hands. All possible attention was to be paid to a customer of this importance, and, in an evil hour, the baronet requested the honour of his company to dinner at his suburban villa. The old man reluctantly complied. The hall door was opened by a fat porter; a courtly groom of the chambers was in waiting; there were as many servants in and out of livery as guests, and a pompous butler was liberal of champagne. "I fear," said the guest, apologetically—"that I am putting you to a great deal of inconvenience." "Not the least," said the baronet: "indeed, I should apologise to you, since we have taken the liberty of asking you to partake of our family dinner!" Not another word was uttered; but the customer took an early leave, and next morning drew out the whole of his balance.

Now, at Paris, the baronet's villa would have been

prudence, the fat porter a standing advertisement, the champagne and livery servants judicious expenditure; there, accordingly, the broker or speculator who wishes to get other people's money into his hands, assumes the style and (as far as he can) demeanour of a man who has already got as much as he knows what to do with of his own. Conceive a commercial city, where albums, bronzes, Elzevirs, prie-dieu chairs, and inlaid cabinets, form an essential part of the stock in trade of a stockbroker!

The broker makes a point of stopping at Tortoni's on his way to the *Bourse*, and frequently breakfasts there. He arrives in a gay cabriolet, dressed and gloved as for a ball; affects to be entirely taken up with the most frivolous topics of the hour, whilst he is bending all his faculties to collect intelligence —

“There is not one of these apparently artless persons who has not read every newspaper of every side, who has not listened eagerly to the most opposite reports; not one who, during the night, has not given his attention to the one ambition, the one thought of his life — money. To gain money, to gain much of it, to gain it in order to spend it with a carelessness which savours of delirium — this is the trade of these people!”*

Our stockjobbers have pretty nearly the same passion, but they do not meet at Long's or Gunter's. They come to the ground in omnibuses, and a basin of mock-turtle is their only luxury till the business of the day is at an end.

The “Physiology of the Student” presents another startling contrast to purely English customs. We say purely English, for the university life of Scotland and Ireland bears some, though not a close, affinity to that of Paris.

* The “American in Paris,” or “Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1843.” By M. Jules Janin. Illustrated by eighteen engravings, from designs by M. Eugène Lamis. London: 1843.

Amid all the obstacles thrown in the way of obvious improvements since the commencement of the century, the opposition offered to the establishment of universities in London and other great towns, always struck us to be the most unreasonable. Suppose there were, at this moment, only five or six hotels in London, and those of the very first class — suppose there existed a law prohibiting the opening of more, and it were proposed to abolish that law, with the view of extending the accommodation to the middle classes and other members of the community, who cannot afford to pay half-a-guinea for a dinner or five shillings for a bed. The expediency of a reform of this kind could hardly be contested for a moment; yet the universities of Oxford and Cambridge stood on nearly the same footing as our supposed monopolists; it being hardly possible for a young man to receive an education in them without spending, at the very lowest estimate, from two to three hundred pounds a-year, and contracting habits which may make his own humble home distasteful to him during the remainder of his life. Such institutions are open to grave censure, when considered merely as places of education for the aristocracy: as exclusive places of education for the working-clergy, the medical profession, and the bar, they are utterly indefensible.

We have said thus much in the hope of averting or mitigating the sneer with which the Cantab or Oxonian will be too apt to contemplate the Parisian student, with his neglected dress, his mean lodging, his low associations, his vulgar amusements, and his poverty.

“To be twenty years old, and alight in the courtyard of the *Messageries Lafitte et Caillard*, with two hundred francs, a family umbrella, and an unsophisticated heart — behold all the elements of perfect happiness — happiness especially reserved to the stu-

dent who arrives from a provincial school to pass three years at Paris." Let us follow him, and see how he settles himself. His first care is to choose a lodging, and his choice is soon made amongst the garrets of the Latin quarter. He dines at one of the *restaurants* in the Rue St.-Jacques, at an expense rarely exceeding, seldom amounting to, a franc. "Wine," says the Physiologist, "is regarded as a chimera or a prejudice, in the majority of these establishments; there one eats, because one must eat, but one does not drink, or drinks only the small quantity of water strictly necessary to dilute one's food." A cup of coffee and a game of dominoes succeed, when our hero is in funds — but these are luxuries. It is a melancholy fact, which cannot be suppressed, that few students are long in Paris without coming to an understanding with some young lady of the *grisette* species; and a large part of the book before us is occupied with the details of their *ménage*, and their parties of pleasure to the dancing-booths of the suburbs or the minor theatres. Another of their culpable caprices is an extravagant addiction to smoking in all its grades, from the hookah to the cigar; whilst their rooted dislike to soap and water, combs and razors, must be obvious to the least curious observer.

Yet this is the class which furnishes the eloquent advocates, the learned physicians, the scientific surgeons, the eminent mathematicians, the great naturalists of France — the Dupins, the Larreys, the Aragos, the Cuviers. To do justice to the French student, therefore, we must contemplate him in his strength as well as in his weakness — not chasing *grisettes* in the Luxembourg gardens, or denouncing death and destruction to the English on the Boulevards, or recklessly wasting the slender pittance his humble and laborious parents have scraped together for him — but

devoting himself, heart and soul, to the profession of his choice, or steadily pursuing science for her own sake, without a thought of the cares, or a sigh for the pleasures, of the world. We must not condemn a class for the follies of the least meritorious members of it; and the merits of a system of education, whether French or English, will depend on much more extended considerations than it would be possible for us to discuss incidentally, *apropos* of one of these light and ephemeral *Physiologies*.

Neither must we be supposed to utter a deliberate censure on the lawyers of Paris, if we venture to quote from the "Physiologie de l'Homme de Loi," in which the tone is worse than light; it is as malicious and depreciating throughout as if the writer had been bred up in the school of Swift, whose hatred of the legal profession colours some of the most remarkable passages in his writings.

An English law-student literally eats his way to the bar. No qualification in point of legal knowledge is required from him; it is simply necessary to keep a certain number of terms, *i. e.* to eat a certain number of dinners in the common hall of one of the Inns of Court. The French student has a more arduous time of it. He must attend a given number of lectures, and undergo a trying examination. To keep up the respectability of the profession, he is also required to possess a decent domicile on a first or second floor, and a library, which are inspected by an official; who so long as he is introduced into a handsome apartment well furnished with books, is not wont to be inquisitive regarding the possessory title of the candidate. Many advocates consequently commence practice in a fifth or sixth story, with the last annotated edition of the *Codes*; and these are not likely to be scrupulous in their search for employment.

In England, business can only be obtained through

the medium of an attorney; in France there is no such inconvenient check, and the advocate may hunt down the game for his own sole and especial profit. Low as the Old Bailey bar used to stand (and we are glad to hear that it is much improved since the formation of the New Court), the boldest farce-writer would not have ventured to describe its coarsest practitioner, in its worst times, in the terms by which the French *Avocat du Diable* is held up to contempt and ridicule. He is depicted prowling for prey in the lowest haunts of vice and infamy, and squabbling with the condemned criminal in a cell for some article of clothing which he is content to take by way of fee.

The advocate who confines himself to the Courts of Civil Procedure, is a different sort of person. "He regards the *Police Correctionnelle* as a place of bad fame, and would blush to be seen in it. It is not he who runs after clients. He waits for them in his slippers, wrapped up in his flowered dressing-gown, his head covered with an elegant velvet cap, with a gold tassel on the top." His best advertisement, equal if not superior to the *Palais de Justice*, is a drawing-room. "There is not a saloon, a circle, a concert, a representation, where you do not meet with more advocates than in the Courts. It is inconceivable how these gentlemen find time to prepare the pleadings for which they exact so high a price."

This will sound strange to the frequenters of Westminster Hall, the Four Courts, and the Outer House; but the difference may be traced to the peculiar genius of the people, who estimate the ability of an advocate much in the same way in which we have seen them estimating the responsibility of a stock-broker. *He* cannot fail to be a clever fellow, who talks about everything and everybody with such perfect *nonchalance*; and nobody would condescend

to secluded labour but a drudge or plodder, incapable of better things.

The growing importance of the French Bar is probably a subject of too grave or deep an import for the physiologist; not so much as an allusion does he make to it, though one of the most remarkable phenomena of recent times. When Erskine, in the full blaze of his professional reputation, was presented at the Tuileries during the short peace of Amiens, the first consul could not be made to understand the real nature of his position; and actually asked him whether he had ever been lord-mayor of London — a dignity which seems to haunt the imaginations of the French. With such examples as Dupin, Berryer, Odilon-Barrot, Mauguin, and others at hand, there would be little difficulty in making Napoleon understand now, what a height of influence may be obtained by a leading advocate in any country blessed with trial by jury, a representative form of government, and a free press. In fact, the French Bar at present possess an advantage which we trust will never be enjoyed by that of Great Britain. They have no landed aristocracy and no rich mercantile class to compete with them; so that, with the exception of the journalists (a divided body, losing ground daily), they are rapidly becoming the most powerful order in the State — the order in which all the ambitious spirits, all the recruits of promise, all the young men of talent or fortune who have nothing else to do, are eagerly hastening to enrol themselves.

A paper on an analogous subject, “*La Cour d’Assises*,” in “*Les Français, peints par Eux-mêmes*,” is from the pen of Timon (M. le Vicomte Cormenin), the author of the celebrated work on the parliamentary orators of France. “It is my whim to-day,” he begins, “to buzz about the ears of magistrates. I have stung kings and orators enough.”

The French magistrates are of two sorts, the sitting and standing, the moveable and stationary, the public prosecutor and the judge. The prosecutors, the *ministère public* or *procureurs du roi*, it seems, are too apt to regard the court as a theatre, and the jury as an audience, before whom their airs and graces, their eloquence and learning, are to be displayed.

The French judges are open to the same reproach. They often exhibit more passion than judgment; and betray an unseemly eagerness to convict. Much of the evil is undoubtedly attributable to the practice of examining the prisoner from the bench. The judge almost always gets irritated, and involves himself in an argument with the accused. The trial of Madame Lafarge, which we, in a former number, examined at considerable length, may be cited in proof of everything that has been urged against the magistracy, sitting and standing; and we will here quote one passage:—

“*Judge.* — N’avez-vous pas demandé qu’elle (the mother-in-law) écrivit une lettre pour attester que c’était elle qui avait fait les gâteaux ?

“*Madame L.* — Je ne me le rapelle pas.

“*Judge.* — Si vous n’aviez répondu affirmativement, je vous aurais demandé pourquoi vous l’aviez fait faire par la main qui devait paraître la plus innocente, et si vous n’aviez pas là un motif facile à comprendre.

“*Madame L.* — J’ai répondu ce que je sais être la vérité. J’ai dit les choses comme elles se sont passées. Madame Lafarge mère savait faire la pâtisserie; continuellement elle m’en faisait.

“*Judge.* — Est ce que M. Lafarge mangeait de préférence des gâteaux faits par sa mère ?

“*Madame L.* — Non, monsieur.

“*Judge.* — Alors, il est étonnant que vous aviez insisté pour que ce fut précisément elle qui les fit. L’envoi de gâteaux fait par vous était la seule chose qui put le toucher. Peu importait de quelles mains ils eussent été fabriqués.”

The English bench and bar are influenced by an opposite tendency. The judge has frequently been heard pathetically entreating the prisoner to plead *not guilty*, and the prosecuting counsel requesting the jury to lay every sort of adverse prejudice aside.

Timon makes some strong and just observations on that passion for excitement which induces women to crowd into a court when a case of interest is expected to come on. But with the audience at Courvoisier's and Good's trials fresh in our recollection, and Miss Alice Lowe's (or Miss Madeleine Smith's) popularity before our eyes, we cannot say that such culpable curiosity and misplaced sympathy are French. The admirable sketch of an audience in M. de Bernard's novel, "L'Innocence d'un Forçat," would do equally well for both countries; though we hope our attorney-general is not likely to be forced into this sort of colloquy.

" 'Si vous concluez contre lui, je ne vous le pardonnerai jamais,' dit à son mari la femme de l'avocat-général chargé de soutenir l'accusation.

" 'Je conclurai, certainement, contre lui,' répondit le magistrat; 'car je suis convaincu qu'il est coupable, tout autant que si j'avais vu commettre le crime.'

" 'Et moi, quand même je l'aurais vu, je ne pourrais pas le croire.'

" 'Il est fort heureux pour l'ordre social que les femmes ne puissent être du jury,' reprit l'avocat-général, en haussant les épaules; 'avec elles il serait impossible de faire punir un coupable, pour peu qu'il eût vingt-cinq ans, des cheveux bouclés, et un habit bien fait.'"

The *Flâneur* is a Parisian speciality; at least in Paris alone are to be found a sufficient number to entitle them to a *Physiology*. The word is utterly untranslatable: *Lounger* comes nearest, though far off; and we can only say that it means a man who amuses himself day after day by strolling about without

any definite object: watching remarkable groups, reading the bills pasted on the walls, gazing at shop-windows, occasionally sight-seeing, and often standing or sitting listlessly in the Champs Elysées or the Tuileries gardens. To make a good *flâneur*, you should start without knowing where you are going, and return without knowing where you have been. He must have good legs, good health, and a good (or callous) conscience. There must be neither care nor perspiration on his brow; he must not be rich enough to afford horses, or he may take to riding; nor poor enough to be in debt, or he will be on the look-out for creditors, and be obliged to avoid the vicinity of some tailor or bootmaker. No wonder that the author answers in the negative the question which gives a title to a chapter: — *Est-il donné à tout le monde de pouvoir flâner?* The number of the elect is notwithstanding considerable in Paris, where, it must be owned, the clearness of the atmosphere, the gaiety of the streets, and the handsome, cheerful look of the public buildings, diffuse a charm in fine weather which we ask in vain from the important bustle of our great thoroughfares, or the superior beauty of our parks.

The “American in Paris” tells a story of an Englishman who lost his way in Paris, and could give no better description of his hotel to his guide, than that it was near a Grecian Temple—“You know, sir, large white columns mingled with flights of steps—the whole being surmounted by long stone funnels, which, to tell you the truth, appeared to me not over Athenian!” They set out in search of the hotel, and find it at last in the vicinity of the *Bourse*, but not till they have visited twenty or thirty buildings answering the Englishman’s description—fair subjects for architectural censure, but undoubtedly well calculated to afford gratification to the *flâneur*.

The best English *flâneurs* we ever knew were the late Charles Lamb and Lord Stowell. A London street was a positive enjoyment to the unsophisticated mind of "Elia," and he might be seen trembling with delight before a shop-window or a puppet-show. Lord Stowell used to boast that there was not a sight in London he had not seen, and, according to a current story, he had seen some more than once. He was paying his shilling to see a new mermaid, when the man at the door, apparently ashamed to cheat so good a customer, refused to take the money, saying: "No, no, my lord, it's only the ould say-sarpent!"

Many of the most amusing of the *Physiologies* are too free in their allusions for our pages. "L'Homme Marié" of Paul de Kock, in particular, is full of humour and impropriety. "L'Homme à bonnes Fortunes," though open to the same reproach, contains two good things which we may venture to quote — the solution of the mystery, what becomes of the superannuated Don Juans; and an anecdote entitled "Le Bonnet de Coton."

The solution is most satisfactory to elderly lady-killers: —

"In the present enlightened age it is no longer necessary, in order to become the idol of the women, and the terror of the husbands, to be a beauty, a dandy, an exquisite. This species of seduction is worn to the nap — the women will have none of it; what they long for, love, admire, adore, are the *dévastés*. Give place, Faublas, Antony, Chatterton, Tremnor! your day is past, my poor conquerors! Begone to the Invalides, if it so pleases you. Room for the true, the only Lion; the model of all who pretend to fix the attention of the universe in general, and women in particular! Room for the *dévasté*.

You do not see, my young friend, in what the peculiar fascination consists. Well, then, the *dévasté* pleases, the *dévasté* interests, the *dévasté* inspires, because at sight of him every one exclaims—if this man's head is barer than my knee, it is because the volcano which serves him for a brain has first

burnt up, and then annihilated his hair. If his eye be extinguished, it is because it has blazed too much. He has lost all his teeth. This is one of his greatest merits. His mouth is rent; but, like the colours of the Old Guard, it is rent by victory. He has no calves to his legs, he has no longer the shadow of them! Well, what does this deficiency prove but that he has abused his strength by the elegant, energetic dissipation of his days? He is as wrinkled as a roasted apple. Oh, he has suffered terribly!"

"This great genius, great heart, great soul — the *dévasté* — has everything. His life may be resumed in three words, and what words! — *penser, aimer, souffrir.*"

It is probably in support or anticipation of this theory, that Balzac lays down his axiom: — "A man of fifty-two is more dangerous at this than any other age. It is at this fine period of life that he employs both his dearly bought experience and the fortune he may be expected to possess." This will be found in his "Physiologie du Mariage," a book of which he himself says, in an advertisement, — "La femme qui, sur le titre de ce livre, serait tentée de l'ouvrir, peut s'en dispenser, elle l'a déjà lu sans le savoir." Yet there are few married women in France who have not read it. Another of the maxims is: — "Avant de se marier, on doit avoir au moins disséqué *une femme.*"

The episode of "Le Bonnet de Coton" is very French indeed. M. de Verteuil is jealous of M. Gustave de Montfort, at the time in question a guest at his country-house, when he discovers that the adorer sleeps in a long cotton nightcap, with a tassel at the top. His plan is soon formed; he makes his wife believe that their guest is taken suddenly ill, and they hurry together to his room. As they leave it this dialogue takes place: —

"*Madame de V.*—(Avec terreur.)—Dieu, qu'il est laid!

"*M. de V.*—(Très-naïf.)—Qui donc?

“ *Mad. de V.*—M. de Montfort !

“ *M. de V.*—(Naïf et bonhomme.)—Mais oui, il est assez laid.

“ *Mad. de V.*—(Mystérieusement.)—Et comme il a l’air.

“ *M. de V.*—(Avec curiosité.)—L’air — quoi ?

“ *Mad. de V.*—(Toute honteuse.)—Ridicule !

“ *M. de V.*—(Plus candide que jamais.)—Ne va pas lui dire cela : il prétend que le ridicule tue l’amour.

“ *Mad. de V.*—Je ne sais pas s’il tue l’amour, mais je crois qu’il est très capable de l’empêcher de naître.

In glancing over this or any other class of the light literature of France, it is difficult to say which is most prominent — the eternal recurrence of matrimonial infidelity, or the frivolous nature of the qualities supposed to lead to preferences.

A writer in the “North American Review” justifies Paul de Kock, on the ground that, as gallantry and intrigue seem to form the ordinary business of life in France, “people can hardly be injured by a representation in fiction, of what is constantly before their eyes in reality;” and there is hardly one of these books that might not be cited in confirmation of this defence. The author of the “Physiology of the *Parisienne*,” says boldly, “La plupart des femmes mariées de Paris ont une double *engagement* à soutenir et à dissimuler : il ne manque à l’un que le contrat, à l’autre que le cœur.” Levassor cleverly defines a husband as *une espèce de parapluie social*.

As for real feeling or true passion, there seems very little of either ; and it would be odd if there were, when we find these forbidden preferences described as founded almost exclusively on personal appearance. Even in the “Memoirs of Madame Lafarge,” written expressly to excite sympathy for the accused, the first care of the writer is to prove her possessed of the most refined sensibility to dress : —

“Clementine charged herself with reforming the toilette and appearance of M. Lafarge. Knowing all my tastes,

perhaps all my follies, she told him the colours I liked — made him wear a cravat which I preferred — and banished some glaring colours which were in very bad taste. M. Lafarge, following her advice, now shaved every day, attended to his hair and his dress, wore great gloves to the forge, and removed from my domestic life two insupportable calamities, which are of themselves enough to destroy all love — slipshod shoes and neglected nails.”

Equally evident is the same predilection or tendency, in the passage describing the first adorer who made an impression on her heart: —

“Grand, élancé, assez pâle pour qu'on put lui prêter une peine inconnue, ou, tout au moins, une petite maladie de poitrine; ayant des yeux expressifs, *des bottes vernies*, et *des gants jaunes de la nuance la plus comme il faut.*”

This hero is an entire stranger, but follows her everywhere, and has no reason to complain of discouragement: —

“Nous allions quelquefois aux offices de la Vierge. Il venait pour prier avec moi. De petits billets, cachés dans une fleur, préparaient les rendezvous de nos regards.”

He turns out to be a young apothecary, and she indignantly casts him off, — luckily for him, says Janin, as she would probably have made him *manger ses fonds* within the year.

We have studied these “Memoirs” to learn what topics are thought best adapted to conciliate sympathy in France; and in what light it is deemed most expedient for a woman accused of murdering her husband to present herself. It matters little or nothing whether the work was in point of fact composed by her. It shows observation, fancy, some humour, and no inconsiderable powers of composition. The avowed object is to excite a feeling in her favour, which might lead to a mitigation of her sentence. Her friends have sanctioned the publication; she herself

undoubtedly furnished materials; and prefixed to the English edition is an autograph letter of hers to Englishwomen:—

“ Allez, ô mes pensées, vers cette île libre et belle qui a eu des sympathies pour le malheur, qui aura des croyances pour la vérité. Allez, et portez mes actions de grâce aux nobles filles de l'Angleterre, qui ont senti des larmes à mes larmes; portez mes bénédictions à ces femmes assez vertueuses pour croire en la vertu, assez fortes pour absoudre hautement une pauvre réprouvée.”

The work, therefore, is of the highest value as an illustration of national taste and feeling; nor can we make up our minds to part with it without extracting another characteristic passage. Although twenty-four years of age, and singularly precocious in her capacity (as might be collected from the adventure with the young apothecary), she professes to be profoundly ignorant of the nature of the marriage tie; and, after stating repeatedly that she had persisted in living separate from her husband, writes thus:—

“ Je fus confondue de cette révélation de Madame Lafarge; je ne pouvais la croire, je n'osais l'interroger davantage. Mon inexpérience était immense, absurde; je creusais ma pauvre tête inutilement. Enfin, après m'être monté, abruti l'imagination pendant quelques jours, après avoir entendu répéter mille fois à mon oreille que j'étais déjà très-changée et très-ostensiblement grosse, je crus à un miracle, et j'espérai être élevée à la dignité de mère par la grâce de Dieu. . . .

“ Je n'osai parler de mon bonheur à M. Lafarge. Il me semblait que je le perdrais en y croyant, et je me faisais incrédule pour être rassurée sur une déception, et je me vouais à tous les saints pour qu'ils changeassent l'impossible en possible. Toutes mes pensées, toutes mes actions se rapportaient déjà à ce cher petit complément de moi-même. Je ne montais plus à cheval, je ne mettais plus de corset, j'avais fait élargir toutes mes robes afin qu'il grandit sans entraves, et déjà je

m'occupais de sa layette avec Clémentine, de son éducation avec Mademoiselle Brun."

Now, neither Madame Lafarge, nor her friends, nor her very able counsel (to whom, we have heard, this book was submitted), could possibly expect any one to place the slightest credit in this profession of simplicity. Why, then, was it hazarded? Those who are thoroughly conversant with the French character will require no explanation; and we despair of making any explanation intelligible, or at any rate perfectly satisfactory, to those who are not. The truth is, the French are so fond of melodramatic display, and so accustomed to the artificial, both in feeling and action, that they cannot withhold their admiration from a tolerably good pretender to sensibility, or help sympathising with a noble "sentiment," though they know it to be put on or invented for the nonce. We will illustrate our reasoning by a fact. The inscription of Desaix's monument, alleged to be his last dying speech, stands thus: "*Dites au Premier Consul que je suis mort pour ma patrie.*" An acquaintance of ours was reading it in company with a French officer, who gave vent to a burst of maudlin sentimentality. When he had indulged himself to the top of his bent, and made, as he thought, a sufficient impression on our friend, he coolly turned away, saying, "*Mais après tout, il n'a rien dit de tout cela; il a dit, 'Je suis — — mort,'*" which every one knows to be the truth. Just so, many a Parisian dame will give Madame Lafarge the full benefit of her assumed ignorance, and end by saying, "*Mais après tout, c'est passablement ridicule; elle a très-bien su — ce que vous savez bien.*"

The French were always suspected of an undue attention to effect; and, time immemorial, have we prided ourselves, with or without reason, on the possession of certain sterling qualities as opposed to their

showy ones; but at the same time we tacitly allowed them a decided superiority in mere manner, and in all those outward airs and graces which are supposed to exercise so powerful an influence on the fair. We now consider ourselves fully justified in contesting that superiority.

Sir Henry Bulwer remarked in 1834:—

“You no longer see in France that noble air, that great manner, as it was called, by which the old nobility strove to keep up the distinction between themselves and their worse-born associates;—that manner is gone, and the French, far from being a polite people, want that easiness of behaviour which is the first essential to politeness.”

M. Janin remarked a few months ago (1842):—

“I am no great admirer of the young men in Paris: I find them idle, self-conceited, full of vanity, and poor; they have too little time, and too little money, to bestow upon elegance and pleasure, to be either graceful or passionate in their excesses. Besides this, they are brought up with very little care, and are perfectly undecided between good and evil, justice and injustice, passing easily from one extreme to the other; to-day prodigals, to-morrow misers; to-day republicans, to-morrow royalists. At the present time, the Parisian youth, usually so courteous to ladies, cares for nothing but horses and smoking. It is the height of French fashion not to speak to women, not to bow to them, and scarcely to make way for them when they pass.”

The cause of the change is obvious enough. Good breeding has been well described as the art of rendering to all what is socially their due; but, beyond the precincts of the noble Faubourg, there is no admitted criterion for determining what is socially due to any one in France; and where all are striving to be the equals of their superiors, or the superiors of their equals, the prevalent tone must be one of uneasy, dissatisfied, restless, pushing pretension. If a young Frenchman be somebody, there is a slight chance of

his preserving an inoffensive deportment; if he be nobody, he invariably takes credit for what he may become, and his insolence is as unbounded as his expectations. Even the Tuileries, where one would expect rudeness to be suppressed by the genius of the place, has witnessed curious scenes since the citizen king became its lord. An instance is related by M. Janin. "I am told that one day when M. Dupin ainé was with the king, he struck Louis Philippe's shoulder; upon which the king, who is about as great a lord as M. de Talleyrand, said, pointing to the door, '*Sortez.*' M. Dupin did go out, but the next day he was at the king's petit levée, humbly asking after his majesty's health." As the story was originally told, the king said "*Sortez de chez moi,*" and M. Dupin refused to go out, on the ground that he was not *chez* the king, but *chez* the nation.

We will give another instance. In the course of his speech on the "Regency Bill," M. Thiers, describing the implied contract between the nation and the throne, made the nation address the reigning dynasty in this manner: "Voilà à quelles conditions légales nous vous appartenons comme *sujets* respectueux." We despair of giving a notion of the tumult that ensued, though we were present and witnessed it. The extreme left rose as one man: "Nous ne sommes pas sujets; nous ne voulons pas être sujets;" and M. Arago exclaimed at the pitch of his voice, "Nous ne sommes les sujets de personne. C'est du Montalivet tout pur. Nous ne sommes pas sujets; nous nous appartenons à nous-mêmes!" Even a voice or two from the centre suggested that the expression was too strong, and M. Thiers was obliged to change it into "sujets de la loi."

This is not the calm confidence of a great and free nation reposing on its strength; and whilst such a spirit is to be found in great men and high places, it

will be vain to look for ease, dignity, self-respect, becoming deference, or mutual forbearance, in society at large.

March, 1858.—Parisian society has undergone a variety of convulsions and mutations since 1842, but, according to all available tests, it has not been changed for the better. French light literature is still deemed so objectionable, that M. Granier de Cassagnac, the prose-laureate of the Tuileries, has recently set up a new journal for the avowed purpose of chastening or chastising it. The rage for gambling on the Bourse continues unabated, to the neglect and detriment of regular industry; and the excessive expenditure in dress and other articles of vanity or luxury, would go far to justify a sumptuary law. Contrasting strangely in this respect with the domestic circle of the citizen king, the imperial family encourage the popular extravagance; and, to find a parallel for their frolicsome doings at Compiègne and Fontainebleau, we must revert to the halcyon days of *le Petit Trianon*, when “*Scampativos*” was in vogue. Indeed, it would seem as if Napoleon III. were especially anxious to remind the French people how little they have gained by disturbing the civilised world for more than half a century, since the very hunting paraphernalia of Louis Quinze has been revived. Add the uncertain duration of the Empire—which has been aptly denominated an interlude—with the all-pervading feeling of distrust, and the result will be a well-founded doubt, whether those who boast of having “saved,” have simultaneously refined, elevated, consolidated, or in any way improved, Society.

The present occasion may not be deemed altogether inappropriate for setting down a few remarks on recent French history, suggested or confirmed by frequent communication with some of the most distinguished actors on the scene.

Perhaps the most striking and unexpected phenomenon of 1848 was the result of universal suffrage coupled with ballot, in a country where the law of equal partibility had been more than half a century in operation. The proprietary interest had grown all-powerful, and the majority of voters had become intensely conservative. Thanks to the complete centralisation of authority, any person or party that can

seize the reins of government in France, will be acknowledged, will be flattered, will enjoy all the outward signs of popularity for a period. During some weeks after the instalment of the self-nominated Provisional Government, addresses after addresses poured in from all the leading towns, great corporate bodies, and high functionaries of every sort, civil and military. The moment the National Assembly met, their reign was over. The leaders of the Rouge section attempted another insurrectionary movement, failed, and took refuge in England. Their followers, after a prolonged and bloody street fight (June, 1848), were decimated by Cavaignac; who really did, and did effectually, what Louis Napoleon afterwards pretended to do, and assumes to have done.

The constitution framed by this assembly was open to grave objections; yet, under it, the nation obtained a larger amount of tempered liberty, personal and political, than they had enjoyed before, or are soon likely to enjoy again; and we should be slow in this country to declare the clamours of faction, or the violence of the press, sufficient grounds for superseding a representative assembly by a military despotism. Moreover, the proximate cause of the overthrow of the constitution was the clause limiting the consecutive tenure of the presidency by the same person to four years, and forbidding the immediate re-election of the outgoing chief magistrate. The known determination of Louis Napoleon not to retire peaceably into private life, was the only substantial cause of the undefined alarm which pervaded the public mind in the autumn of 1851, and which he adroitly turned to his purpose as a well-founded dread of socialism.

Within a month after his election to the presidency, he began making advances to Changarnier and others to join him in a *coup d'état*, and these were continued down to the autumn of 1851, when, finding he could not induce any of the generals or statesmen of established reputation to act with him, he began looking out for instruments of another description.

“Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.”

Suppose a scion of royalty, or any other pretender, were to pick out half a dozen of the cleverest *habitués* of the Turf Club or Tattersalls, secretly name one of them minister of the

home department, another minister at war, a third head of the metropolitan police, and a fourth commander-in-chief; having first, by gratuities or promises, secured the colonels of the guards and the household troops. In the dead of the night, the notabilities of both Houses, along with all general officers of tried loyalty, are seized in their beds, and next morning the approaches to Westminster Hall are blocked up by lines of soldiers, who turn back all members of parliament, and arrest those who protest against the force put upon them. The new government is proclaimed. A crowd collects and is fired upon; hundreds of innocent persons of both sexes and all ages being indiscriminately shot down. All the peers and members of the House of Commons who have escaped the first *razzia* and are endowed with the smallest share of firmness or sense of duty, meet the day following to assert their rights as hereditary legislators or representatives of the people. They are seized *en masse*, and carried off in prison vans, to be distributed between Newgate, the Cold Bath Fields Prison, and the Milbank Penitentiary. The arch-conspirator is solemnly proclaimed a traitor by the highest court of justice, and the most venerated judges are despatched to keep company with the statesmen and generals.*

There is an exact parallel for the famous *coup d'état!* yet English people wonder why the imperial dynasty is regarded with aversion or suspicion by the bulk of the educated classes in France, or why most men of character refuse to serve under it. The more narrowly the affair is investigated, the worse it looks. What the President called a conspiracy against his person, was neither more nor less than a vague threat to denounce him if he did not leave off conspiring. After the rejection of the proposal to place an armed force at the disposal of the Assembly, his fears on this score were at an end; and if a *coup d'état* of some sort was inevitable, and he merely anticipated one in another direction by his own, what he practically prevented was the re-establishment of constitutional monarchy.

The outraged assembly consisted of 750 members. The famous "majority," led by the "Burgraves," was composed of

* More than 200 deputies were placed under duress with every circumstance of personal indignity. Amongst them were twelve ex-cabinet ministers, nine of whom had served under Louis Napoleon himself.

Royalists and of Republicans who were ready to become Royalists when the Legitimists and Orleanists could agree upon their king, of which there seemed little chance; and the understanding was that, for the present, the Republic should be maintained. There remained the moderate republicans from conviction, led by Cavaignac, and the Bonapartists or President's party, numbering about one hundred and fifty.

Where was the formidable array of Socialists or Red Republicans, who were to destroy society? Where were they, again? and where were the constituents of five-sixths of the expelled representatives, when the Emperor Elect gave himself nearly eight millions of votes out of a population which could hardly, by any extent of statistical ingenuity, be made to yield that number of duly qualified voters; being two millions and a half more than he obtained in December, 1848, when the great "party of order" supported him against Cavaignac. No candid person will assert either that the votes were freely given or fairly counted. The returns are confessedly valueless as proofs. That the prevalence of the Bonapartist feeling amongst the ignorant peasantry — many of whom took him for his uncle — would have ensured him a numerical majority at all events, is mere assumption; and if the will of the numerical majority be the rule of right, why are universal suffrage and ballot repudiated in any country?

If he really apprehended a Socialist insurrection, he threw away a glorious opportunity of becoming truly great, and of obtaining a deep and solid foundation for his greatness. In that case, all the irregularities — to use no harsher term — of December, 1851, were perpetrated *en pure perte*, as Count d'Orsay had the courage to tell him. The following extracts, illustrative of the point, are copied from an article (by the writer) published early in January, 1849: —

"Perhaps no man, anxious to do his duty and merit the good opinion of mankind, ever found himself in a more trying situation than the new President of the French Republic on the very day he was proclaimed. The trumpets have sounded, the tri-colour has waved, the inaugural speech has been delivered from the tribune, the half-mocking medley of congratulations has been received, the procession has returned as it went, the ceremony is over, and Prince Louis Napoleon is alone in the palace of the Elysée-Bourbon, irresistibly reminding him, by the loftiness and dismantled state

of the apartments, of the melancholy grandeur of his destiny. He has only just attained middle age, and what strange reverses have been his! — what strange mutations are in all human probability to come! — Cradled in royalty, and destined to empire as a child — then pretender, adventurer, exile, prisoner; often wanting in prudence, discretion, and fortune, but never failing in self-reliance, courage, and generosity.

“ They (the nation) are fairly tired of the Republic; they are disgusted with Socialism; they are thoroughly ashamed of the absurdities of the last ten months; and they shudder at the thought of Caussidière and Sobrier keeping order through disorder, or of again hearing, in the heart of the Assembly, a proposal of confiscation met by a proposal for three hours’ pillage in its stead. They want peace, order, justice, and respect for property; and these it is in the power of any honest, energetic, and high-spirited chief magistrate, without glittering talents or soaring ambition, to bestow. He has simply to enforce, sternly and steadily, the due observance of the law; and, in case of an insurrection, to do what, done by French monarchs at the fitting moment, would three times over have saved monarchy in France — mount his horse, head his troops, charge in the front rank, be the first assailant of the first barricade, die fighting or live reigning, be brought back a corpse or — an emperor.”

Such were the opinions formed, and the hopes entertained, of this extraordinary man by more than one who knew him well, and had stood firmly by him, when the British Court refused to recognise his existence, and his acquaintance was declined by many who now cringe for an invitation to the Tuileries. The chapter of accidents might have wafted him to the loftiest pinnacle without a reproach or a regret. The course of events might and would have compelled the integrity, the talent, the education, the literature, the science, the statesmanship, the historic names, of France, to rally round him. All stand aloof. By prematurely grasping at the imperial crown, he has imprinted an indelible stain on it; and after looking round in vain for moral supports to his dynasty, he is obliged to rely exclusively on “the sabre and the vote.”

THE IMITATIVE POWERS OF MUSIC.

(FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, JULY, 1839.)

Ideen und Betrachtungen über die Eigenschaften der Musik
(*Ideas and Reflections on the Properties of Music*). Hanover:
1839. pp. 50.

THIS little work is the well-known, though not openly-avowed, production of Prince George (now King) of Hanover; and it is with unfeigned pleasure that we refer to it as incontestably establishing his claim to rank as the most accomplished amongst contemporary scions of royalty.

It is rare to find clearness of thought, precision of expression, and logical arrangement, combined with imagination and enthusiasm, in any authors except those who have been formed by a regular course of training superinduced on an original foundation of genius and good sense; nor, at the present moment, do we remember one on Walpole's long list of royal and noble authors, to whom the praise of these qualities can be impartially assigned. All of them, however, are to be found in the tract before us. Its scope is not extensive, nor are its views particularly remarkable for originality; but within the narrow limits the illustrious writer has prescribed to himself, he walks with the steady, confident, practised step of a master — keeping the main object constantly in view — analysing, defining, illustrating, and clearing the ground before him as he moves on — diverging occasionally to give vent to feelings excited by the mention of some glorious production of the art, but

invariably returning at the precise moment that would be dictated by the severest rules of criticism.

We are afraid to speak warmly of the language, because one of its chief merits, the felicitous use of compounds, will not appear in our translated specimens; but its perspicuity, simplicity, and total absence of pretension *will* appear; and these are merits which readers, moderately conversant with the long, clumsy, entangled sentences, and the ambitious soarings and divings (into mist or mud, as the case may be), by which so much of the best literature of Germany is defaced, will not fail to appreciate at their true value in a young enthusiast, writing for the first time on a subject peculiarly calculated to suggest trains of thought and feeling which sober-minded people would smile at or condemn.

In a modest preface, the prince warmly vindicates music from the imputation of being fit only for the amusement of the connoisseur, and claims a place amongst the most exalted objects of culture for this cherished idol of his soul: — “From earliest youth has he been devoted to her, his companion and comforter through life — let him succeed in gaining over one new worshipper, or impressing one disciple with a clearer conviction of her worth — let him only establish her ethereal origin, or induce a single reader to employ her high gifts to celebrate the Divine Author of her being, and the full purpose of this essay will be satisfied.”

The “Introductory Remarks and Inquiries,” which come next, are an attempt to define music, or resolve it into its elements; and the prince certainly extricates himself from this embarrassing task much better than the generality of German metaphysicians would have done. If he does not always quite satisfy us, we can follow him: —

“What is music? Music is a language in tones. By means of music, thoughts, feelings, occurrences, natural phenomena, pictures, scenes from life of every kind, are as distinctly and intelligibly expressed as by any language whatever in words; and we ourselves are likewise able to express ourselves and understand others by their help. We shall therefore term music ‘a language in tones,’ or ‘a tone-speech,’ and the next thing to be done is to define the meaning of *tone*. What do we understand by the word *tone*? Every sound is called *tone* which is capable of being measured or weighed with another fixed sound. It is produced by regular vibrations or undulations of the air, which are caused either by the breath, as in singing and wind instruments, or by the stirring or touching of a string, or any other object or body capable of sound. Any collection of these measured tones depending on fixed rules is called *music*, in the same manner as by a collection of articulated sounds that which, in the more confined sense, we term *language*, is produced. And as a systematic putting-together of letters begets words, which influence our minds in many ways — just so, by the putting-together of tones we produce sounds, which equally affect our feelings. Or, to vary the phrase, the word-language is addressed directly to the mind, whilst the tone-language asserts its claim to the heart and soul, and operates indirectly and through them on the mind. That our feelings are to be affected by tones, however, is only to be explained in this manner: that God gave man at his creation the capacity to communicate his thoughts and feelings, or excite similar thoughts and feelings in others, by certain applications and alternations of tones corresponding with certain emotions of the soul.

“Of all man’s senses, the sight and hearing are those through which the greatest influence upon the mind and heart is produced; which, therefore, constitute the most powerful springs of the moral and mental perceptions, actions, and judgments of mankind. But the hearing would seem the most powerful and operative of the two, because inharmonious, jarring tones are capable of shocking and torturing our feelings to their inmost core to such an extent as to make us almost beside ourselves — an effect which it is impossible to produce by a bad painting, a desolate tract of country, or the worst of poems.”

It is perfectly true that the bare contemplation of a daub does not throw Mr. Rogers into convulsions like Hogarth's "Enraged Musician;" and we ourselves do not recollect having had anything more than a strong tendency to slumber to bear up against during the perusal of the worst epic ever laid upon our table. But the obvious reason is, that, amongst the several objects of repugnance mentioned by the prince, disagreeable sounds alone affect us physically through the nerves: for example, a person utterly devoid of musical taste or sensibility may be made to suffer acutely from a sound that sets the teeth on edge. The proper analogy, therefore, as regards the sight, would be, not between bad music and bad pictures, but between the glare of a red flame and the grating of a file; whilst, as regards literary productions, there is no analogy at all, since the very worst of them can exercise no direct material influence upon our frames: very fortunately for reviewers, for we should otherwise be in the condition of the government musket-borers, who, prior to a recent invention to prevent them from inhaling the metallic dust, were never known to live above two years.

Neither are we quite satisfied with the next paragraph, in which it is laid down that the composer can do nothing without the profoundest insight into human inclinations, impulses, and passions; but that, when he has obtained this insight, he may turn the worst poems to account by making them the basis of the sublimest music. Were this true, the claims of music to rank as an intellectual art would be sadly lowered; nor does it much help the matter to assert that "it is capable of exciting deep, inexplicable sensations even in the most uncultivated listener, without requiring him to stand almost on the same level with the artist; which is seldom the case with other arts." As a mere matter of fact, however, these statements

are not devoid of plausibility. Mozart once extemporised a touching love-song on the single word *affetto*, followed by an equally admirable song of rage on the word *perfido*; and we have seen Handel enthusiastically enjoyed by persons who would infallibly prefer "the Peacock at Home" to "Paradise Lost," and a court-painter's likeness of a prime-minister in blue and gold to the St. Paul preaching at Athens.

We pass over the etymological remark on the word *music* (most plausibly derivable, according to the prince, from the Muses); and there is nothing very striking in the section on Melody and Harmony, which are described and distinguished from one another in the ordinary manner. But the section on instrumental music affords such ample field for the author's peculiar powers, that we are tempted to abridge or translate the greater part of it; and there are few readers of feeling, unacquainted with the original, who will not feel grateful to us for enabling them to follow him through some of his glowing descriptions of the effects produced by masterpieces on listeners gifted with the required portion of sensibility.

"Instrumental music possesses the high prerogative, not merely of expressing every sensation of the human heart, but also of portraying, in a manner universally intelligible, the incidents of social life, the glad and sad occurrences of earthly existence, its occupations and repose, its perfect tranquillity, nay, the very neighbourhoods and landscapes, better, more closely, and more home to the feelings, than Painting and Poetry can do it. And for this reason may it well be compared to a universal language. It does not, like vocal music, require the aid of words from any language whatever to make itself understood in the same sense and manner amongst all civilised communities on the face of the globe, and exercise the same influence on the heart and soul of nations differing the most widely, according to the object which the composer has in view. For example, dance-music

is every where felt as a challenge to the dance: solemn serious music gives every one a solemn serious turn; soft harmonies excite soft sensations in every heart; wailing notes call forth sadness and sympathy in every bosom. Similar phenomena may also be observed with relation to the effects of particular instruments.

“The sublime stately playing of the organ will excite no feelings but those of devotion in any one: the trumpet is everywhere the instrument of war and jubilee; the horn summons to the chase, and awakens gay sensations: the sackbut is the friend of mourning and solemnity. At least these instruments, in their origin and according to their peculiar qualities, were destined to these ends, and (independently of their varied application to music in its perfected shape) are still almost universally employed for them.”

After contending that the first musical instruments were attempts to imitate the voice, and quoting a few scriptural authorities as to their history, he proceeds as follows:—

“The composer, then, who is thoroughly acquainted with the peculiar properties—the compass, the power, the softness of each instrument, and can calculate their effects, is qualified to attain the most surprising and wonderful results by the skilful application of these properties; he has within his reach the means of producing a complete, animated, and intelligible poetry by instrumental music, without ever feeling the necessity for words. Many classical compositions prove this: above all, the masterpieces of the immortal Beethoven.

“How distinctly, for example, in Beethoven’s ‘Pastoral Symphonies’ are the daily occurrences and individual scenes of country life pictured to the listener! In the First Scene, a truly graphic description of a rural tranquilly-happy region, with animated things of every kind, with the tinkling bells of the flocks at pasture, the pipes of the herdsmen, the busy movements of the reapers and ploughmen, is represented in so lifelike a manner that the pencil of the best painter could not portray them with greater verisimilitude or truth.

“The Second Scene, ‘at the brook’ (am Bache), brings before us the stillness of the forest, the soft rippling of the

brook, the splashing of the water, its quiet winding course, the song of birds—the cuckoo, the lark, the nightingale—with illusory exactness.

“The approach and assembling of the shepherds and country-people with their rustic music, which summons them to the dance—their dances, their harmless prattle, their lively jests, are given in the Third Scene of the Symphony precisely as they may be found in reality at the festive meetings of the country-people.

“In the Fourth Scene, the harmonious festivity of these rural pleasures is disturbed. A storm gradually gathers in the horizon: on a sudden it bursts forth majestically and pours down with fearful might. The exact representation of this wonderful natural phenomenon fills the listener with the same sensations by which his soul is penetrated during an actual storm—with terror and astonishment, and with admiration of the power of the Almighty! for perhaps never by means of any other production of art were the four grand elements of storm—thunder and lightning, rain and wind, in their most fearful conjunction—so deceivingly imitated, so deeply and thoroughly portrayed, as by this music!

“And how strikingly is this confused conflict of the elements appeased! The storm gradually passes off and disperses, resounding weaker and weaker through the neighbourhood till it finally disappears; and here too the listener believes himself transported by the truth of the musical resemblance into the reality of the scene. Once again the composer shows his knowledge of men’s feelings (which, after so fearful an escape, are absorbed in gratitude to Providence), when, in the glorious prayer, he portrays the people thanking God for his gracious protection, for his heavenly beneficence.

“The high province of music to represent by tones the various incidents of life more clearly and impressively than any other art, as well as to excite and express the manifold feelings of the human heart—after the accurate and profound examination of so complete and masterly a composition, it were impossible to dispute.

“In further confirmation of the above theory, I feel tempted to adduce some passages from the great Haydn’s magnificent production ‘The Creation.’ How fraught with expression, how true in the music, is the ‘escape of the

troops of evil spirits into the depths of the gulf down to everlasting night!’ How characteristically are the words—‘Despair, rage, and terror accompany their overthrow’—given back! But, above all, how impressively, with all the powers of music, does the composer delineate the moment—‘And there was light’—called forth by the creative words ‘Let there be light!’ At these words the orchestra breaks out in a truly electrical manner, producing an entire bewilderment. The listener feels the full impression which the actual happening of this awe-inspiring miracle of the Almighty would make upon him, and that sublime achievement is thus most speakingly and convincingly brought home to the senses of the earthly man, through this picturing by tones, in the only mode in which a sensible image of it could be presented to him.

“It is impossible to analyse all the surpassing beauties and truthful touches of this ever-admirable masterpiece. All good judges will agree with me when I say that Haydn needed only to write this one work to lay the foundation of his exalted reputation for evermore.

“Another masterpiece, Gluck’s ‘Iphigenia in Aulis,’ makes present to the listener the pride of a ruler, the arrogance of a priest, paternal, maternal, and filial affection, the gentle ties of love, the courage of a hero, a people’s cry for vengeance, the pains of separation, the agonies of death, the exulting overflow of rapture at unhopèd-for salvation—all with such inimitable art, so incomparably complete, that the audience are on the very point of giving way under the excess of the storm of feelings excited in them.

“As a musical representation of an incident of social life, Carl von Weber’s composition, ‘The Summons to the Dance,’ is remarkable for the truth and precision with which all the peculiarities and trifling occurrences of a ball are sketched: the invitation of the gentleman, the acceptance of the lady, the dance itself, the conversation during the interval, the repetition of the dance, and the leading back of the lady to her seat, with the grateful acknowledgments of the gentleman—all this is accurately conveyed to the ear of the listener by the music.”

After paying an equally high tribute to the same composer’s “Der Freischütz,” he goes on:—

“In the introduction to the ‘Norma’ of Bellini may be found the representation of a neighbourhood in the most exalted style of art. Beginning with deep tones, it unfolds itself in gloom-inspiring harmonies, and truly reflects the impression which the gloom of an extensive wood produces on our feelings. Occasional glancing and disconnected tones appear to betoken light, breaking through the darkness of the grove; and thus is the first drop-scene of the opera—the grove of sacrifice—fitly delineated. Assuredly the striking qualities of this tone-picture will still more forcibly suggest themselves to the reader, when I mention the exclamation of a person deprived of sight, who, on first hearing this introduction, instantly exclaimed that the scene then actually represented on the stage must be a forest.”

It is well known that the crown-prince of Hanover is suffering under a temporary deprivation of sight, borne with a pious cheerful fortitude, which has endeared him tenfold to those who have been about him since the first approach of this calamity. As he playfully remarked to a friend, “When nature buttons up one sense, it becomes necessary to unbutton another:” and, like Milton, he has found in music a never-failing solace and resource. This is the true key to the high-toned enthusiasm and profound spirit of devotion with which these pages are imbued; and it also accounts for much which may seem overwrought and exaggerated to those whose sensibilities have not been compressed into a comparatively narrow channel, nor their attention concentrated perforce on the impressions received through the medium of a sense. He himself is doubtless the blind man who discovered the scene to be a forest; and there is nothing at all surprising in the fact; for with an ear cultivated to the highest degree of delicacy, a memory stored with images of natural beauty, and a heart overflowing with sympathy, the slightest, faintest train of association—a passage, note, or tone, indi-

cating any one of the characteristic features of forest scenery—might suffice,—

“And as a fort to which beleag’ers win
Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within ;
One clear idea, center’d in the breast,
By memory’s magic lets in all the rest.”

But when it is formally inferred, from anomalous instances of this kind, that a succession of sensible images, including both sounds with their varieties and landscapes with their details, may be brought home to the ordinary run (or even to any considerable class) of listeners, through the medium of instrumental music, our thoughts recur involuntarily to Dick Tinto’s picture, or Lord Burleigh’s nod, or those victims of mesmerism who undertake to ascertain the contents of a long letter by sitting on it. Set a chosen body of connoisseurs to hear Beethoven’s “Symphony,” or Weber’s “Summons to the Dance,” for the first time, without telling them what the composer is aiming at, and we much doubt whether they will exclaim in chorus, or at the proper time, “That is a troop of reapers, and that the rippling of the brook !” “Now the storm is coming on, and now it is going off !” “Now they are flirting between the dances, and now he is taking her back to her mamma !” To make the true scope and full merit of such pieces intelligible, they should be played, like Handel’s “Acis and Galatea,” at a theatre with the accompaniment of scenery.*

* “At this period, 1732, Handel’s ‘Acis and Galatea’ was performed, apparently without his sanction, by an English company of performers, at the Haymarket Theatre, on which occasion it was acted like a play. This produced an announcement from Handel, in these terms :—‘June the 10th will be performed ‘Acis and Galatea,’ a serenata, revised, with several additions, at the Opera-house, by a great number of the best voices and instruments. There will be no acting on the stage ; but the scene will represent, in a picturesque manner, a rural prospect with rocks, groves, fountains, and grottoes, among which will be disposed a

Neither, with all due deference be it spoken, would such results tend to elevate the character of music,—assuming them to be possible, which they are not. The grand object and highest prerogative of all the fine arts is, or ought to be, the same: to present images of power, beauty, and sublimity, capable of expanding, refining, or elevating the mind; and excite passions, feelings, affections, or emotions, corresponding with those which the most striking scenes in nature or the most touching passages of human existence might call up. Even in painting, necessarily the most imitative, mere facility of imitation is a vulgar quality at best; and Parrhasius's curtain which his rival attempted to lift up, or the supposed door at Greenwich Hospital which visitors were wont to run against, rank in art far below the most outrageous libel on nature which Fuseli himself ever perpetrated. We would therefore rather rest the fame of the acknowledged masterpieces in musical composition, even those so judiciously selected as examples by the prince, on the broad general impression produced by them than on their imitative felicities. Handel must have felt prouder of the vague tumultuous feeling of awe and veneration called forth by the chorusses in his "Messiah," than of the resemblance discovered, or thought to be discovered, by critics between a passage in one of his

chorus of nymphs and shepherds, the habits and every other decoration suited to the subject.' This charming serenata has been constantly performed, from Handel's time to the present, without any theatrical action. Some attempts have lately been made to bring it out as a regular opera,—injudiciously, we think, as neither the structure of the story nor the style of the music are adapted for dramatic action. The proper way to perform it, undoubtedly, is that indicated by Handel himself,—that is, without action, but with the picturesque scenes and decorations which he describes."—*Musical History, Biography, and Criticism*: by George Hogarth,—a work which we strenuously recommend to all lovers of music.

serenatas and the walk of a giant * ; and the attempt to represent the sun standing still, in the oratorio of "Joshua," almost reduces him to the level of the ingenious inventor (first brought into notice by the late Charles Mathews), who, to illustrate his scheme of imitative action, used to give his hands a rotatory motion at the mention of the globe.

Haydn, again, has been frequently commended for representing the thing itself, where it would be much higher praise to say that he had simply called up the higher class of associations connected with it. For example : —

"Haydn, in after days, used to give a ludicrous account of the difficulties he met with in attempting to represent a sea-storm in this opera [*The Devil on Two Sticks.*] *Neither the author of the words, who was Curtz himself, nor the composer, had ever seen the sea, and their notions of its appearance in a storm were necessarily somewhat vague. Haydn sat at the harpsichord, while Curtz paced about the room, and endeavoured to furnish the composer with ideas. 'Imagine,' said he, 'a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking,—and then another mountain and another valley ; — the mountains and valleys must follow each other every instant. Then you must have claps of thunder and flashes of lightning, and the noise of the wind ; but, above all, you must represent distinctly the mountains and valleys.'* Haydn, meanwhile, kept trying all sorts of passages, ran up and down the scale, and exhausted his ingenuity in heaping together chromatic intervals and strange discords. Still Curtz was not satisfied. At last the musician, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two extremities of the keys, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, 'The deuce take the tempest,—I can make nothing of it.' 'That is the very thing!' exclaimed Curtz, delighted with the truth of the representation." — *Hogarth's Musical History*, vol. i. pp. 292, 293.

A man who had never seen the sea must have been

* "See what ample strides he takes." — *Acis and Galatea*.

a capital judge of the truth of the representation! No doubt a fine analogous effect was produced; but there cannot be a stronger instance of the impropriety of confounding such analogies with resemblances than this anecdote. The same remark may be applied to the famous passage in "The Creation," "And there was light!" The burst of a fine orchestra will seldom fail to produce an electrical rush of feeling, faintly reflective of the actual occurrence of the miracle; but the sole resemblance will be found to consist in the fulness and suddenness of the shock.

In allusion to the same composition, Mr. Hogarth observes:—

"In the fine trio, 'Most beautiful appear,' while the bass voice sings the words, 'Upheaved from the deep, the immense leviathan sports on the foaming wave,' the lashing of the water by the animal's tail is imitated by some *whisking* passages on the double-bass. Then we have the roar of the lion, the sudden leaps of the tiger, the galloping of the horse, the whirl of the clouds of insects, and the sinuous crawling of the reptile. Nothing can be more ingenious than these imitative passages; but then they are *amusing*, which nothing ought to be in a work of this exalted class."—vol. i. p. 311.

On the whole we are inclined to think that, when Locke's blind man said that the sound of a trumpet suggested the idea of scarlet to his mind, he unconsciously prescribed the precise limits within which the legitimate powers of the higher kind of music are confined; and composers would do well to take a lesson from poets in this particular, who occasionally indulge their ingenuity in making the sound an echo of the sense, when the nature of the subject admits of such displays,—as Falconer:

"When great Mæonides with rapid song
The thundering tide of battle rolls along;"

Or Pope: —

“When Ajax strives some rock’s vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o’er the unbending corn, and skims along the main;”

but when the passions are to be moved or the feelings softened, nothing of the kind is ever attempted or attained, beyond that general harmony which is never wanting where the fusing power of genius has been at work.

The prince concludes his remarks on instrumental music by claiming for it the peculiar property of addressing itself to each listener, and calling out his individual feelings, independently of and in addition to its general influence upon the mass. This is the very effect which the poet in the prologue to Goethe’s “Faust” is told to expect from a drama composed on popular principles, “Each one sees what he carries in his heart.”

Vocal music, which has a section or chapter to itself, is treated with the same taste and sensibility. At the earliest period to which history or tradition can go back, music was found married to immortal verse, and though they have been now divorced for two or three thousand years, neither of them has yet learnt to appear to full advantage when apart. This is the prince’s theory, most ably developed and gracefully expressed. His best and most forcible illustration is a piece of vocal music which richly merits all the praises that have been lavished on it.

“In the Erl King of Goethe, set to music by Schubert, the fearful gloom in which the night veils the country is made present to us, and the shuddering sensation which an actual night-scene of the kind would excite in us is worked up to the highest pitch. The timorous urging and complaining of the child, the pacifying assurances of the father, the allurements of the unearthly voice of the spirit, the hurried tramp

of the horse, the terrible shock of the father at discovering the death of his child — all these various periods could not be portrayed by music alone in so touching a manner as in this composition. The poem alone would fall short of such an effect, although by one of the greatest masters of any time or country.”

The same might be said of many of our finest pieces of lyric poetry, as set to music and originally sung by Mrs. Arkwright—Campbell’s “Hohenlinden” or “Battle of the Baltic,” for example, which certainly never fall with such a fulness of expression upon the ear or mind as when they are presented with the accompaniment. But then the music is made to play an unostentatious part, and (like Mr. Moore’s songs in his own exquisite singing) it is as pieces of impassioned musical recitation that they please. This is incontestably proved by the fact, that persons who have not what is technically called an ear receive equal delight from them — perhaps greater, for their attention is more exclusively alive to the feeling inherent in the poetry. Indeed, the first-rate composers are perfectly conscious of this; and when their object is simply to give effect to poetry, their first care is to imbue themselves with its tone and spirit, instead of throwing off at once a succession of brilliant passages beneath which the verses must be crushed. It is currently related of Carl von Weber that he positively refused to set to work on a song in “Lalla Rookh” — “From Chindara’s warbling fount I come” — until he had read the entire poem; and two curious anecdotes are told by Mr. Hogarth of Gluck, manifesting the extreme attention which he paid to the adaptation of his music: —

“He was one day playing over to some of his friends the scene in “Iphigenia in Tauris,” where Orestes, left to himself in his prison, after a paroxysm of agitation, throws himself on a seat, saying, ‘Le calme rentre dans mon cœur.’ A

person present thought he perceived a contradiction between this phrase and the accompaniment, which continued to be of an agitated character. 'Orestes is calm,' he said to Gluck, — 'he says so.' 'He lies,' exclaimed the composer, 'he thinks he is calm while he is only exhausted; but the fury is always in his breast — he has killed his mother.'

"Rousseau was a warm admirer of the genius of Gluck; on one occasion he remarked, that the great merit of this composer was his giving a distinct character to the airs of each of his personages; an attention which, however, had made him commit an anachronism in his opera of 'Paris and Helen.' 'The songs of Paris,' said Rousseau, 'have all the richness and effeminacy of Phrygian manners, while those of 'Helen' are constantly grave and simple; but Gluck has forgotten that the Spartan severity of manners had its origin in the legislation of Lycurgus, and that Helen was born long before that time.' This observation was communicated to Gluck. 'I should be happy,' he said, in answer, 'if my works were always examined by such enlightened and scrupulous judges. M. Rousseau's reasoning is very ingenious, but I viewed the subject differently. Helen loved Paris; but I find in Homer that she endeavoured to elevate his mind and excite in him a love of glory. I see that she was esteemed by Hector; and the praise she drew from the old men as she passed indicates as much respect for her character as admiration of her beauty. Thus, by giving her a simple and grave, but elegant, style of singing, I do not mean to characterise a Spartan woman merely, but a high and generous soul.'" — Vol. i. pp. 287, 288.

What a contrast to the Italian and English composers of the day! who have acquired such a habit of disregarding the text, and manifest such hopeless incapacity for co-operating with genius, that the libretto of an opera is now conventionally regarded as a mere key to the intricacies of the plot; and should you chance to question the director or manager regarding the authorship, he would probably draw himself up with insulted dignity, and reply, like Mrs. Warren, when asked who wrote the famous blacking-

puffs once attributed to Lord Byron,—“Sir, we keeps a poet.”*

This state of things may suggest an occasional doubt whether music be in fact entitled to dispute the point of precedence with poetry, but we are unwilling to engage in another controversy with the Prince, though perhaps the very highest compliment we can pay a royal author is to argue with him on a footing of equality; particularly when, like the royal author before us, he is so well able to hold his own. Still we prefer concluding with a passage in which our sympathies go completely along with him. It forms the introduction to some eloquent remarks on the “Manysidedness of Music:”—

“Much has been said already as to the manysidedness (*vielseitigkeit*) of this art. But there is no more convincing proof how thoroughly music is the language of our feelings, how closely interwoven with our whole being, than the reflection, in how many ways and to what different purposes it is applied. The inhabitant of a civilised country may daily convince himself of this; he, however, has the jewel within his grasp, and often ceases to think about it, or does not know its value. But place a savage, who either had no previous acquaintance at all with the capabilities of music, or knew it only in its rudest, most unfinished state, in the capital of a European country—particularly on a Sunday—and let all the ordinary applications of music be brought before him. In the first place, go with him to church. He hears a Christian congregation proclaim the glory of God in solemn songs of praise, accompanied by the impressive harmonies of the organ; and, moved to his inmost soul, wrapped in the deepest

* In Stendhal's *Life of Rossini*, the theatre-poet, Tottola, is only introduced to be laughed at, though he seems to have been not destitute of originality, for he suggested the celebrated prayer preceding the passage of the Red Sea in “*Mosè in Egitto*,” before the addition of which the scene was uniformly the signal for general laughter. The comparative neglect of Purcell, perhaps the only English composer of note who has given English words their full and precise musical expression, is one of the worst symptoms of contemporary taste.

wonder, he will stand lost in admiration of the sublimity of this tribute to the Supreme Being. After divine service he repairs to the parade, where he sees the troops exercised to the sound of military music, and the love of battle and the spirit of manhood are upstirred and inflamed in his breast, and he would fain press into the ranks of war. He is next taken to the palace of the sovereign, where he finds the joys of the table heightened by pleasing, inspiriting music. On his return he sees a grand military funeral move majestically through the streets, and hears the solemn, wailing tones of the mourning music, mingled with the dead beat of the drum. In the evening he visits the theatre, and hears an opera, in which the music thoroughly corresponds with the action. By way of conclusion, he is conducted to a ball, where he sees a numerous society of dancers moving to the nicely-timed tones of stirring instruments. This savage, beside himself with wonder and admiration, would infallibly be brought to the conclusion that almost all the actions of the inhabitants of this capital—their doings, joys, and sorrows—are invariably accompanied by music. He would tell his friends in his native land, ‘I have discovered a people who can neither worship their God, nor carry on their wars, nor dine, nor dance, nor amuse themselves in society, nay, not even bury their dead, without music!’ And this is actually the case with all civilised communities. Music has become every way indispensable to every one who knows its value, in all the circumstances of life.”

When some one said something of this sort to Dr. Johnson, he replied: “Sir, I envy you the possession of a sixth sense;” and a most enviable gift it must be admitted to be, even by those who are obliged to take its most exalted qualities upon trust. Again, in his dedication to Dr. Burney’s History, Dr. Johnson characterises music as an art “which the great may cultivate without debasement, and the good enjoy without depravation.” The work before us shews that, weighed in the strictest scales of reason or philosophy—and connoisseurship, enthusiasm, or partiality apart—it merits far higher praise; for it

has not only been cultivated without debasement by the great, and enjoyed without depravation by the good, but it has been made the means, under Providence, of developing intellectual resources in which the fate of one of the most cultivated divisions of the great German nation is involved.

BRITISH FIELD SPORTS:

THE RATIONALE OF FOX HUNTING.

(FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, OCT. 1841.)

1. NIMROD'S *Hunting Tours*. 8vo. London: 1833.
2. *The Chase, the Turf, and the Road*. By NIMROD: with Illustrations. 8vo. London: 1837.

TIME was when practice and theory were sworn enemies: the persons actually engaged in any given pursuit, whether of pleasure or profit, professed a sovereign contempt for book knowledge; and the praise of science, literature, or philosophy, was almost exclusively reserved for those who wrote on subjects few cared about, in a language few understood. Long after the learned had condescended to compose in the vernacular tongue, they cautiously eschewed utility; and if occasionally an author like Izaak Walton, Dame Juliana Berners, or the Duke of Newcastle, was induced to put pen to paper, on an amusement or art of the lighter order, he or she was regarded as a simple, or haply crackbrained, enthusiast; and the book lay neglected in the manor-house library until time had invested it with an artificial value for the antiquarian.

How striking the contrast presented by the actual condition of the press! Which is the art, instrument, invention, or occupation, that has not been made the basis of an essay or an article? There was always reason in the roasting of eggs: there is now philosophy in a dog-kennel, and literature in a fishing-rod. Nay, we recently met with a treatise on the art of

wearing the hat, in which it was proved to demonstration, that any variety of expression might be obtained by attending to the following plain rules or principles: That when the hat is pulled forward over the brows, it gives the wearer a look of determination or obstinacy; when thrown back, of careless unconcern or rakishness; when stuck on one side, of impudence; the compound effects to be produced by a judicious blending of the three.

If this goes on much longer, the eastern monarch offering a reward for a new pleasure will be a faint type of the sovereigns of Albemarle Street and Paternoster Row offering a reward for a new subject. The writers will outnumber the readers; the public appetite will be palled; the golden goose will have been cut up and eaten: too many cooks spoil the broth, and too many book-makers will be the ruin of the book market.

Under such circumstances, it is no matter of surprise that books on field sports should have multiplied to an extent most embarrassing to critics like ourselves, who hold it a duty to grapple with everything in the shape of a printed volume which is addressed to a large class of the community; and it was probably a lurking consciousness of comparative unfitness for the task that induced our predecessors to give so discouraging a reception to the first country gentleman who put forth a regular avowed publication on the chase. Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting, in a series of Familiar Letters to a Friend," — an unassuming little book which appeared in 1780 — was harshly treated in the "Monthly Review" (a great authority in those days), and made the occasion for a violent diatribe against the sport. Vain were the reviewer's efforts — the sport was more ardently pursued than ever — the work has gone through four editions; and it has been followed by Thoughts,

Hints, Observations, and Reflections, on Hunting, Shooting, Coursing, Fishing, and Deer-stalking.

The fame of "Nimrod" is universally diffused. He has done for fox-hunting what the editor of the "Almanach des Gourmands" effected for gastronomy, and the veriest Cockney may derive unmingled gratification from his writings; for, independently of the descriptive powers displayed in them, they form one of the richest funds of racy anecdote we are acquainted with. This is in some measure to be attributed to the privilege tacitly accorded to him of indulging, to an unlimited extent, in personal allusion. When Mr. Willis thought proper to enliven his pages with proper names, he was universally condemned. Miss Sedgewick has not escaped censure for printing her opinions of some of her English friends; but "Nimrod" was cordially received by the chief sportsmen in the kingdom, though it was perfectly well known that he came for the express purpose of writing a description of their establishments —

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it."

Let us do him the justice to add, that he never abused their confidence. There are no covert sarcasms or indiscreet revealings in his "Tours;" and we remember but a single instance in which the criticism is even slightly coloured by irritability or pique. In speaking of the York and Ainsty hounds, he has occasion to mention the huntsman, Mr. Naylor, and delivers himself thus: —

"In the field, though I had not much means of judging of him, I do not think highly of Naylor as a huntsman — certainly not so highly as he thinks of himself. I consider Naylor a huntsman of very average capacity, and particularly so for the time he has been with the hounds. However, 'there is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, and

another of the stars;’ all men are not equal, and the best of us have only as much knowledge as it has pleased our Maker to give us, and no more. Jack Wilson, the head whipper-in, stands rather high with the country, being accounted rather better than common.

“Among other qualities, Naylor is considered a wag, and plumes himself upon now and then saying what he considers a good thing. Whilst he was at York, a gentleman rode up to him and addressed him thus:—‘Now, Naylor, you must mind what you are at to-day. Nimrod will be out, and will have you in black and white.’ ‘Lord bless you, sir!’ replied Naylor, ‘why, I have forgotten more than Nimrod will ever know.’ A sharp rebuke this; and all I have to say is, that I think I have read that wisdom vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up; but God help the man who knows only what Mr. Naylor has forgotten. However, there is chaff and cockle in the best grain; so enough of this. Naylor is a good and faithful servant, a capital kennel huntsman, and therefore entitled to great praise; but we all pay the price of celebrity, and so must he.”

How often has one great man been thus prejudiced against another by the indiscretion of an acquaintance in repeating some hasty expression of contempt or indifference, uttered probably by the offending party in the hope of weakening by anticipation the very judgment he affected to despise! and how curiously does our wounded self-love neutralise our noblest efforts at impartiality! Nimrod’s candour in quoting the ground of quarrel is beyond all praise; but it is impossible not to see that he must have gone out in a very bad humour for appreciating Mr. Naylor’s performances; and we suspect that even Jack Wilson, the whipper-in, will fare the worse with posterity in consequence of the flippant observation of his chief. Nearly the same observation is reported to have fallen from the lips of old Sergeant Maynard a century and a half ago. “Young man,” was his rebuke to a flippant competitor at the bar, “I have forgotten more law than you ever knew.” In fact,

the saying, *mutatis mutandis*, has been attributed to several distinguished characters besides the director of the York and Ainsty hounds.

It may be as well to state fairly at the outset, that we intend to deal with this class of authors as Reviewers, not as sportsmen; for, to say the truth, we have misgivings whether our practical experience would prove sufficient to justify us in assuming the tone and bearing of the knowing ones. We have occasionally risked our lives in a *battue*, wetted a line in the Tweed, walked ourselves to a downright standstill across a moor, and cantered across a country at "Mr. Stubbs's pace"—that master of fox-hounds, who seldom went faster than nine miles an hour, and never took a fence, yet almost invariably contrived to make his appearance at the end of the run. We are therefore very far from being pure theorists, and can understand, if not fully sympathise with, the enthusiasm which leads some of the authors before us to rank the reputation of a hard rider or a first-rate shot amongst the noblest objects of youthful ambition; but the habitual tone of our minds leads us to value their books less for the practical knowledge they have accumulated for the tyro, and the inspiring exhortations they address to him, than for the traits of character, the illustrations of natural history, the curious subjects of general speculation, that abound in them; and perhaps our peculiar position in this respect may not prove a disadvantage upon the whole. It is a remarkable fact, that the best elementary books (Mrs. Marcet's, for example) have been composed by persons who possessed little or no prior acquaintance with the subject-matter. The reason is plain. They are under no temptation to be pedantic—they occupy the same point of view as the general reader—they take nothing for granted—and their own fresh impressions afford an excel-

lent test for ascertaining what is most likely to prove entertaining or instructive to the mass. Without, therefore, going quite the length of the late Mr. Mill, the very able historian of British India, who contends that a man will write better about a country for having never seen it — we will venture to affirm, that a man will not write the worse about fox-hunting (which, considering the space it occupies in these publications, must claim our chief attention) for having devoted his leisure hours to other objects than the chase.

An unsophisticated observer, on his first visit to a hunting country, must instantly be struck by the magnificence of the establishments, as well as by the taste, inventive ingenuity, and scientific knowledge displayed in them — the kennels and stables built with far more regard to health and comfort than the dwelling-houses — the dogs and horses dieted according to the established principles of art — more pains taken with the education of a fox-hound than with that of a country gentleman fifty years ago, and as many delicate attentions lavished on a sick hunter by a nursing groom as a lady of quality would receive from Sir Henry Halford or her waiting-maid. Then, how painfully would the sense of his own insignificance be forced upon him by the absorbing character of the pursuit — the complete devotion of all around him to the master passion — the entire subservience of thoughts, feelings, habits, senses, to the presiding influence or genius of the place! “Pray, my lord,” said Nimrod to the late Duke of Cleveland, “is not your kennel here very near the house? Does not the savour of the boiler sometimes find its way into the drawing-room?” — “It may,” replied his lordship, “but we are all too well bred for fox-hunting to mind that.” Woe indeed to the wife, sister, or daughter, who betrays any

feminine weakness in this respect. "I was once present," says Nimrod, "when an anecdote was told of a gentleman having purchased a pack of fox-hounds; but on their arrival at his kennel, his wife went into fits, in which she continued till the hounds were sent back again to their original owner." — "If my wife had done so," said Mr. Corbet, "I would never have kissed her again till she took off her nightcap, and cried Tally-ho."

A well-known lady of rank and fashion, it seems, partakes a little of the same prejudice, and she is thus censured by a sporting yeoman of the neighbourhood: —

"Indeed, I am very angry with his lordship, and I told my lady so the other day. She can't bear the cry of dogs, she says. Oh, fie! her father was as good a sportsman as ever followed a hound. What! Sir Harry Vane Tempest's daughter not bear the cry of dogs! Oh, fie! But this comes of all your fine London work. It didn't use to be so. I am very angry at them. I don't think I shall ever go to dine at Wynyard Park again. The last time I was there, they put me into a room that smoked like a limekiln; but I should not have minded that if they didn't kill the foxes."

We trust the following example will not be lost on such wives of fox-hunters as are fortunate (or, according to Mrs. Gore, unfortunate) enough to be possessed of pin-money. A few years back, when the country was depressed, and rents came in slowly, Mr. Ward (of Hampshire) told his lady he feared he must give up his hounds. Oh no! said she, don't do so, the times perhaps may mend. Going shortly afterwards to his bankers, he found the sum of a thousand pounds placed to his credit by "a friend to fox-hunting." This friend to fox-hunting was Mrs. Ward, and the sum was paid out of her private purse.* Now for the application — "Hear this, ye

* "Nimrod's Hunting Tours."

married ladies, and do not forget the moral! If you wish to retain the affections of your husbands, encourage, but do not thwart their favourite pursuits. Your beauty may fade in their eyes; your charms may pall upon the sense; but such conduct as this can be forgotten only in the grave."

Far be it from us to detract from the merit of this act. It is really a very pleasing trait of affection and delicacy. But the ladies are hardly to be blamed for disliking fox-hunting, if we consider how completely its more ardent votaries contrive to unfit themselves for society. Although the times are gone when a bout of hard drinking was the inevitable appendix to a good run, a man who has been from early morn to dewy eve in the saddle is seldom qualified to appear to much advantage in the drawing-room. All cannot emulate Don Juan, who --

" Had a quality uncommon
To early risers after a long chase—
A quality agreeable to woman,
When her soft liquid words run on apace,
Who likes a listener, whether saint or sinner —
He did not fall asleep just after dinner."

Modern sportsmen cannot be accused of early rising, but they manage to crowd twice as much excitement and exhaustion into a given period as their progenitors.

The best, perhaps only, way by which the female members of the family can preserve their empire under such circumstances, is to take the field in their own proper persons; and there are no want of examples to justify the step, as one of Nimrod's graphic sketches will make clear. The grand drawing-room at Raby Castle is the scene:—

" The door opened with an announcement of ' Mr. Hodgson, my lord,' and in walked Tommy Hodgson (the groom) presenting a full front to his master. No soldier on

parade could present a better. No gate-post was ever straighter; no Shakspeare's apothecary was leaner; and the succession of lines from the forehead to the chin too plainly showed that age had traced his cruel way over Tommy's honest face. Not a word escaped him until the marquis took his card (the list of hunters fit for work presented daily) out of his pocket, and then the dialogue began. It was a rare specimen of the laconic: Is *Moses* sound? Yes, my lord. I shall ride him — also *Bergami*? — Yes, my lord. Dick, *Swing*? — Yes, my lord. Will, *Salopian*? — Yes, my lord. Lady Cleveland, *Raby*? — Yes, my lord. Edward, *the Parson*? — Yes, my lord. Lady Arabella, *the Duchess*? — Yes, my lord. George, *Obadiah*? — Yes, my lord. That's all? — Yes, my lord. (*Exit Tommy*)."

Equally characteristic, though illustrative of another point, is the breakfast-room scene: —

"It so happened that we were all — and a pretty large party — seated at the breakfast-table when Lord Darlington (the present Duke of Cleveland) made his appearance. Next to the usual inquiries after his lordship's health, the question was asked by two or three at once, have you heard how Will is? (the whipper-in, who had had a bad fall the day before). 'I have been to his bedside,' said Lord D.; 'he has had a restless night, nevertheless I hope he will do well; but he made me smile when he said he had no doubt that he should be able to go out with the hounds on Wednesday. *He also inquired after Lightning's eyes, and how Rufus and Mortimer had fed.*'"

Considering the late Duke's acknowledged cultivation and accomplishments, he was one of the most remarkable living instances of the passion. During some years he hunted his own hounds regularly six days in the week. He had a change of clothes at all the principal inns within his hunt, to the nearest of which he always repaired after his sport was over; and putting himself into a chaise and four, ready dressed for the evening, a small field-piece at the lodge of his park announced his approach to the

castle, and, by the time he arrived, dinner was upon the table.*

The ruling passion "strong in death" was never more strongly exemplified than in Mr. T. Shafto, a distinguished follower of the Raby hounds. He was on his way to Ireland with a sporting friend, when the captain of the vessel came down to their cabin and informed them that all hope was over. Instead of giving vent to the ordinary exclamations of terror, he heaved a deep sigh, and thus apostrophised his companion in distress: "*I say, Bob, no more Uckenby whin*" (a favourite cover within the hunt).

Were we set, however, to maintain the thesis, that man is naturally a hunting animal, we should not look for illustrations amongst the aristocracy, with whom want of occupation or excitement will afford a satisfactory solution of the problem. Our chief examples should be selected from amongst the lower orders; and we would appeal to Hastings, the Cheltenham tailor, and Osbaldistone (not the 'squire,' but) the attorney's clerk, both commemorated by Mr. Blaine.† Of Hastings, he speaks as follows:—

"This hero of a shopboard in Cheltenham is, or was, so passionately fond of the hounds, that he was in the habit of constantly starting on foot from the kennel to cover with Lord Segrave's hounds, quite regardless of distance; but what is still more extraordinary, from his fine wind and speed, as well as perfect knowledge of the country and the line which the foxes usually take, he has very seldom been known to be many minutes in making his appearance at the conclusion of the best runs. He has hunted thus five days a week on foot with Lord Segrave, and has met the Duke of Beaufort's hounds on the sixth. On one occasion he walked

* The only foundation for this statement (Nimrod's) was that His Grace sometimes returned in a chaise.

† *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*; fraught with instruction, whether the reader wishes to pursue a fox in England or a giraffe in Africa.

from Cheltenham to Berkeley (twenty-six miles), and found the hounds gone to Haywood, ten miles further, to which he proceeded: he was rather late, but saw a good run nevertheless! It appears, however, that the sporting tailor is not at home on horseback; otherwise opportunities must have occurred of enlisting himself in the service of the field. Indeed, we are told that Lord Segrave more than once offered him a good situation as earth-stopper; but his answer was in true unison with the love of the actual chase, that, 'as he could not stop earths a-nights and hunt a-days too, he must decline the offer.'

We learn from Boswell's Johnson that Peregrine Langton, the uncle of Dr. Johnson's well-known friend, Bennet Langton, lived genteelly, keeping two maids, two men in livery, a carriage, and three horses, on two hundred pounds a year. Osbaldistone, the attorney's clerk, mentioned by Mr. Blaine, lived respectably in London, keeping himself, a family of half a dozen children, six couple of hounds, and two horses, on sixty:—

“To explain this seeming impossibility,” says the authority on which Mr. Blaine relies, “it should be observed that, after the expiration of the office hours, Mr. Osbaldistone acted as an accomptant for the butchers at Clare Market, who paid him in offal; the choicest morsels of which he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which were kept in the garret. His horses were lodged in the cellar, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept in order, once or twice a week. In the season he hunted, and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers over whose grounds he sported, he secured their good-will and permission; and several gentlemen, struck with the extraordinary economical mode of his hunting arrangements, which were generally known, likewise winked at his going over their manors. This Nimrodian was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune, in the north of England; and having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was

turned out of doors with no other fortune than a southern hound big with pup, whose offspring from that time became a source of amusement to him."

It is impossible not to be struck by the distinguished place accorded to the clergy of the Established Church in the annals of fox-hunting. Thus, in the Duke of Cleveland's published diary, we find this entry: "I cannot omit to mention that the Rev. J. M. [the name at full length,] shone as conspicuously this day on his grey mare as in the pulpit, and was alone with the hounds over Ainderby moors at the last, near Thornhill's willow-bed."

Nimrod pays this handsome tribute to the merits of another clerical hero: "The vicar of P. is no humbug. He sings a hunting song to his parishioners, tells them a good story at his tithe-feast, and gives them the best his house affords. His invitation to Sir Bellingham and myself, for the next time the hounds came that way, was rather unique. 'My claret,' said he, 'is of the finest vintage; and if you will drink enough of it, it will make your eyes look like boiled gooseberries!'" Probably this was the gentleman to whom a facetious friend, after witnessing his appearance in the pulpit, remarked, "I like you better in bottle than in wood."

The Craven country boasts, or boasted (for these are "auld warld" stories, and the race is fast dying out) a first-rate specimen of the class in the Rev. F. F——.

"This gentleman resides (1822) in the village of Kentbury, about four miles from Hungerford, of which place he is rector; and proved himself so good a subject, and such a useful member of society, that in the time of our troubles, when fox-hunting, *as well as every other valuable institution in the country*, was in danger, he stepped manfully forth, and was invested by his sovereign with martial as well as clerical authority — having the command of a corps of Berks yeomanry. On being reviewed by the king (George III.) when

on duty at Windsor, his majesty was pleased to observe, that Colonel Fowle was not only one of his best cavalry officers, but one of the best preachers, one of the best shots, and one of the best riders to hounds in his dominions. Who would not be proud of such a compliment from such a man?"*

Blackstone states that it is to this day a branch of the king's prerogative, at the death of every bishop, to have his kennel of hounds, or a compensation in lieu thereof. This proves that hunting was once recognised as a strictly episcopal amusement, and it is consequently no matter of surprise that a taste for it is not at once expelled by the mitre.

"It is well known," says Nimrod, "that (though before I was born) a certain high-bred dignitary of the church kept a pack of fox-hounds, and was one of the best sportsmen of his day. When, however, the mitre adorned his brow, the hounds were transferred to his noble brother, who continued them in great style; but the bishop did not attend them. Taking a ride, however, one day in a country in which he thought it *not unlikely* he might see something of them, he met the fox. The hounds were at fault; when, putting his finger under his wig, his lordship gave one of his beautiful view-halloos. 'Hark, halloo!' said one of the field. The huntsman listened, and the halloo was repeated. 'That will do,' said he, knowing his old master's voice: '*That's gospel, by G—!*'"

Nimrod draws a just distinction between a clergyman who hunts and a hunting clergyman; yet he does not give up the latter. "In my travels through life, I have heard some sneers against hunting parsons; but my idea is this, a hunting parson makes friends, a shooting parson makes enemies. A clerical friend of mine being disappointed at the death of a relation, said he should give up hunting and sell his horses. 'Do no such thing,' said a certain noble relation very high in the sporting world, 'stick to the brush, and it will get you a living.' *And so it did.*"

* Hunting Tour, p. 138.

It got "Billy Butler," vicar of Frampton, Dorset, the offer of an excellent living from George IV. when regent. But the royal favour was conciliated not by the gentleman's hard riding, but by his success in finding a fox in the open country, which enabled the prince to follow the hounds over the downs without hazarding his precious person in a leap. The story went that, soon after the liberal patron of Mr. Butler's living had rebuilt the parsonage, the bishop, during an episcopal progress, addressed him thus:—"So, sir, I hear you have got a new house. Have you got a new kennel too?"

Another bishop of the same sporting diocese drove over one Sunday morning from a neighbouring seat to attend divine service at a parish church which shall remain nameless. Seeing a gentleman in black entering the vestry door, he requested to know at what hour the service commenced. "We throw off at eleven," was the reply. Rather taken aback, his lordship asked, "Pray, sir, are you the officiating clergyman?" "Why, yes, I tip them the word."

In the case which decided that a trespass in fox-hunting could not be justified on the ground that the killing of vermin was the object, the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Capel was the defendant.

Fielding's Parson Supple got a living by being always at hand to fetch Squire Western's tobacco-box or get drunk with him; yet we should hardly recommend a young friend, fresh from ordination, to adopt this particular mode of obtaining preferment. By a parity of reasoning, we should not recommend him to stick to the brush because a living had been got by it. The logic of Nimrod's first proposition is also questionable. Does it follow that a non-hunting parson must be a shooting one?

The medical profession furnishes its quota of enthusiasts, and many highly honourable traits are

recorded of them. The following for example: — A medical gentleman, by the name of Hansted, residing near Newbury, ordered his gardener to set a trap for some vermin that infested his garden. As ill luck would have it, a fox was found in it in the morning with his leg broken. On being taken to the doctor, he exclaimed, “Why did you not call me up in the night, that I might have set the leg?” Better late than never: he did set the leg; the fox recovered; and was killed in due form, after a capital run.

We presume it is hardly necessary to state, that English sportsmen deny the orthodoxy of the rule of the chace, as laid down by Rhoderic Dhu: —

“ Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend;
Whoever reck'd where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapp'd and slain?”

A farmer within the limits of Mr. Farquharson's hunt, being accused of killing a fox, was not allowed to dine at the farmer's ordinary until he had established his innocence.

There are two perfectly distinct principles on which fox-hunting is upheld by its votaries; independently of its use in clearing the country of vermin, which is rendered somewhat problematical by the fact just mentioned. The one is its levelling tendency. “It is a sort of Saturnalian amusement (says Ninrod) in which all ranks and privileges are set aside; and he that has the best horse and the best nerve takes the precedence for the day. A butcher's boy, upon a pony, may throw the dirt in the face of the first duke in the kingdom. This, *though little thought of*, is one of the many advantages arising from a land of liberty.” The other was expounded by Sir Hussey (the first Lord) Vivian, during the game-law debate: — “I own I am proud of sporting; and the greatest commander the world ever had, has declared that he

found the men who followed the hounds brave and valiant soldiers."

In the printed Journal of a serjeant in one of the Peninsular regiments, it is recorded that the only good meal which had fallen to the lot of the writer during many weeks was when he was set to break biscuit for the commander-in-chief's hounds. Had it been known that they were kept on Sir Hussey's principle, the censure produced by the serjeant's narrative might have been averted.

Whatever weight might have been due to the democratic argument originally, it seems clear that modern fox-hunters will soon be driven to rest their case almost exclusively upon the military one; for the tendency of all the recent changes, or improvements as they are termed, undoubtedly has been to render the sport more and more inaccessible to the lower orders. It is all very fine to talk of a butcher's boy on a pony throwing dirt in the face of a duke, when it is a well-known acknowledged fact, that, to enable a man to see the whole of a good run, he ought to have two good hunters in the field. Our ancestors derived a great part of their gratification from seeing their dogs work, and "slow but sure" was a high commendation for a hound. Now, speed is the grand requisite; and the height of a huntsman's ambition is not to exhibit his skill by a succession of knowing casts; or to show off the sagacity or mutual understanding of his pack, but to run his fox fifteen or sixteen miles, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, without a check. "We have had a quick thing last week," writes a Meltonian to his father; "eight miles point blank, in twenty-six minutes. If I had not had a second horse posted (luckily) halfway, I could not have seen it."

Another "quick thing" is mentioned by Nimrod. He tells us that the horse he rode had just been winning

hunter stakes — there were no impracticable fences in the way — and he only lost two or three minutes in getting round a wall; yet he never caught sight of the pack till he ascended a rising ground, from which he could just see them more than a mile a-head, running into their fox. When Shaw, the huntsman, came up, he pulled out his watch, and exclaimed, “Beat two miles in twenty-two minutes by G—!”

When thus conducted, fox-hunting is little better than a steeple chase; and a noble earl, highly distinguished in the sporting world, once naïvely owned that he thought the hounds “a great bore;” which reminds us of the remark of a well-known *habitué* of the opera — who attended it solely to gossip and pay visits — that it might be greatly improved by leaving out the singing. The hounds also seem to be of opinion, that, if nothing were wanted but a gallop across country, they could dispense with foxes; for Mr. Corbet’s pack, a very celebrated one, “ran a cur dog an hour, *best pace*, and killed him.” Nimrod assures us that this was not at all discreditable to them.

It is probably with a view to the more essential change that the point of honour has been varied. The best man at present is he who goes best through the first part of the run; and in the regular hunting countries the successful competitor would as soon think of asking for the huntsman’s scalp as for the brush. “I once did see, and in one of the crack countries,” says Nimrod, “a man ride over a fence into the middle of hounds, as they were in the act of worrying their fox; and on the owner of them asking him why he did so, he replied that he wanted the brush.” “You shall have the brush, sir,” said the master of the pack, “and let it serve you for the rest of your life. Take off that red coat when you get home, and never come a hunting again.”

To understand the degree of nerve required by a

hard rider, it is necessary to bear in mind the nature of the country (Leicestershire) in which the chief performers have distinguished themselves. It abounds in brooks, and has the ordinary complement of rails, stiles, and gates ; but the ox and bulfinch fences are its peculiar distinctions. The ox fence consists of, first, a wide ditch, then a sturdy blackthorn hedge, and, at least two yards beyond that, a strong rail, about four feet high. The bulfinch fence is a quickset hedge of perhaps fifty years' growth, with a ditch on one side or the other, and so high and strong that horses cannot clear it. The sportsman charging this at nearly full speed, succeeds in getting to the other side, when the bushes close after him and his horse, and there is no more appearance of their transit than if a bird had hopped through.* How he and his horse preserve their eyes, is a problem which the uninitiated are left to solve for themselves.

It must be admitted that as much contempt of danger may be shown in following hounds across obstacles of this kind, as in mounting a breach ; and the publications before us, *Nimrod's* in particular, abound with instances of extraordinary coolness, dogged determination, and intrepidity. Who can doubt for a moment that the gentleman commemorated in the following narrative, had he chanced to serve under Picton or Ponsonby at Waterloo, would have been found in the thickest of the fray ?—

“ If I were asked who it was that had shown the greatest contempt for the consequence of a bad fall that ever came under my observation, I should have no hesitation in saying, it was a gentleman by the name of Stanhope, who was on a visit to Sir Bellingham Graham when he hunted the Atherstone country. On the Friday his horse fell with him and hurt his shoulder, but nothing was broken or displaced.

* *The Chase, the Turf, and the Road*, p. 22.

The consequence was, he came out on the following Monday with his arm in a sling. We found a fox in the finest part of Sir Bellingham's Leicestershire country, and killed in fifteen minutes, during which Mr. Stanhope was in a very good place. Having had the pleasure of meeting him a few evenings before at Sir Bellingham's, I asked him if he did not find it very awkward to ride with only one hand, when he assured me he found little difficulty with the horse he was then riding, as he was so very temperate, and had never given him a fall. 'That is dangerous to boast of,' said I to him; and here the conversation ended. We found another fox, and had a fine run of an hour and ten minutes, and killed. About the middle of it we came to a brook, which we all got well over with the exception of Stanhope, who unfortunately pitching on a turn in the bank, and disdaining to look, did not clear it, and his horse threw him with great violence on the opposite side. I saw him lying on the ground, apparently as dead as if he had been shot at Waterloo; and it was upwards of five minutes before he showed any signs of returning animation. On getting back to Sir Bellingham's house — having been blooded at Bosworth — all necessary measures were taken, and the doctor would fain have persuaded Mr. Stanhope that some ribs were broken. He had a short husky cough, and two or three other directing symptoms which seldom mislead a skilful apothecary; but he resisted all such insinuations, and assured him he should be well in a few days; and the Quorn hounds coming within reach on the following Thursday, he went to meet them, still having his arm in a sling!

"In the course of this day's sport, some of the party, among whom was Mr. Stanhope, got into a corner of a field, and were pounded. What is not very usual in this country, one of the hardest riders in England had dismounted, and was trying to pull off the top bar of a flight of rails, which did not otherwise appear practicable. 'Let me try,' said Mr. Stanhope, 'I am on a good one.' The sequel was, he rode at it and got a tremendous fall. On seeing him lying on the ground, Sir Bellingham rode up to him, and said — 'Now, I tell you what, Stanhope, you are a good one, but by G—d you shall ride no more to-day! Go to Leicester and put yourself into your carriage, and get to town as quick as you can, and get cured!' He took his friend's advice, and

when he arrived there Mr. Heaviside found that he had two ribs broken, and his breast-bone beaten in!! This, we may also say, is not a bad sort of man to breed from."

It would seem that Sir Bellingham was much more likely to give such advice than to follow it.

"As is the case with most hard-riding men, Sir Bellingham Graham has had some severe falls; but on two occasions he very narrowly escaped destruction. The following rare instance of his pluck, however, should not be lost to the sporting world. He was killing his fox at the end of a sharp thing, when an ox fence presented itself. Three first-rate performers were going in the same line, but they would not have it. Sir Bellingham never turned his horse, and cleared all but the rail on the opposite side, which probably his weight would have broken; but unfortunately his horse alighted on one of the posts, and was turned over on his rider's chest. Strange as it may appear, Sir Bellingham remounted his horse, and rode on; but he had not proceeded many yards when he was observed by Sir Harry Goodricke to be in the act of falling to the ground, but which he was fortunate enough to prevent. From that period—about twelve o'clock at noon till nine o'clock the next night—Sir Bellingham never knew what had happened to him; and as he lay under the haystack—whither his friends removed him at the time of the accident—every moment was expected to be his last. The pith of the story, however, is yet to come. He was bled three times the first day, and confined to his bed five. On the seventh, to the utter surprise, and indeed annoyance, of his friends, he was seen in his carriage at Scraptoff, merely, as he said, "to see his hounds throw off." The carriage not being able to get up to the spinney, Sir Bellingham mounted a quiet old horse (placed there, no doubt, for the purpose), muffled up in a rough great-coat and a shawl, and looked on. The fox was found; and, unfortunately for Sir Bellingham, took a short ring, but returned, and his hounds came to a check close to where he was sitting upon his horse. Will Beck, the huntsman *pro tempore*, not being up with his hounds, the baronet cast them and recovered his fox. In three fields they checked again, and Beck made a slow but by no means a brilliant cast. Sir

Bellingham saw all this from the hill; and, no longer a looker-on, he cantered down the hill, and hit off his fox again. Things still went on but awkwardly. Another error was observed; when Sir Bellingham—annoyed that a large field should be disappointed of their sport when there was a possibility of having it—taking a horn from a whipper-in (for he could not speak to them) got to work again.

“The hounds mended their pace: down went the shawl in the middle of a field. They improved upon it: down went the rough great-coat in another field. He then stuck to his hounds in a long hunting run of an hour and a half over a very strongly fenced country, and had gotten his fox dead beat before him, when he was halloo’ed away by one of his own men to a fresh fox under the Newton hills.

“Now, what was to be done? The excitement that had carried him thus far was gone, and it was all but who-whoop. With every appearance of exhaustion, and a face as pale as if he were dead, he sat himself down on a bank, and faintly exclaimed, ‘How I am to get home, heaven only knows!’”

Mr. Henry Kingscote was riding a horse with one eye. The eye inflamed in the course of the run, and the horse became incapable of seeing any but upright objects; so that, whenever the ditch was on his side of the fence, he was certain to be down, as his master soon became perfectly aware. He had eleven bad falls, yet got to the end of the run before the hounds had worried their fox.

Mr. Assheton Smith (*the Tom Smith of the sporting circles*) was a perfect glutton in his line. It was computed that he had from sixty to one hundred falls a-year. He was once riding against Mr. John White, who arrived first at the only practicable place in a fence, but being unable to clear it, got what is called well bulfinched, and stuck fast. “Get on,” said Mr. Smith. “I can’t,” said Mr. White. “Ram the spurs into him,” exclaimed Mr. Smith, “and pray get out of the way.” “If you are in such a

hurry," said Mr. White, "why don't you charge me?" Mr. Smith did charge him, and sent him and his horse into the next field, when away they went again as if nothing had happened.

It seems that Mr. Smith's horses are trained to stop at nothing, for once, when he was turning round in the act of encouraging his dogs, his gallant steed carried him into the middle of a deep pond. Like master like man — Jack Shirley, Mr. Smith's whipper-in, was once seen galloping over a piece of broken ground, downhill, and with the horse's head quite loose, whilst busily engaged in putting a new lash to his whip, and holding a large open claspknife between his teeth!

One of Mr. Lambton's whippers-in rode over a very high timber fence into a road, merely to turn hounds. Such was the force of the concussion, that the horse was unable to keep his legs, and fell floundering on his head. The rider, however, stuck to him, hanging at one time by his spurs, but he never ceased hallooing, "Get away, get away, hounds!"

Another of these gentlemen had met with a good many falls in his time, but was never hurt in any of them: one unlucky day his horse fell with him, and rolling him (to borrow Nimrod's expression) as a cook would a pie-crust, nearly flattened all the prominences of his body. Getting up, and limping after his steed, he was heard muttering to himself— "Well, *now* I be hurt!"

A third described his horse as a dunghill brute, because, not content with tumbling, "he lies on me for half an hour when he is down."

A fourth had the following colloquy with Nimrod: — "Why, sir, I have been very roughly handled. I have broke three ribs on one side, and two on t'other; both collar bones; one thigh; *and been scalped*. You remember Sir Watkins' Valentine?" — "To be sure,

as vicious a brute as ever had a saddle on."—"Well, sir, he tumbled me down just as we were coming away with a fox from Marchviel gorse, and kicked me on the head till the skin hung down all over my eyes and face; and do you know, sir, when I gets to Wrexham, I faints from loss of blood."

As a remarkable instance of presence of mind, we may mention the manner in which Stephen, Mr. Newton Fellowes' huntsman, extricated himself. Stephen charged the fence at the end of Mr. Buller's park; but when his horse got upon the banks, he found that, instead of "going in and out clever," if he once got in he should never come out, as the drop into the road was tremendous, and the road was newly covered with stone. Dreadnought (the horse) was not to be daunted; but Stephen, exclaiming *no go*, caught hold of the bough of a tree which fortunately hung over his head, and suffered his horse to leap from under him.

What greatly enhances the merit where the dandy genus are concerned, is the risk they run of spoiling their beauty by an accident.

"Billy Williamson was also out this day, and, I am sorry to add, met with a serious accident. We rode at a small fence into a road, when his horse fell, and threw him with much violence. Being close behind him, I was immediately aware that mischief had ensued; for on his horse and himself recovering their legs, one ran to the left, and the other to the right. There was something very frightful in the motions of Mr. Williamson; he ran wildly down the road, rubbing his head with his hand, for the space of fifty yards, and then fell to the ground. Mr. H—— and myself instantly approached him, when we found all the front teeth of his upper jaw gone, his mouth full of blood, and he complained much of his head. I understand he is all right again now, with a fresh set of ivories; but it is rather a cruel trick for the old dame to play so good-looking a young man, and just in the heyday of youth. I like, however, the way he spoke of the accident

afterwards: 'I would not,' he said, 'have taken a thousand pounds for my teeth; but I should not have cared so much for the loss of them, had the accident happened at the finish of a fine run.'

We are credibly informed, that there was a considerable decrease in the number of female travellers by the Southampton railway for some time after a lady lost her nose; and historians have recorded, that Pompey's young patricians swerved and got disordered when Cæsar's veterans aimed at their faces. Perhaps it is the thought of Mr. Williamson's mishap that makes so many of our young Meltonians rejoice in the commencement of a frost, and brighten up, instead of growing melancholy, when cover after cover has been tried without finding. It would be curious to know how many of them think they have done enough for honour, when their clever hack, superb hunter, and well-appointed groom, have caught the attention of the field.

It has been remarked, that nothing tends so much to make a field select as "a good rasping brook," like the Whissendine; for, if the horse falls, he generally falls backwards with his master under him; and the prospect of a good ducking is enough to cool the courage of all but the most ardent. It is, notwithstanding, by no means an uncommon occurrence for sportsmen to clear a brook five or six yards broad; and Mr. Mytton, the most dare-devil rider of his day, once leaped one measuring more than seven yards — the space actually covered being nine yards and a quarter. What makes this exploit the more extraordinary, it was performed in cold blood on his return from hunting. He afterwards backed the same horse, Baronet, to clear nine yards over hurdles; but he performed the task so often before the appointed time, that he refused it then, and lost his master the bet.

It stands recorded amongst the annals of Melton, that a wager of a hundred guineas was made between Lord Alvanley and Mr. Maher, that each did not leap over a brook of six yards width, without disturbing the water. Both cleared the brook, but Lord Alvanley's horse threw back a bit of dirt into the water, and he thereby lost the bet. This is a curious exemplification of the verbal nicety to which the members of the Jockey Club, far exceeding special pleaders, restrict themselves. Like Mrs. Battle at whist, they invariably insist on the rigour of the game.

Mr. Blaine says, that he himself saw a huntsman of the late Sir William Rowley clear twenty-four feet across a stream.

If the horse leaps short, the rider stands little chance of sympathy. When "the famous Dick Knight" hunted Northamptonshire, he rode over a wide and deep brook at the same time that a reverend gentleman was floating down it, having been landed (an odd mode of landing) in the middle. "The gentleman swims like a cork," said Dick, without ever thinking of assisting him.

The best bit in Nimrod's spirited sketch of a run at Melton, is the crossing of that far-famed brook the Whissendine, the Rubicon of the Cæsars of the chase:

"Yooi, over he goes!—halloos the squire (Mr. Osbaldistone) as he perceives Marmion and Maida plunging into the stream, and Red Rose shaking herself on the opposite bank. Seven men out of thirteen take it in their stride; three stop short, their horses refusing the first time, but come well over the second; and three find themselves in the middle of it. The gallant 'Frank Forester' is among the latter; and having been requested that morning to wear a friend's new red coat to take off the gloss and glare of the shop, he accomplishes the task to perfection in the bluish-black mud of the Whissendine, only then subsiding after a three days' flood. 'Who is that under his horse in the brook?' inquires

that good sportsman and fine rider, Mr. Greene of Rolleston, whose noted old mare had just skimmed over the water like a swallow on a summer's evening. — 'It's Middleton Biddulph,' says one. 'Pardon me,' cries Mr. Middleton Biddulph; 'Middleton Biddulph is here, and here he means to be!' — 'Only Dick Christian,' answers Lord Forester, 'and it is nothing new to him.' — 'But he'll be drowned!' exclaims Lord Kinnaird. — 'I shouldn't wonder,' observes Mr. William Coke; 'but the pace is too good to inquire.'”*

The Dick Christian, whose probable fate gave so little concern, is a celebrated rough-rider, who rides young horses with hounds, at the very moderate rate of fifteen shillings a-day.

Walls, to common apprehensions, are still more dangerous than brooks; but Irish horses and riders face them with the most perfect indifference. At the great horse fairs of Ballinasloe, the parish pound, six feet in height, forms the trial leap for the high-priced horses; and Mr. Blaine mentions an Irish half-bred mare that leaped a wall of seven feet high, built for the purpose, in the Phœnix Park. In 1792, an Irish horse, the property of Mr. Bingham, cleared the wall of Hyde Park at a place where it was six feet and a half high on the inside, and eight without. This was a standing leap, and was performed twice, a few bricks being displaced the second time. Mr. Mytton is said to have once leaped a gate seven feet in height on a horse purchased of Nimrod for five hundred guineas. An anecdote related of this gentleman, leads to an inference that there is such a thing as Dutch courage in hunting as well as in fighting:

“In most other countries,” says Nimrod, “if a man wishes to anticipate his friend's performance for the day, the ques-

* The Chase, the Turf, and the Road, p. 56. The great mistake of this sketch is the designation given to the supposed provincial. Surely the high-bred members of the Melton Club are not in the habit of calling every well-mounted stranger, *Suob*.

tion he would ask would be—What horse do you ride? Not so, however, in Shropshire. There are two or three of my friends in that sporting and most hospitable country, to whom the most likely question whereby to elicit the truth would be, not what horse do you ride to-day, but what have you had to drink? The fact is, the fences come very quick in Shropshire, and a little jumping-powder is often found useful; so, going into the public-house at Nescliffe, by way of a beginning, I put the following question to the landlord: ‘How much brandy has Mr. Mytton had this morning?’—‘None, sir,’ was the reply; ‘I cannot swallow that,’ said I.—‘It is true, I assure you,’ said Boniface. ‘What else has he had then?’ I resumed.—‘Some egged ale, sir.’—‘Ah!’ said I, ‘some of your Shropshire squires, like many others, want a little *egging* on, now and then?’”

In enumerating the dangers of fox-hunting, that of fording or swimming rivers well deserves a place. By a strange coincidence, three gentlemen were drowned on the same day in different parts of the country, whilst gallantly endeavouring to get to hounds—Mr. Edwards, Mr. Walbram, and the Rev. Marmaduke Theakstone. In speculating on the untimely fate of the parson, Nimrod is led into a curious error—

“Mr. Theakstone, it is evident, was a swimmer, but there is every reason to believe that the weight of his clothes sank him at last; and, in the moment of alarm, he had not the presence of mind to relieve himself by floating on his back, or by any of those expedients which expert swimmers have recourse to when they find themselves exhausted. Perhaps, however, situated as he was, these expedients would not have availed him; for, taking into consideration that the clothes a man wears when hunting cannot be estimated at less than ten pounds when dry, it may be fairly concluded that when wet, with the addition of water in the boots, pockets, &c., this weight must be more than doubled. Conceive then, a man swimming perhaps in dead water, with more than twenty-four pounds’ dead weight hanging about him, all

verging to the bottom, and opposing his efforts to sustain himself on the surface!"

Does this clever writer require to be informed that water cannot add to weight in water; or that the weight of a swimmer's clothes, over and above that of the water displaced by them, is the only additional burden they inflict upon him, though they may fatally check the free movement of his limbs? This little mistake as to the nature of specific gravity, however, in no respect affects the soundness of his advice when he comes to talk of the best mode of swimming a horse. He recommends the rider to quit the saddle, keep his body immersed, and hold fast by the mane.

Sir Walter Scott relates, that when he read the description of the hunt in the "Lady of the Lake" to Laidlaw, the honest yeoman listened with intense interest and in deep silence, till they came to the part where the hounds plunge into the lake to follow FitzJames; when he shook his head, and exclaimed, that the dogs must be irretrievably ruined by being allowed to take the water after such a run. We once heard a criticism elicited much in the same manner. The passage was that (in the "Lay,") where Deloraine pushes his horse into the Aill.

"At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke over the saddle-bow;
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen."

"Then it was all over with him," exclaimed our friend; "if the water broke over the saddle-bow, he must have lost his footing, and been swept down." With all due deference, he might have been saved by the very circumstances which the poet mentions as an additional difficulty:

"For he was barded from counter to tail,
And the rider was arm'd complete in mail."

A horse thus mounted and accoutred, would stem a rapid stream with comparative facility.

The safest, though hardly the pleasantest, mode of crossing a river, is to follow the example of a Staffordshire gentleman when hunting with the late Mr. Meynell,—“the great Mr. Meynell,” as he is still designated in the sporting world. He pulled off his coat and waistcoat before taking water. Lord Forester, who had got round by a bridge, asked a countryman whether he had seen the hounds: “Oh, yes, I see’d ’em; but you will never see ’em no more; they have been gone this quarter of an hour.” “Who was with them?” said his lordship. “No one but the miller,” was the reply, “and he was riding most ’nation hard, to be sure.” This proved to be Mr. G. in his shirt.

Lord Byron makes Don Juan no mean performer:—

“And now in this new field, with some applause,
He clear’d hedge, ditch, and double fence and rail,
And never *craned*, and made but few *faux pas*,
And only fretted when the scent ’gan fail.
He broke, ’tis true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting; for the sagest youth is frail;
Rode o’er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o’er several country gentlemen.”

To the word *craned* is appended this note:

“To *crane* is, or was, an expression used to denote a gentleman’s ‘stretching out his neck over a hedge—to look before he leaped;’ a pause in his ‘vaulting ambition,’ which in the field doth occasion some delay and execration in those who may be immediately behind the equestrian sceptic. ‘Sir, if you don’t choose to take the leap, let me!’ was a phrase which generally sent the aspirant on again, and to good purpose; for, though ‘the horse and rider’ might fall, they made a gap, through which, and over him and his steed, the field might follow.”

The late Lord Spencer was *craning* at a *rasper* which “the celebrated Dick Knight” had just cleared. “Come along, my lord,” said Dick, looking back;

“the more you look, the less you’ll like it.” The late Lord Forester neglected the precaution, and found himself in the middle of a pond. “Hold your tongue,” was his reproof to a countryman who was calling for help, “we shall have it full in a minute.” Unless we are much mistaken, this scene has been the foundation of a sketch, representing an Irishman, who is made the hero, so placed that the next comer must infallibly alight upon his head.

As to the peccadilloes attributed to Don Juan, the most practised sportsmen are almost daily guilty of them. A friend of Nimrod accounts for having his arm in a sling by stating, that seventeen men had ridden over him; and (*horrescimus referentes*) we have heard that the Duke of Wellington, when hunting in Hampshire, saw no less than eight pair of glittering hoofs fly over him whilst he lay *perdu* in a ditch — no bad parallel to Blucher’s mishap at Ligny.

Riding over dogs is deemed a much more serious offence; yet, considering the impatience and inexperience of the greater portion of the field, the wonder is that the pack are not decimated every time they throw off. The horsemen may possibly be induced to wait until five or six couple have settled upon the scent; but the rest must scramble after as they best may; and nothing more strongly illustrates the speed and spirit of a fox-hound than the style in which he threads the throng, and dashes onwards to overtake his comrades.

An old captain in the navy was once, at his particular request, taken by the late Lord Rivers to witness a coursing match. The moment a hare was found, he put his horse to full speed and endeavoured to ride her down — “What the deuce have you been about?” — exclaimed his friend, as the captain rejoined the party after a fruitless gallop. “Trying to catch the hare, to be sure — what else are we here

for? — and if all of you had done as I did, we should have had her before this time!”

Many is the red-coated horseman who might well be suspected of the same directly hostile intentions towards the fox. “Pray, sir, do you think you can catch him yourself?” — said Mr. Ward to one of these heroes. — “No, sir.” — “Then please to move out of the way, and let my hounds try.”

“Take care of the hounds, sir!” said Watty Wilkinson to a dandy. — “Oh! my horse never kicks.” — “Perhaps not, but he may tread on their tails.”

Mr. Corbet was remarkable for the cutting politeness of his intimations. “Killed the best hound in my pack, *that's* all,” — was his sole remark to the offender as he galloped past him. When another hound was ridden over, and he did not know by whom, he rode about the field with, “They've killed me a favourite hound, sir: you don't happen to know who did it?”

A sort of ascending scale is given by Mr. Beckford — a *hold hard* having proved ineffective. “I beg, sir, you will stop your horse.” — “Pray, sir, stop.” — “God bless you, sir, stop! —” “God d——n your blood, sir, stop your horse!” *

Mr. Nicholl's famous retort is well known. A gentleman not liking such language, said — “I tell you what it is, Mr. Nicholl, I don't come out here to be d——d.” “Then go home and be d——d!”

When it is remembered that, according to Mr. Beckford, hounds may be driven miles before the scent, by persons riding close upon them, a reasonable degree of warmth may be excused.

These books contain a great deal of advice as to the best mode of relieving or assisting the horse; and neither Mr. Blaine nor Nimrod entertains the slight-

* It will be remembered that Mr. Beckford wrote nearly eighty years since, and that fox-hunters do not now swear more than other people.

est doubt that the animal may be prevented from falling, or partially lifted to his leap, by a judicious management of the bridle. A little book, however, has recently been published, in which it is confidently contended, that not merely hunting-men, but equestrians in general, have conceived a very exaggerated, if not entirely unfounded notion of a rider's capabilities in this respect; and as the speculation has attracted less notice than its ingenuity well merits, we will take the opportunity of extracting the pith of it. The author is Lieutenant-Colonel Greenwood, late of the Life Guards, confessedly one of the best riders and smartest cavalry officers in the service:—

“How often do we hear a man assert that he has taken his horse up, between his hands and legs, and lifted him over a fence; that he has recovered his horse on the other side, or that his horse would have fallen with him forty times if he had not held him up! These are vulgar errors and mechanical impossibilities. Could ten men, with handspikes, lift the weight of a horse? Probably. Attach the weight to the thin rein of a lady bridle! Could a lady lift it with the left hand? I think not, though it is commonly supposed she could. A pull from a curb will, indeed, give the horse so much pain in the mouth that he will throw his head up; and this so flatters the hand that its prowess has saved him, that the rider exclaims, ‘It may be impossible, but it happens every day. Shall I not believe my own senses?’ The answer is, ‘No, not if it can be explained how the senses are deceived; otherwise we should still believe, as, till some few centuries ago the world did believe, that the diurnal motion was in the sun, and not in the earth.’

“But these errors are not harmless errors. They induce an ambitious interference with the horse at the moment in which he should be left unconfused to the use of his own energies. If by pulling, and giving him pain in the mouth, you force him to throw up his head and neck, you prevent his seeing how to foot out any unsafe ground, or where to take off at a fence: and, in the case of stumbling, you prevent an action dictated alike by nature and philosophy. When

an unmounted horse stumbles, nature teaches him to drop his head and neck; philosophy teaches us the reason of it. During the instant that his head and neck are dropping, the shoulders are relieved from their weight, and that is the instant that the horse makes his effort to recover himself. If, by giving him pain in his mouth, you force him to raise his head and neck instead of sinking them, his shoulders will still remain encumbered with the weight of them:—more than this, as action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions, the muscular power employed to raise the head and neck will act to sink his knees.”

At the same time it is not denied that a horse may be lifted by the rider. On the contrary, the precise principle on which this apparent impossibility may be affected is explained: but it is clear, from the explanation, that not one rider out of a hundred could or would save or lift his horse in the only manner in which the power in question could be applied.

“ The question, whether a jockey can mechanically assist his horse, does not rest on the same footing. I believe he can. Thus, if a man sits astride a chair, with his feet off the ground, and clasps the chair with his legs, by the muscular exertion of his lower limbs he can jump the chair along. The muscular force is there employed on the foreign fulcrum, the ground, through the medium of the legs of the chair.

“ Chifney, and perhaps one or two first-rate jockeys, may attempt this at the end of a race for the last four or five strokes, for no strength would stand it longer; but woe to the moderate jockey who attempts it at all! For without the nicest tact in timing the operation, the confusion, overbalancing, swerving, and shifting of legs, resulting from it, would lose the best horse his race.”

The huntsman, we need hardly say, is far the most important person in the field; and many masters of fox-hounds, unwilling to delegate so high an authority or abdicate so enviable a rank, have taken the entire duties of the office upon themselves. The late Duke

of Cleveland hunted his own hounds for more than thirty years ; and with the view of keeping up his influence amongst them, regularly enacted the part of feeder too. This raises the question, whether the highest excellence in this department can ever be attained by a gentleman ; and Nimrod, with all his admiration for such artists as the Duke of Cleveland, Mr. Ralph Lambton, Mr. Nicholl, Mr. Musters, and others, finds it no easy matter to make out the affirmative. John Kemble used to say, that he never saw an amateur actor who was worth above thirteen shillings a-week at Covent Garden or Drury Lane ; and though the comparative inferiority is not so great in the walk we are considering, the true state of the matter was pretty strongly indicated in the remark made by a "professional" on Mr. Ralph Lambton : "He hunts very well for a gentleman." We much doubt whether the Duke of Cleveland ever had his hounds so completely under command as Sir Bellingham Graham's feeder :

"He throws open the door of the feeding-house, and stands at a certain distance from it himself. He draws a certain number of hounds, calling them by their names. He then turns his back upon the open doorway, and walks up and down the troughs, ordering back such hounds as he thinks have fed sufficiently. During this time not a hound stirs beyond the sill of the open door. One remarkable instance of discipline presented itself on this day. Vulcan, the crowning ornament of the dog-pack, was standing near the door, waiting for his name to be called. I happened to mention it, though rather in an under-tone ; then in he came, and licked Sir Bellingham's hand ; but though his head was close to the trough, and the grateful viands smoking under his nose, he never attempted to eat ; but on his master saying to him, 'Go back, Vulcan, you have no business here,' he immediately retreated, and mixed with the hungry crowd."

Another pack is mentioned, so completely under

command, that, when the huntsman stands in front and calls out *bitches*, all the hounds of the female gender move to the front.

A good huntsman ought to know, not only the names and physiognomy, but the power and disposition, of each individual hound. Another essential requisite is a voice strong, clear, and melodious. To assist him as much as possible, care must be taken that the names of the hounds be such as can be spoken or sung out with facility. "The naming of hounds," says a scientific inquirer, "is somewhat under metrical control; for it is not only confined to words of two and three syllables, but their quantity, or rather their time, must be consulted. For example, a dactyle, as Lucifer, answers for the latter, but who could halloo to Aurora? A trochee or iambus is necessary for the former; the spondee dwelling too long on the tongue to be applied smartly to a hound."*

Mr. Blaine has given a list of four or five hundred names to choose from; and Nimrod thus justifies the use of the more sentimental and complimentary of the appellatives in ordinary use:

"There is Venus the goddess herself, and there is Beauty; and Rosamond, among the poets, is an appellative expressive of female beauty. It may be said, I degrade the characters of female beauty when I apply it to a dog; but I should deny the charge, and answer, that a fox-hound bitch displays it second only to a woman; for what is the basis of what we call beauty? Is it not shape and spirit, combined with an elegant carriage? Did not Æneas know Venus by her walk? Nothing can be more elegant than the gait of an English fox-hound, when cast in a perfect mould."

If gentlemen will talk in this manner, they really must not be surprised if the ladies sometimes exhibit

* "Encyclopædia Britannica," seventh edition.—Art. *Hound*.

slight symptoms of instinctive jealousy. A whipper-in is mentioned, who, when two of his canine favourites were commended, made answer: "Why, yes, sir, I always thought them two very genteel hounds!"

Naturalists may be interested in knowing that constant breeding "in-and-in," does not answer much better with fox-hounds than with Spanish grandees. Pedigree is highly prized; but an occasional admixture of plebeian, or, at any rate, foreign blood, is found advantageous to keep up the size and spirit of the race.

The whipper-in ranks next to the huntsman; and we shall quote a short biographical sketch of one who has done most to elevate the vocation — the famous Tom Moody, the hero of the hunting song, whose career is thus related by "Martingale:"

"Tom Moody was a poor boy, the son of a poor widow. He was born at Brosely, in Shropshire, near the residence of Mr. George Forester of Willey, who then hunted the Shropshire country. Tom, when a lad, was employed by a maltster of the name of Adams, who resided at Brosely, to carry out malt. Among the customers of this maltster was Mr. Forester. One day, Tom — who little knew how much would hang upon the events of that day — had taken two sacks of malt upon the back of a horse to Willey, which he carefully delivered. In returning home, he came to a gate adjoining the park, and tried to leap his horse over it: he made many attempts, and failed; but — determined to accomplish his purpose, evincing, at the same time, the resolution and energy which distinguished his future career — he at length succeeded, and rode his horse clear over the gate. This extraordinary proceeding on the part of a mere boy, was accidentally witnessed by Mr. Forester. He was struck with his courage and perseverance, and made immediate inquiries who the lad was. He was told that it was the maltster's boy, and that his name was Moody. Mr. Forester, having marked him for his own, sent a messenger to ask Adams if he would part with the boy; and that he wanted

to see him at Willey. The maltster complied; but when his mother learned that Mr. Forester wanted to see him, she was sorely afraid that Tom had been committing himself, and trembled for the consequences. The result was, that Tom was engaged as stable-boy; and from his attention to his business, his courage in riding, and that extreme good-nature and kindness which always accompanied him, he was eventually made whipper-in, and placed under the direction of John Sewell, the huntsman. He was delighted with his post; and performed his duties in a manner so satisfactory, not only to his master, but to every one who hunted with the hounds, that the fame of Tom Moody, as the best whipper-in in England, spread far and wide. And Tom was, undoubtedly the best whipper-in that ever mounted a horse. Like him, no one could bring up the tail end of the pack from the closest, the most extensive cover; like him, no one could preserve that equanimity of temper and of bearing, which drew around him the hearts of all; like him, no one could sustain the long burst of a long chase; like him, no one could manage his horse in such a manner as to present circumstances that, however difficult may have been his position, however numerous the obstacles which presented themselves—there, at the death of the fox, with every hound well up, and without tiring his horse, was Tom Moody!

“Unfortunately, the brightest day is liable to be dimmed by some obscuring cloud. Tom Moody—the observed of all observers in the chase—respected by all who shared in the pursuit of the fox, for his uniform civility and good-nature, even when the chance of success seemed hopeless, and disappointment the unavoidable consequence—Tom Moody was addicted to deep drinking. Famed in all the country around, and respected by all who witnessed the display of his many good and superior qualities, his good-nature paved the way for this sad and daily growing evil. Tom, however much he might have drank, was himself again whenever he got astride his horse; and, under these circumstances, was never thrown, and never fell off. For some reason or other, he was induced to leave his post at Willey; and for two seasons engaged himself to Mr. Corbet of Sunder, near Shrewsbury. At the expiration of that period, he returned to his old situation under Mr. Forester, with whom he continued to live for the remainder of his days.

“Tom Moody stood about five feet eight inches high. He was a strong muscular man; and possessed extraordinary personal courage and untiring resolution. He was much marked with the small pox; and had eyes as small and as quick as a ferret. He was a very superior horseman; and possessed a voice so shrill that his view-halloo could be heard at a mile’s distance. Though addicted to liquor, he was the best-tempered fellow in the world, and uniformly civil and obliging to everybody. He never reached, nor indeed did he wish to reach, the post of huntsman. He was never married, and could neither read nor write.”*

The circumstances of his death are detailed in a letter from his old master, which will form no inappropriate conclusion to this article. It is printed with its original peculiarity of abbreviation :

“D^r Chambers, — On Tuesday last died poor Tommy Moody, (as good for Rough and Smooth) as ever enter^d Wildman’s Wood. He died brave and honest, as he liv^d—Belov^d by all—Hat^d by none that ever knew him. I took his own orders as to his Will, Funeral, and every other thing that could be thought of. He died sensible, and fully collected as man ever did, and, in short, died Game at y^e last—For when he could hardly swallow, y^e poor old Lad took y^e farewell Glass for success to Fox-Hunting, and his poor old Master (as he term^d it,) for ever. I am sole Executor, and y^e Bulk of y^e Fortune is left to me—*Six-and-twenty Shillings real and bona fide Stirling Cash, free from all encumbrances, after every debt discharged to a Farthing.*—Noble deeds for Tom, you^{ll} say. The poor old Ladys at the Ring of Bells are to have a knot each, for remembrance of y^e poor old Lad.

“Salop papers will show you y^e whole ceremony of his Burial; but for fear you should not see that paper, I send it to you, as under —

“*Sportsmen attend.*—On Tuesday 29th Inst., was buried at Barrow, near Wenlock, Salop, Thomas Moody, y^e well-known whipper-in to G. Forester, Esq^s. Fox-Hounds for 20 years.—He had every Sporting Honor paid to his Memory.—He was carried to y^e grave by a proper number of Old

* “Sporting Scenes,” &c., by Martingale.

Earth Stoppers, and attend^d by many other Sporting Friends, who heartily mourn^d for him.

“Directly after the Corpse, followed his old favourite Horse, (which he alway called his old soul,) thus accoutred — carrying his last Fox’s Brush in y^e front of his Bridle — with his Cap, Whip, Boots, Spurs, and Girdle, across his saddle. The ceremony being over — *he (by his own desire) had three clear, rattling view Halloos given him over his grave :* and thus ended y^e Career of Poor Tom, who liv^d and died an honest Fellow, but, alas! a very wet one.

“I hope you and Family are well, and you^{ll} believe me, much yours,

“Willey, 5th Dec^r 1796.

“G. FORESTER.”

CODES OF MANNERS AND ETIQUETTE.

(FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, OCT., 1837.)

1. *Nuovo Galateo, di Melehiore Gioja, Autore del Trattato del Merito e delle Recompense.* Quarta Edizione Milanese. Milano: 1827.
2. *Die Regel von Höflichkeit, &c.* Wien: 1832.
3. *Code Civil, Manuel Complet de la Politesse, du Ton, des Manières de la Bonne Compagnie, &c.* Paris: 1832.
4. *L'Art de Briller en Société, ou Manuel de l'Homme du Monde, &c. &c.* Par P. C. et A. L. R., Membres de la Société Royale Académique des Sciences, et de plusieurs Sociétés Littéraires. 3me Edition. Paris: 1829.
5. *The Laws of Etiquette, or Short Rules and Reflections for Conduct in Society.* By a Gentleman. A New Edition. Philadelphia: 1836.
6. *Hints on Etiquette and the Usages of Society; with a Glance at Bad Habits.* By Αγωγος. Eleventh Edition. London: 1837.
7. *Instructions in Etiquette, &c. &c.* By James Pitt, Professor of Dancing and Fencing. Fourth Edition. London: 1836.
8. *The Philosophy of Manner, &c. &c.* By Αστειος. Glasgow: 1837.
9. *The Science of Etiquette.* By Αστειος. Twentieth Thousand. Glasgow: 1837.
10. *The True Science of Etiquette.* By ——. Glasgow: 1836.
11. *The Book of Etiquette; or the Whole Art of Politeness, &c.* By a Gentleman. Seventh Edition. London: 1837.
12. *Chesterfield Modernized; or the Book of Gentility, and the Why and Because of Polite Society.* By a Member of the Beef-steak Club. Sixth Edition. London: 1837.

13. *Kidd's Practical Hints on Etiquette, &c. &c.* London : 1837.
14. *The Book of Fashion.* By an Exclusive. New Edition. London : 1837.
15. *The Book of Refinement, &c.* New Edition. London : 1837.
16. *The Pocket-Book of Etiquette and Vade Mecum of the Observances of Society.* Liverpool : 1837.

“IN China,” says the Abbé de Marcy, “the government has always made it an object to maintain, not only at court and amongst the great, but amongst the people at large, a certain habit of politeness and courtesy. The Chinese have an infinity of books on this subject. One of these treatises contains more than 3000 articles. In it everything is prescribed with the greatest minuteness; the manner of saluting, of paying visits, of making presents, of writing letters, of giving entertainments, &c. These usages have the force of law; no one dares to infringe them. There is a particular tribunal at Peking, one of whose principal functions is to watch over all these observances.”

Judging from the heap of publications on our table, and the numerous editions they are stated (we believe, without much exaggeration) to have gone through, it would seem that the principal European nations, as well as America, are in a fair way to rival China in this peculiar department of letters and legislation; nor can we delay, without a glaring dereliction of duty, to notice a class of productions which are really exercising a widely-spread and by no means beneficial influence on the middle classes of this country. It was a bad sign for these when the manufacture of fashionable novels grew into a trade, and it became worth a publisher's while to offer a woman of title fifty or a hundred pounds for

liberty to prefix her name to a book, compiled with the aid of butlers and lady's-maids in the back recesses of his shop ; because the demand for this sort of trash betokened an unworthy and degrading eagerness, on the part of a large part of the community, to learn how lords and ladies ate, drank, dressed, and coquetted, and cull maxims of taste and gentility from the tawdry slipslop, made up of bad English and worse French, which passes current for the conversation of the aristocracy. But it is a still worse sign, and one well meriting the serious attention of the speculative, when these absurdities come to be framed into systems, and whole codes of regulations drawn up by artists, captains in the militia, stock-brokers, and dancing-masters, are "set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote" by the wives, sons and daughters of half the minor gentry and tradespeople in the land.

The French work, which stands third upon our list, has evidently suggested the best of those that stand after it ; and we are not at all surprised to find a mania of the kind originating in a country where society presents one great hotbed of vanity, and the master all-pervading passion is to pass for something greater than you are, or, *coûte qui coûte*, make people stare and talk about you. Whole scenes of Balzac's novels are occupied with the struggles of some "poor devil author," or artist, to support the appearance of a man of fashion on an income which would scarcely suffice to find an English exquisite in gloves ; and a recent writer on France, belonging to the liberal school of politics, relates as an illustration of the national character, that not long since a notary's clerk killed himself avowedly, because, having duly calculated and considered, he did not think it possible for him to be so great a man as Napoleon.

North America is entitled to walk first amongst

the imitators, or rather plagiarists, for a large portion of the Philadelphian code of manners is literally translated from the French. This, again, was natural enough; for a *parvenu* people bears a strong resemblance to a *parvenu* individual, and there is not a country in the world where social distinctions are more minute and vexatious, or precedence more rigidly enforced, than the United States, the very keystone of whose institutions is equality.

As for our brethren in the North, we are utterly at a loss to assign a motive for their rivalry; for of all the two-legged animals that Nature in her wisdom has incapacitated by hardness, uncouthness, and a total want of pliability in limb and feature, for the drawing-room, we know none more radically unfit than a canny Scotchman:

“Every point of national character is opposed to the pretensions of this luckless race, when they attempt to take on them a personage which is assumed with so much facility by their brethren of the Isle of Saints. Their pride heads them back at one turn, their poverty at another, their pedantry at a third, their *mauvaise honte* at a fourth; and with so many obstacles to make them bolt off the course, it is positively impossible they should win the plate. No, Harry, it is the grave folk in Old England who have to fear a Caledonian invasion—they will make no conquests in the world of fashion.”—*St. Ronan's Well*, vol. i. p. 336.

So said one who knew them well: yet Glasgow sends forth her copies of “The Science of Etiquette,” and “The Philosophy of Manner,” by thousands,—without counting a rather invidious commentary on one of them, in which the author states (probably the only authentic statement in the publication) that he and his predecessor having contemporaneously assisted in the domestic arrangements of “The Goat and Compasses,” he conceives himself to be equally entitled to authority. At the same time, it is undeniable that there is a great deal of good sense, with many valu-

able suggestions regarding manners and conduct, in these books, particularly in the "Code Civil," the American work, and the "Hints on Etiquette" by *Αγωγος*, whose claims to superior originality have recently been under the consideration of the Bench.

The German work is almost entirely filled with titles, formal modes of address, and ceremonial observances practised in the petty courts of Germany, where the technicalities of etiquette are honoured with a minute attention which would go far towards justifying the sarcasm of Kotzebue:*

"My uncle, the Court-marshal (says Edward, in 'Die Komödiantin aus Liebe') is an author. He has written a large volume on the shoulder-straps of pages, and another on the art of arranging card-tables. He is now occupied on his grand work, in eight volumes and 340 chapters, on etiquette. One of the chapters contains excellent rules as to the manner in which we should behave towards the prince's pointers."

Unfortunately no copy of this court-marshal's performance is discoverable, and little is to be culled from the "Regel von Höflichkeit" of the slightest interest or utility out of Germany.

The Italian work of Gioja belongs to a different class, and we hardly feel justified in mentioning it in company with such light and superficial productions. The "Nuovo Galateo," in short, is a grave philosophic treatise on the principles of politeness, applicable to all ages and countries alike. The author is obviously a man of learning, sense, and refinement, tolerably well qualified by previous habits and associations for the task †;

* Schiller's Court-marshal von Kalb, in *Kabale und Liebe*, can hardly be considered a caricature.

† M. Gioja is the author of two other works of reputation: "Filosofia della Statistica," and "Nuovo Prospetto delle Scienze Economiche." Mr. Babbage (one of the few who can afford to be strictly just in such matters) acknowledges that his theory of the Division of Labour had been anticipated by M. Gioja. See the "Economy of Machinery and

and in Italy his work enjoys a prescriptive reputation, in its own peculiar walk, little inferior to that of Blackstone on English law or Quintilian on Rhetoric. A critical examination of it would lead us far beyond the purpose of this article, which is simply to show by specimens, interspersed with some few comments, the general character and tendency of the instructions so bountifully supplied for those who are smitten with that last infirmity of noble minds, the ambition of succeeding in the drawingroom; and, incidentally, to contrast the varieties of national character the respective systems present.

We shall begin by endeavouring to form an estimate of the qualifications, destitute of which it were useless for man or woman to commence the study of etiquette, as the chances would be exceedingly small of their ever witnessing the practical results of their labours. The enumeration will not be very startling; but even should it have the effect of driving any considerable portion of aspirants to despair, we cannot say that the recollection of the pain inflicted in this manner will sit very heavy upon our pen.

The grand elements of success in English society are three:—rank, wealth, and celebrity of some sort—it matters comparatively little how gotten, or for what, so long as the possessor ranks amongst

“ the few

Or many (for the number's sometimes such,)
 Whom a good mien, especially if new,
 Or fame or name for wit, war, sense or nonsense
 Permits what'er they please, or did not long since.”

There is an old saying, that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. The rationale of this

Manufactures,” p. 176, and Preface, p. iv. M. Gioja's remarks on England must be read with many grains of allowance, as he was formerly engaged by Napoleon to write a book against us, and the information supplied to him for that purpose appears to constitute the sum total of his knowledge of our manners.

saying must be that some portion of the founder of a family's vulgarity will probably descend to his more immediate descendants who are brought up with him; and it is undeniably an advantage to be a member of a family which has been long enough in the class of gentry to have adopted their habits and modes of thinking in every respect. Birth may also exercise a considerable influence on manners in a way suggested by a popular novelist, who (in "Pelham") makes two of his characters discuss the question, whether illegitimacy presents an insuperable bar to a man's being perfectly a gentleman. They decide that it does not, provided the individual has self-respect and strength of mind sufficient to subdue any consciousness of inferiority, which would be fatal to that ease and independence of demeanour which are absolutely essential to the character. The same train of reasoning obviously applies to low birth or low connexions. Spirits of the higher order experience no sense of degradation on this account; and, when they themselves have once fairly ceased to think or care about it, the circumstance drops out of notice, and speedily comes to be forgotten or disregarded by the world. But others are haunted by the reflection eternally, and thereby contract a manner alternating between pride and humility, the very worst it is possible to have.

On the other hand, pride of birth will often lead a man to err on the side of stateliness, and so militate against blandness and courtesy. One of the strongest examples that can well be given is the late Mr. Huddleston, an amiable and accomplished gentleman, who believed himself to be lineally descended from Athelstane, and consequently entitled to take precedence of all, including the proudest nobles, who did not equally partake of the blood-royal of the heptarchy. Some of this excellent person's evidences

bore a strong resemblance to those of the Scotchman who, in proof of his own descent from the Admirable Creighton, was wont to produce an ancient shirt marked "A. C." in the tail, preserved, he said, as an heir-loom by the family; but Mr. Huddlestone's pedigree was admitted, and *Huddlestone* allowed to be an undeniable corruption of *Athelstane*, by many of the most distinguished amateur-readers of Gwyllim; amongst others, by a former Duke of Norfolk, who was sufficiently tenacious on such points. These two originals often met over a bottle to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees, and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Huddlestone was dining with the duke, the discussion was prolonged till the descendant of the Saxon kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the duke's desire, to re-establish him, but he sturdily repelled the proffered hand of the cadet — "Never," he hiccupped out, "shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddlestone was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard." "Well, then, my good old friend," said the good-natured duke, "I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddlestone, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world;" so saying the duke also took his place upon the floor.

In France, with the exception of the Faubourg St. Germain circle where alone the old French politeness and courtesy survive, the prejudice (as they term it) of birth is professedly despised; but it is notwithstanding amusing to mark the sensation excited by an old historic name at a *Chaussée d'Antin* ball, and the eagerness shown by the ultra-liberals to assume the distinctive token of nobility. *Béranger*, or de

Béranger (for at this moment we know not what to call him), has written a lively song by way of apology for the *de* which one fine morning was discovered before his name—

“ Hé quoi ! j'apprends que l'on critique
Le *de* que précède mon nom, ”—

but he has forgotten to explain how it got there, and the *refrain* or burthen “ *Je suis vilain, et très vilain,* ” does not come quite trippingly off.

In the German capitals the best society is essentially aristocratic, but the facility with which letters of nobility are granted goes far towards obviating the worst evils of exclusiveness. In Vienna, however, a *parvenu* would never dream of competing with the genuine nobles, and a Brummell would be an absolute impossibility.

Amongst the native Italians, society can hardly ever present itself as an object of ambition or a field for the gratification of vanity ; each order (except in Lombardy, where there is some approach to amalgamation) pays and receives visits within itself, whilst a spirit of languor and depression seems to weigh upon the whole. In fact it is so entirely anomalous that no general conclusions are deducible:—

“ Their moral is not your moral, their life is not your life, you would not understand it ; it is not English, nor French, nor German, which you would all understand. The conventual education, the cavalier servitude, the habits of thought and living, are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you live intimately with them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions which are at once sudden and durable (what you find in no other nation), and who actually have no society (what we would call so), as you may see by their come-

dies,—they have no real comedy, not even in Goldoni, *and that is because they have no society to draw it from.*”*

A notion, precise enough for our present purpose, of the constitution of American society, may be collected from the following just and sensible remarks, which we quote from the Preface to the Philadelphian book on etiquette:—

“ A writer who is popularly unpopular has remarked, that the test of standing in Boston is literary eminence ; in New York, wealth ; and in Philadelphia, purity of blood.

“ To this remark we can only oppose our opinion, that none of these are indispensable, and none of them sufficient. The society of this country, unlike that of England, does not court literary talent. We have cases in our recollection which prove the remark, in relation to the highest ranks, even of Boston. Wealth has no pretensions to be the standard anywhere. In New York, the Liverpool of America, although the rich may make greater display and *bruit*, yet all of the merely rich will find that there does exist a small and unchanging circle, whether above or below them ‘it is not ours to say,’ yet completely apart from them, into which they would rejoice to find entrance, and from which they would be glad to receive emigrants.

“ Whatever may be the accomplishments necessary to render one capable of reaching the highest platform of social eminence—and it is not easy to define clearly what they are—there is one thing, and one alone, which will enable any man to retain his station there, and that is, *good breeding*. Without it we believe that literature, wealth, and even blood, will be unsuccessful. By it, if it co-exists with a certain capacity of affording pleasure by conversation, any one, we imagine, could frequent the very best society in every city of America, and perhaps the very best alone.”

We perfectly concur in the concluding remarks, which are equally applicable to England. Celebrity will always raise its possessor in the estimation of his

* See a letter from Lord Byron, quoted in a note to “Beppo,” in the last edition of his works.

own immediate circle, including the highest; and men of hereditary rank are, therefore, constantly seen striving for literary distinction; but the utmost it can do for one who, without birth or connexion, aspires to mingle with the aristocracy of a large metropolis, is to give him an introduction. If his manners suit those of his new associates, and his means are sufficient to enable him to fall in with their habits and mode of living without restraint—if, above all, he shows no consciousness of inferiority, and invariably respects himself, he will gradually come to be considered a regular member of their society. If not, he must be content at the end of his first season to fall back upon the circle from which he started, and console himself by railing at the ignorance, prejudice, and superciliousness of the higher classes.

Mere wealth can do little, unless it be of magnitude sufficient to constitute celebrity. The four or five richest *parvenus* at any given period may gain a precarious footing in the fine world, with the aid of patrons and patronesses; whilst hundreds of rich families are struggling for an admission ticket without success. As to the amount of income it is imperative on the aspirant to possess, Mr. Wellesley Pole used to say that it was impossible to live like a gentleman in England under forty thousand a year; and Brummell told a lady who asked him how much she ought to allow her son for dress, that it *might* be done for eight hundred a year, *with strict economy*. Mr. Senior, in an excellent Essay on "Political Economy," recently published in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," states that a carriage for a woman of fashion must be regarded as one of the necessaries of life, and we presume he would be equally imperative in demanding a cabriolet (or brougham) for a man. In France, according to the most competent authorities, a man may succeed in the only quarter where, in the opinion of some of

these codifiers, success is really worth having, without a sixpence of regular income :—

“ Mais notre masse de deux millions de célibataires n’a pas besoin de cinq sous de rente pour faire l’amour ;

“ Mais il suffit à un homme d’avoir bon pied, bon œil, pour décrocher le portrait d’un mari ;

“ Mais il n’est pas nécessaire qu’il ait une jolie figure, ni même qu’il soit bien fait ;

“ Mais pourvu qu’un homme ait de l’esprit, une figure distinguée et de l’entregent, les femmes ne lui demandent jamais d’où il sort mais où il veut aller ;

“ Mais un habit dû à Staub, une paire de gants prise chez Walker, des bottes élégantes qu’Evrat tremble d’avoir fournies, une cravate bien nouée, suffisent à un homme pour devenir le roi d’un salon.” *

As we are not informed how the coat from Staub, the gloves from Walker, and the boots from Evrat are to paid for, and Parisian tradesmen are by no means fond of giving credit, we presume that the *débutant* is expected to commence like the hero in “ Le Père Goriot,” who robs his mother and sisters of their little savings to make a start.

The same author has drawn up a set of aphorisms with the view of fixing what women are entitled to rank as *honnête*, *i. e.* entitled to be objects of consideration in society. We shall quote these entire, as affording a curious illustration of the state of manners in France :—

“ Qu’est-ce donc alors qu’une femme honnête ? Cette matière touche de trop près la vanité des femmes, celle de leurs amans, et même celle d’un mari, pour que nous n’établissions pas ici des règles générales, résultat d’une longue observation. Notre million de têtes privilégiées représente une masse d’éligibles au titre glorieux de femme honnête ; mais toutes

* * “ Physiologie du Mariage, ou Méditations de Philosophie Eclectique, sur le Bonheur et le Malheur Conjugal, par De Balzac,” 1834, p. 76.

ne sont pas élues. Les principes de cette élection se trouvent dans les axiomes suivans :—

“ APHORISMES.

“ 1. Une femme honnête est essentiellement mariée.

“ 2. Une femme honnête a moins de quarante ans.

“ 3. Une femme mariée, dont on achète les faveurs, n'est pas une femme honnête.

“ 4. Une femme mariée qui a une voiture à elle est une femme honnête.

“ 5. Une femme qui fait la cuisine dans son ménage n'est pas une femme honnête.

“ 6. Quand un homme a gagné vingt mille livres de rente, sa femme est une femme honnête, *quel que soit le genre de commerce auquel il a dû sa fortune.*

“ 7. Une femme qui dit une lettre *d'échange* pour lettre de change, *souyer* pour soulier, *pierre de lierre* pour *pierre de liais*, qui dit d'un homme : ‘ Est-il farce, monsieur un tel ! ’ ne peut jamais être une femme honnête, quel que soit sa fortune.

“ 8. Une femme honnête doit avoir une existence pécuniaire qui permette à son amant de penser qu'elle ne lui sera jamais à charge d'aucune manière.

“ 9. Une femme logée au troisième étage (les rues de Rivoli et de Castiglione exceptées) n'est pas une femme honnête.

“ 10. La femme d'un banquier est toujours une femme honnête ; mais une femme assise dans un comptoir ne peut l'être qu'autant que son mari fait un commerce très étendu, et qu'elle ne loge pas au-dessus de la boutique.

“ 11. La nièce, non mariée, d'un évêque, et quand elle demeure chez lui, peut passer pour une femme honnête, parce que si elle a une intrigue elle est obligée de tromper son oncle.

“ 12. Une femme honnête est celle que l'on craint de compromettre.

“ 13. La femme d'un artiste est toujours une femme honnête.

“ En appliquant ces principes, un homme du département de l'Ardèche peut résoudre toutes les difficultés qui se présenteront dans cette matière.

“ Pour qu'une femme ne fasse pas elle-même sa cuisine, ait reçu une brillante éducation, ait le sentiment de la coquetterie, ait le droit de passer des heures entières dans un boudoir,

couchée sur un divan, et vive de la vie de l'âme, *il lui faut au moins un revenu de mille écus en province, ou de six mille francs à Paris.*”—pp. 64-67.

From this and other works of the kind, as well as from actual observation, we collect that (out of the very highest and most exclusive circle in France) no trades or professions are regarded as *non comme il faut*, provided only they supply incomes sufficient for cachemeres, opera boxes, and truffled turkeys. In the “*Mariage de Raison*,” for example, an exchange-agent or stock-broker is reckoned a good match for a young lady of fortune and family. It is clearly otherwise amongst us. The first class of *millionnaires* rise superior to rules; but, generally speaking, a calling of any sort is against a man, with the exception of the aristocratic professions, and even these had better be avoided, for we incline to think that gentlemen *par eminence* should resemble Voltaire's trees, who, when a visitor was complimenting him on their looking so fine and flourishing, replied—“they ought, for they have nothing else to do.”

By aristocratic professions, we mean the clergy, the bar, the higher walks of medicine, the army, and the navy.

With reference to the present topic, the clergy must be laid out of the account; for the times are gone when a Duchesse de Longueville could exclaim, on hearing that her favourite cardinal had missed the papal throne, “Oh, how sorry I am! I have had all other ranks of churchmen, — curates and vicars, deacons and archdeacons, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, — for admirers, and if *he* had but gained the election, I should actually now have a pope.”

With regard to the bar, the accomplished author of “*Human Life*” makes one of his favourite characters complain that he is never in a lawyer's company without fancying himself in a witness-box; and it must be

owned that the habits of the bar are apt to militate against the loose, careless, easy style of thought and expression, the *grata protervitas*, which is most popular in the drawingroom. Yet the late Lord Grenville once remarked in our hearing, that he was always glad to meet a lawyer at a dinner party, because he then felt sure that some good topic or other would be rationally discussed.

The mere title of *Doctor* is against the physician, let him gossip as fancifully, and feel pulses as gracefully, as he may; but there is consolation in store for him, for it would seem that a sick room may afford a rich field for *coquetterie*. "I remember" (says the Doctor in "Human Life") "being once the confidant of a brother physician, who had conceived great hopes from his patient, a widow, having added muslin borders to her sheets during his visits. But they were all petrified on her taking them off again, and never having renewed them. 'Could I but see those flounces again,' said he, 'I might yet be happy.'"

Military men have high pretensions, but it would be difficult to answer Dr. Johnson's objection—"Perfect good-breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners; whereas in a military man you can commonly distinguish the *brand* of a soldier, *l'homme d'épée*."

Sailors are favourites from their frankness and gallantry, and they have discarded the roughness which used to characterise them; but their mode of life is by no means calculated to give their manners the highest finish. One of the writers before us expatiates on the sensation produced by the arrival of a distinguished naval officer at an archery meeting, who was pleased to descend the steps of his carriage stern foremost, as if he was descending an accommodation ladder.

On the subject of personal appearance — another

preliminary consideration of moment—the American and English writers have done little more than copy or amplify a chapter in the “Code Civil.”

“*Art. 1.* Before leaving your house to go to a ball or *soirée*, consult your glass twenty times, and scrupulously scrutinise each part of your *toilette*; thus assuring yourselves that there is nothing in contradiction to *your age* or the exterior that nature has given you.

“*Art. 2.* All men cannot be as handsome as Adonises; but they may at least endeavour not to appear uglier than they can help.

“*Art. 3.* If you have little eyes, without lashes, and bordered with red, wear blue spectacles; a man may have bad eyes; it is absurd to have them very bad.

“*Art. 4.* If you are diminutive, ugly, without grace or *tournure*, give up all intention of presenting yourself in society. You would be the butt of a thousand pleasantries. All the wit in the world would not save you.”

Without altogether denying the wisdom of these admonitions, and fully admitting to the noble author of Don Juan that —

“Somehow those good looks
Make more impression than the best of books,”

we must notwithstanding take the freedom to state that plain men, nay, ugly little fellows, have met with tolerable success amongst the fair. Harry Jernyn, who carried all before him in his day, is described in Grammont’s Memoirs as of small stature, with a large head and thin legs; and the redoubtable Prince de Condé had equal or greater disadvantages of person to contend against. Wilkes’s challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: “Your Lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet give me but half an hour’s start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double on

account of my plain one." He used to add that it took him just half an hour to talk away his face; a strong proof, if true, of the sagacity of the French proverb, "Avec les hommes l'amour entre par les yeux, avec les femmes par les oreilles," — for if ever man exceeded the privilege *dont jouissent les hommes d'être laids* (the phrase is De Sévigné's), it was Wilkes. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill luck upon the house.

Balzac says that ugliness signifies little, provided it be a *laideur intéressante*: — Mirabeau's, for example, who desires a female correspondent who had never seen him and was anxious to form some notion of his face, to fancy a tiger marked with the small-pox. We rather think the whole philosophy of the matter is to be found in the concluding line of Spenser's description:—

" Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye,
Yet he of ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by;
Oh, who does know the bent of woman's fantasia?"

Indissolubly connected with the topic of personal appearance is the momentous one of dress, and it would be difficult to give a better illustration of its importance than an anecdote related of Gérard, the famous French painter. When a very young man he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais (the distinguished leader of the Girondists), and, in the carelessness or confidence of genius, he repaired to the (then) imperial counsellor's house very shabbily attired. His reception was extremely cold; but in the few remarks that dropped from him in the course of conversation, Lanjuinais discovered such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that, on Gérard's rising to take leave, he rose too and ac-

accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Gérard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress, we take leave of him according to his merit."

Napoleon was deeply impressed with the effect producible by dress, and on all important occasions kept a scrutinising eye on the personal appearance of his suite. A remarkable instance occurred on the morning of his interview with Alexander of Russia on the Niemen. Murat and General Dorsenne arrived at the same moment to take their places in his train; Murat, as usual, all epaulette, aigrette, lace, orders, and embroidery, — Dorsenne in that elegant and simple costume, which made him the model of the army. Napoleon saluted Dorsenne with a smile of marked favour, then turning sharply round upon Murat, he said: "Go and put on your marshal's dress; you have the air of Franconi's."

Goethe, the autocrat of German literature for nearly half a century, entertained similar sentiments, and, during his dynasty at Weimar, an ordinary stranger's reception there depended very materially on his dress.

We have cited these great names to give weight to the opinions we are about to quote from our French, American, and English authorities, each of whom has a section devoted to dress. We begin with the "Code Civil," where the national vanity is eminently conspicuous:—

"The French are the best-dressed people in the world: our fashions have confirmed the conquests of our arms. Consequently, the Parisian, that being of so exquisite a taste, of so rare a foresight, of so delicate an *égoïsme*, of so refined a perception, will always serve as a model to all his neighbours; they can never cease to be the tributaries of his genius, for when he borrows any novelty from them, it is to embellish it

by impressing it with his gracious seal. *Assuredly the sweetest and shortest hour of the day is that we consecrate to the first cares of the toilette. It is full of little felicities of which we keep no account. Who does not experience some sort of satisfaction in being occupied with himself? To have a valet is a capital mistake: he cheats you of a thousand pleasures."*

Alter *French people* into *French women* in the first sentence of this paragraph, and we may admit the plausibility of the claim; but *French men* dress very badly, and never by any chance appear easy in their clothes. Johnson confessed to Mr. Langton that he experienced an unusual feeling of elation when (on the occasion of "Irene" being brought upon the stage) he put on a scarlet waistcoat with rich gold lace, and a gold-laced hat. A distinguished traveller—who has observed mankind, if not from China to Peru, at least from China to Ispahan—declares that he never saw a Frenchman in a clean shirt, who did not exhibit symptoms of a similar feeling of elation at the circumstance.* But the consciousness is not confined to the shirt. A Parisian exquisite reverses Brummell's maxim,—that you are not well dressed if people stop to stare at you; nor can he ever be made to comprehend that dress fails of its object when it attracts attention independently of the man. On the contrary, his aim seems to be to act as a sort of walking advertiser for the tradesmen employed by him, as Goldsmith did by Filby of Water-lane, in the case of the plum-coloured coat; and he evidently longs to tell everybody he meets that his coat is by Staub, his hat by Bandoni, that his bootmaker is Evrat or Hasley, and (above all) that Madame Frédéric is his washer-woman. Yet he is not likely to trouble her much, if we may judge from such specimens as the following:—

* This was a jocular remark of the late Right Honourable Sir Henry Ellis, the most agreeable of companions and kindest of friends.

“Those who delight in cleanliness change their linen *twice* a week, and their pocket-handkerchief still oftener, if they are obliged to blow their noses frequently, especially those who take snuff.”*

What would dirty-shirt Davis say to this? — dirty-shirt Davis, who obtained his unenviable and most unmerited nickname amongst contemporary Oxonians from the fact of his putting on avowedly only *three* clean shirts a day, whilst another man of the same name, as if for the express purpose of spiting and dishonouring him, put on *four*. We presume it is unnecessary to remind our readers of Brummell’s celebrated maxim: “The finest linen; plenty of it; and country washing.”

The French work last quoted contains a chapter entitled, “Du Choix des Habillements,” from which the English reader may form his estimate of the costumes in request amongst the best-dressed people in the world: —

“If you wish to unite elegance with simplicity, put on, for the morning, a blue frock, white trowsers, a black waistcoat, an azure-coloured cravat fastened with a pin; or black trowsers, a white waistcoat, and a black cravat.”

Such is a Frenchman’s notion of uniting simplicity and elegance. Let us now turn to the American’s: —

“In the morning, before eleven o’clock, even if you go out, you should not be dressed. You would be stamped a *parvenu* if you were seen in anything better than a respectable old frock coat. If you remain at home, and are a bachelor, it is permitted to receive visitors in a morning-gown. In summer, calico; in winter, figured cloth, faced with fur. *At dinner, a coat, of course, is indispensable.* The effect of a frock-coat is to conceal the height. If, therefore, you are beneath the ordinary stature, or much above it, you should affect frock-coats on all occasions that etiquette permits.”

* *L’Art de Briller, &c.* p. 16.

The pith of the English authorities on dress is contained in a section of the "Hints on Etiquette:"—

"It is in bad taste to dress in the extreme of fashion; and, in general, those only do so who have no other claim to distinction, — leave it, in these times, to shopmen and pick-pockets. There are certain occasions, however, when you may dress as gaily as you please, observing the maxim of the ancient poet, to be 'great on great occasions.' Men often think when they wear a fashionably-cut coat, an embroidered waistcoat, with a profusion of chains and other trinkets, that they are well-dressed, entirely overlooking the less obtrusive, but more certain marks of a refined taste. The grand points are—well-made shoes, clean gloves, a white pocket-handkerchief, and, *above all*, an easy and graceful deportment."— pp. 39, 40.

This is pretty nearly in accordance with the maxim originally French: — "Un homme bien chaussé et bien coiffé peut se presenter partout." But —

"This aphorism," says the author of the 'Code Civil,' "is false as the voice of Madame Boulanger. The man is not to consider himself well-dressed merely because he wears a hat from Bandou's and boots by Higgin. The coat by Staub, the waistcoat by Moreau, the cravat and gloves from Walker's, will be still indispensable. Let it not be thought, however, that in citing these celebrated names, we wish to show exclusiveness. The most modest tailor, the most timid boot-maker, dress a man of taste with propriety: *C'est la tournure, la manière de porter la toilette, qui en fait tout le prix.*"

The American author copies this remark with the change of a word. "The maxim," he says, "is as false as the voice of Mr. ——," a celebrated English actor, whose voice does not happen to be false, whatever Madame Boulanger's may be. We proceed with our extracts from the "Hints:"—

"Do not affect singularity in dress, by wearing out-of-the-way hats, or gaudy waistcoats, &c. and so become contemptibly conspicuous; nothing is more easy than to attract

attention in such a manner, since it requires neither sense nor taste. A shrewd old gentleman said of one of these 'ninnies,' that '*he would rather be taken for a FOOL than not be noticed at all.*'

"Never affect the 'ruffianly' style of dress, unless, indeed, you hold a brilliant position in society. A nobleman, or an exceedingly elegant and refined man, will occasionally disguise himself, and assume the 'ruffian,' as it amuses him to remark the surprise of people at the contrast between his appearance and his manners: but if you have no such pretensions, let your costume be as unostentatious as possible, lest people only remark that 'your dress is as coarse as your mind.'

"Always wear your gloves in church or in a theatre."—
pp 40, 41.

We rather doubt the taste of ever assuming the ruffianly style of dress, whatever your position in society; and the notion of an exceedingly elegant and refined man disguising himself in this manner is preposterous. The aphorism regarding gloves is improved upon a little farther on in the words of an anonymous "lady of rank,"* who allowed the author free access to her note-book. Her ladyship's instructions run thus, the very italics being her own:—

"Do not insist upon pulling off your glove on a very hot day when you shake hands with a lady. If it *be off*, why, all very well; but it is better to run the risk of being considered ungallant, than to present a *clammy*, ungloved hand."—*Hints*, p. 51.

This suggestion is no less remarkable for delicacy than acuteness. But we notwithstanding think it a duty to state that there is one high authority decidedly opposed to her:—

"Q.—Is it proper, on entering a room, to take off the gloves to shake hands with the company?"

* In the course of a chancery suit to protect the copyright in these "Hints," it was stated that the lady of rank was the late Honourable Lady Murray.

“A.—It will always be correct for gentlemen to take off the glove of the right hand; but ladies are allowed to keep on their gloves: nevertheless, I should not advise them to avail themselves of their privilege when they wish to show respect, and especially to an intimate friend; *for friendship is so sacred, that not even the substance of a glove should interpose between the hands of those who are united by its influence.* Be careful in taking off the glove, that you do so with ease and grace, avoiding all appearance of attending to your hand when you ought to be attending to your friend.”—*Instructions in Etiquette*, p. 41.

So says Mr. James Pitt, Professor of Dancing, &c., and let no man rashly deem him an incompetent authority. “Ce jeune homme ira loin,” said an old French marquis of a *débutant*, “car ses manières sont bonnes, et il danse parfaitement bien.” Then, who better fitted for an *arbiter elegantiarum* than a professor of the art on which success in life so materially depends? In the cause of friendship, moreover, it is to be hoped that even the “lady of rank” will not object to encounter the risk so delicately insinuated by her—or she may make an exception for warm weather, and be cold when the gentlemen look hot—or, as a last resort, she may adopt the hint thrown out by a navy-captain at a Portsmouth ball, when his partner, a “lady of rank,” suggested the propriety of his putting on his gloves before they led off: “Oh, never mind me, ma’am; I shall wash my hands when I’ve done dancing.” The next “Hint” is well worthy of attention:—

“Avoid wearing jewellery, unless it be in very good taste, and then only at proper seasons. This is the age of mosaic gold and other trash; and by dint of swindling, any one *may* become ‘flashy’ at a small expense: recollect that every shop-boy can coarsely imitate ‘your outward and visible sign’ if he choose to save his money for that purpose. If you *will* stand out in ‘high and bold relief,’ endeavour to become eminent for some virtue or talent, that people may

say, 'There goes the *celebrated* (not the *notorious*) Mr. So-and-So.'

Many, however, who have actually acquired the *quod monstret digito prætereuntium*, and are in the full intoxication of celebrity, are little less anxious to become notorious for some startling peculiarity of the sort. Balzac's cane, for instance, was long the talk of every *salon* in which the bearer presented himself, and has actually given a title to a book, "La Canne de Balzac," by Sophie Gay; the moral being the disadvantages of personal beauty to a man. The concluding "Hint" is addressed to the ladies:—

"It is a delicate subject to hint at the incongruities of a lady's dress,—yet, alas! it forces itself upon our notice when we see a female attired with elaborate gorgeousness, picking her way along the sloppy streets, after a week's snow and a three days' thaw, *walking* in a dress only fit for a carriage. When country people visit London, and see a lady enveloped in ermine and velvets, reclining in a carriage, they are apt to imagine it is the fashionable dress, and adopt it accordingly, overlooking the coronet emblazoned on the panels, *and that its occupant is a duchess or a marchioness at the least*, and that were the same person to *walk*, she would be in a very different costume, and then only attended by a footman."—pp. 42, 43.

This is a piece of sound, sensible advice, and well calculated to lead to a good practical result; for of all the absurdities into which female students of fashionable novels have fallen in their attempts to ape the envied heroines, there is none more palpable than the style of dressing they have adopted for the streets. At the same time, there is no necessity for supposing that every elegantly-dressed woman in a carriage is a duchess or marchioness—for duchesses and marchionesses are by no means so plentiful as a quondam Irish senator with a big O before his name seemed to fancy. He chanced to be discovered one af-

ternoon by a friend at the corner of Grosvenor Square, attired in nankeen pantaloons, well calculated, in his own opinion, to exhibit the graces of his form. The friend proposed a stroll into the park: "Not now, my dear fellow, for God's sake move on; I'm waiting for a duchess who lives in the square." It is to be feared, from one of his remarks at the Bath "swarry," that Mr. Samuel Weller has fallen into a somewhat similar mistake: "I don't think I can do with anything under a *female markis*. I might take up with a young ooman o' large property as hadn't a title, if she made very fierce love to me—not else."

The above passages are all we find on the subject of ladies' dress in these books; whether it be that the writers wish to acquire a character for discretion—for if, as Madame de Genlis says, there is no woman who has not at least one *secret de toilette*, a complete book on the subject would be a revelation of the most cherished secrets of the sex—or that they know nothing about the matter, or that they are fearful of embarking on so wide a field of speculation. This, at all events, is our own case, and we have, moreover, a vague half-formed notion that some time or other we may make dress in all its relations, ramifications and influences—moral, physical, social, and political—the subject of an article. We shall now merely pause to make the *amende honorable* to the French, whose women certainly dress better than any other women in the world; and no wonder, for their whole souls are in the cause, and the best part of their every day is spent in choosing, trying, comparing, criticising a cap, a bonnet, or a gown. "*Votre chapeau vous va comme un ange.*" "*Vous êtes coiffée à ravir.*" "*Ce bonnet est d'un goût charmant.*" "*Bien mise! vous êtes tirée à quatre épingles.*" "*Cher—je le crois bien—mais combien, dites-vous, pour la dentelle?*" Such are the phrases you hear murmuring round you in a

salon at Paris, the men being equally *au fait* of them: nay, the very journalists catch inspiration from the theme, and instead of dry catalogues of *tulle* and *blonde* and *gros de Naples*, such as fill the columns of the English newspapers the day after a drawing-room or fancy ball, we read of "*robes confectionnées à merveille*, or silks *d'un véritable couleur de succès*;" and not content with enthusiastically commemorating the graces snatched beyond the reach of art—the fascinating *caprices de toilette*—of a Récamier, a de Guiche, a de Plaisance, or a Le Hon, they have often been known of late to throw all petty feelings of national rivalry aside for the purpose of doing justice to the exquisite refinements of an Englishwoman. To our country's honour, be it said, the announcement of a new poem by Byron never excited a greater sensation amongst the men of letters, than the description of a new dress worn by a certain beautiful English duchess, periodically excites amongst the modists—of the Continent.

Then what genius is shown by the *artistes*!—with what devotion they apply themselves to their art, and what fire, what soul, what elevation, what dignity, they infuse into it! When we hear of the porter of one bonnet-maker answering an inquiry for his master, "Monsieur n'est pas visible, *il compose*;" of another modestly accounting for the set of a plume by saying that he had fixed it *in a moment of enthusiasm*: when we know that a milliner actually told one of the Duchesse de Berri's ladies of honour, who came to command her attendance, that the duchess must wait upon *her*: when we recall the names of Herbault, Victorine, Beaudran, Palmyre, Oudot-Manoury, &c. &c., and reflect that no other class of French artists have risen thus proudly superior to those of other countries but the cooks—is it, we ask, well possible to doubt that millinery and gastronomy are the arts in which the

nation was predestined to shine, and that Paris is the city of all others in which the men excel in dressing dinners and the women in dressing themselves?—

“*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Orabunt causas melius
Hæ tibi erunt artes.*”

Age is a ticklish topic, and our sentiments regarding it depend upon and vary with our years. “Good Heavens, mamma, you wouldn’t marry me to an old man of thirty!” exclaims the Miss in one of *Vaubrugh’s* comedies, and we incline to think that most misses in their teens would sympathise with her; yet *Madame Sophie Gay* asserts, we presume from her own experience, that a man of fifty is more formidable than at any other age, and we could name some other women besides *Ninon* who have fascinated from sixteen to sixty. But this is a privilege confined to married women and unmarried men. Indeed, there is (or was) no such thing as an old maid to be seen in French and Italian society: a woman prudently takes refuge in a convent when she despairs of finding a *partie*: or, as was said of the *Duchesse de Longueville*, *elle se sauve sur la même planche de l’ennui et de l’enfer*. In England there exists no such imperative necessity; and there are living instances of unmarried women arrived at or past a certain age (that most uncertain age of all) filling a brilliant position; but still the general rule holds good, and we earnestly recommend all young ladies who wish to shine in the *salon* to get married with all possible dispatch. The principle is partially indicated in *Mrs. Norton’s* clever and amusing novel of “*Woman’s Reward*.” “*Poooh! my dear fellow,*” (said *Lord Haslingden* to a young captain in the *Blues*, who was professing his dislike of girls and his preference for the society of young married women,) “a young married woman is only a

girl who belongs to somebody else." Lord Byron is more explicit:—

“ However, I still think, with all due deference
To the fair single part of the creation,
That married ladies should preserve the preference
In tête-à-tête or general conversation;
*Because they know the world, and are at ease,
And being natural, naturally please.*”

His lordship has also touched with his wonted felicity on the privileges tacitly accorded to bachelors—

“ He was a bachelor, which is a matter
Of import both to virgin and to bride,” &c. &c.

“ Honoured and honourable class” [it is thus a section of the ‘Code Civil,’ entitled *Célibataires*, commences], “these gentlemen accept all the pleasures of society, and support none of the expense. They dine out, and are not bound to give dinners in return. Instead of taking a box by the year, they buy an admission for life; their carriage only holds two, and they are never obliged to set down a dowager. Weddings, christenings, fêtes—nothing comes amiss to them. They are never papa; they are not regularly assailed with milliners’, stay-makers’, and jewellers’ bills. We never see them ruining themselves in suits for conjugal rights: for them ‘la Belle Mere’ is destitute of point, and they yawn at ‘la Femme Jalouse.’ They are never godfathers from reciprocity; they sleep in peace during the best part of the morning, leave balls when they like, and *invest money in the funds.*”

We must not quit this branch of our subject without notifying the existence of a class who set rules at defiance and mock all efforts at classification. They are thus described by Lady Chatterton:—

“ Mr. Mordaunt was one of those men, or problems, of the world, the reason of whose success in society is so difficult to solve; who, without being either agreeable, or handsome, or rich, are sought for by all dinner-givers and courted by every body. Three or four of such miraculous beings are well known in London; and after due study and consideration the only proper solution of the mystery is, that one is considered

an excellent judge of wine, another oak, or without any rank beauty. Mr. Mordaunt belonged to the ~~ould~~ should do the same in his livelihood in fashionable society by making drawn at sight.

unt. The No bad way either, and, if he did, there was V., mystery to solve. Louis XIV. has been called a man of genius on the strength of the delicate beauty of his compliments, and Mr. Mordaunt might have been a man of genius on the same ground, for aught that here appears to the contrary. Besides, celebrity of any sort is a recognised title to success. But we have Mordaunts in our eye who have neither name, nor fame, nor taste, nor pretensions to taste,—who believe all Rhenish wines to be hock,—are not even privileged to bow to Tattersall, and would cut an equally indifferent figure in discussing budding crops at Boodle's and budding beauties at White's; yet they are seen everywhere, and manage to force themselves on everybody.

Having now described the principal qualifications required in the candidate, we proceed to the consideration of the forms and observances which fall more directly within the province of Etiquette. The most essential of these are included in the works before us under the heads of "The Salute," "The Visit," "The Dinner," "The Evening Party," "The Ball," "Conversation," &c. &c.

All agree in terming the salute *la pierre de touche* by which any given person's proficiency in good breeding may be estimated; and Gioja has devoted a long chapter to it, in the course of which he gives some amusing examples of its varieties and modifications during different periods and in different quarters of the globe. In some countries they rub noses; in others, they pull one another's ears; the Franks

* "Aunt Dorothy's Tale," or "Geraldine Morton," a novel in two volumes, vol. i. p. 56.

girl who belongs to said presented it; the Japanese more explicit:—pers when they meet. In some of the islands they spit in their hands, and wash your face for you; in others, it is the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over your friend. In Europe we nod, bow, curtsy, shake hands, take off our hats, or kiss; and the science consists in knowing on what occasions, and with what persons, these respective modes of salutation are to be pursued. Our Italian authority confines himself to the philosophy of the subject. The French, English, and American are more precise. The passage in the “Code Civil” runs thus:—

“There are a thousand modes of saluting, and the salute must be respectful, cordial, civil, affectionate, or familiar, according to the person to whom it is addressed.

“A fashion borrowed from our neighbours over the water is beginning to gain ground in Paris. *We mention it as the only refinement in politeness to be found amongst them.* It is dandy, when you meet a lady elsewhere than in a room, not to salute her till she has given some token of recognition.

“When, after the salute, you engage in conversation with a superior or a lady, you should remain hat in hand until invited once, at least, to put it on.

“*The ladies salute indifferent acquaintances by an inclination of the head, and friends by a movement of the hand. Happy the man for whom a rapid glance supplies the place of form!*”

The Philadelphian Solon copies most of this without acknowledgment, and proceeds:—

“If you remove your hat, you need not at the same time bend the dorsal vertebræ of your body, unless you wish to be very reverential, as in saluting a bishop.

“It is a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady in the street, until you perceive that she has noticed you by an inclination of the head.

“Some ladies curtsey in the street, a movement not gracefully consistent with locomotion: they should always bow.

“ If an individual of the lowest rank, or without any rank at all, takes off his hat to you, you should do the same in return. A bow, says La Fontaine, is a note drawn at sight. If you acknowledge it, you must pay the full amount. The two best-bred men in England, Charles II. and George IV., never failed to take off their hats to the meanest of their subjects.”

It is related of George IV., when Prince of Wales, that he was once observed to bow to every one in the street who saluted him, till he came to the man who swept the crossing, whom he passed without notice. The question whether he was right in making this exception is gravely discussed by one of these law-givers—who finally decides in the Prince’s favour:—“ To salute a beggar without giving him anything would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would wear the semblance of ostentation in a prince.”

“ Avoid (continues the American) condescending bows to your friends and equals. If you meet a rich parvenu whose consequence you wish to reprove, you may salute him in a very patronising manner, or else, in acknowledging his bow, look somewhat surprised and say, ‘ Mister—eh—eh?’ ”

“ If you have remarkably fine teeth, you may smile affectionately upon the bowee without speaking.

“ If you have anything to say to anyone in the street, especially a lady, however intimate you may be, do not stop the person, but turn round and walk in company—you can take leave at the end of the street.

“ If there is any one of your acquaintance with whom you have a difference, do not avoid looking him, unless from the nature of things the quarrel is necessarily for life. It is almost always better to bow with cold civility, though without speaking.

“ As a general rule, never cut any one in the street; even political and steam-boat acquaintances should be noticed by the slightest movement in the world. If they presume to converse with you, or stop you to introduce their

companion, it is then time to use your eye-glass and say ‘I never knew you.’”

The instructions relating to the salute in the “Hints on Etiquette” are brief. The italics are the writer’s:—

“If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is *her part* to notice *you first*, unless, indeed, you are very intimate. The reason is, if *you* bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if *she* bow to *you*, you, *as a gentleman, cannot cut her*.

“Never *nod* to a lady in the street, neither be satisfied with touching your hat, *but take it off*,—it is a courtesy her sex demands.

“If you meet a friend in the street—in a coffee-house, shop, or indeed *any* public place, never address him by name, at least not so loudly as that others may hear it; sensitive people do not like to be ‘shown up’ to strangers as ‘Mr. Jones,’ or ‘Smith,’ and so attract disagreeable notice. Accost your friend *quietly*, and do not *roar out* ‘Ah! Mr. Smith! how do you do, Mr. Smith?’ it is very offensive, and shows a great want of proper delicacy.”—pp. 50—52.

To this maxim, according to another of these authors, may be added, “Never say *how is your wife, your husband, your mother, your grandmother? &c.* but, *how is Mr. or Mrs. —, Lord or Lady —?*” Two of the strangest offenders against this rule were Nollekens the sculptor and Delpini the clown. Nollekens invariably asked George III. when a sitting commenced, how his “wife and family” were doing? and Delpini thus addressed the late Duke of York, in the hope of inducing him to intercede with Sheridan for the payment of his salary: “Sare, if he no pay me soon, I shall be put in your papa’s Bench,”—meaning the King’s Bench Prison. It was Delpini, who, during the Gordon riots, when people, to protect themselves against the mob, chalked *No P’opery* on

their doors, by way of greater security chalked *No Religion* upon his.

The salute by kissing the hand is most learnedly discussed by Mr. Pitt. The refinements of the schoolmen in theology are nothing to our dancing-master's on this point of etiquette.

“ Q. If I meet a person in the street with whom I am not very intimately acquainted, is it proper to salute the individual by kissing the hand ?

“ A. The kissing the hand can never be proper except to persons with whom you are intimately acquainted, nor then usually but to a lady. This mode of salutation is never allowable to a gentleman who is not at once much your elder, and your very particular friend. *Generally speaking, it is advisable to avoid kiss'ng the hand in public, as the salutation may pass unnoticed by the person for whom it was intended, and be appropriated by some coxcomb by no means entitled to such favour.** The situations to which this mode of salutation seems peculiarly adapted are from a window, balcony, or carriage, or when you are at such a distance that any other mode would probably pass unobserved.”

We recommend Mrs. Butler's attitude in the balcony scene in “Romeo and Juliet,” to those who intend to practise this mode of salutation, and young ladies may collect from Mr. Hood's song that execution even in modern times has been done in this manner:—

“ Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Entirely to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind ;
I go into the balcony,
Which she has never done,
But arts that thrive at number five
Wont do at number one.”

The subject of kissing the hand is by no means exhausted by Mr. Pitt in the above passage:—

* The plot of a clever French melo-drame turns entirely on an accident of this sort.

“ Q. What movement should be made by a lady who meets a person to whom great respect is due ; *as, for instance, a bishop ?*

“ A. If she has only to make him a passing salute, it must be by an elegant bend of the body, rather low, and with a serious countenance ; and in order to render her respect more obvious, she may, if intimate, kiss her hand at the same time.”

Kissing still prevails as an ordinary mode of salutation on the Continent, and one of our French authorities gives some edifying directions concerning it :—

“ The kiss is the most delicate of all the tokens of friendship, or simply of politeness and good will ; amongst relations, and between the two sexes, it should be affectionate, natural, limited to the first manifestation of pleasure at meeting ; but when you owe respect to these same relations, who may be your uncles, your grandfathers, or your great aunts, then be circumspect in your mode of kissing, and remember then that you are no longer on a footing with equality.

“ Frequently, again, you will find yourself authorised, by a certain concurrence of circumstances, to kiss a young person of the female sex : this kiss, far from being tinged with gallantry, ought, on the contrary, to be impressed with all possible respect. If, in particular, you have to kiss ladies who rouge, you should rest satisfied with barely touching the cheek. Never, therefore, imitate those students just let loose from their boarding-house, who, clumsy and untaught kissers as they are, blush at first like a peach, on approaching a young lady, and then, with a loud smack, leave her cheek wet from the effects of their salute.”—*L'Art de Briller, &c.*, p. 80.

We take next the subject of Visits, as to which Signor Gioja, the Italian author, is more than ordinarily philosophical. You are first to weigh well the object of your call, and that general object he assumes to be — “ the exciting a new sensation of a pleasing nature in the person you call upon, or the detracting as little as possible from his pre-existing sensations of

the kind." Subservient to this general principle, and standing much in the same relation to it as means to an end, are the dress, the hour, the duration, and the form. The principal rules in the section devoted to the dress are, that a gentleman visiting a lady should make himself as handsome as he can, and eschew boots; and that a lady, on entering, should throw up her veil. The morning is deemed an inconvenient time for calling, "because the ladies are seldom in order to receive visitors." The author, however, carefully limits this remark to Italy: in London, he gravely assures his readers, the ladies are obliged to receive in the morning, because, after dinner, the men are generally too drunk to be admissible. Under the section entitled "Formalità della Visita," he communicates another equally interesting discovery; and the passage may probably have caught the eye of Mr. Fenimore Cooper before *he* concluded his "Letters on England:"—

"At London the manner of knocking at the door indicates the quality of the person who calls. A rap too little would be a degradation; a rap too many an assumption, an impertinence. A single rap announces the milkman, the coalman, a servant of the house, a beggar: it signifies *Vorrei entrare*. Two raps announce a messenger, a bearer of letters, and the like; these raps signify that he who knocks comes on business, and are equivalent to saying, *Fa d' uopo ch' io entri*. Three knocks announce the master or mistress of the house, and the persons who habitually frequent it. These say imperatively, *Aprite*. Four raps announce a person of good ton immediately under the rank of nobility: these signify, *Io voglio entrare*. The four raps twice repeated in a firm and dictatorial manner announces a milord, a miladi, a minister, or some other personage of distinction: these are equivalent to say, *Io vi fo molto onore venendo a ritrocarvi*. A servant who struck a rap less than his master was entitled to would be instantly dismissed.

"This custom (continues the ingenious writer), although

censured by many writers, appears to me, considered in its generality, altogether innocent."

We spare our readers the grounds of this opinion, until it be made clear to us that the custom exists; for though milkmen, dustmen, postmen, *et hoc genus omne*, have knocks peculiar as their cries, and the knights of the shoulder-knot have carried this peculiar mode of annoyance to a pitch which bids fair to call for the interposition of the legislature, we were not aware till now that such minute distinctions prevailed, or that a footman's place depended on his observing them.

Gioja's chapter on the duration of visits contains little beyond what will readily suggest itself to any person of tact, and we shall merely borrow an anecdote (originally related by Helvetius), in the hope of its affording a hint to the respectable community of bores. One of these, having nothing else to do with himself, went one day to call on his neighbour, "a man of letters," who received him with all possible politeness, and entertained him as well as he could till he rose to carry his tediousness elsewhere, when the man of letters resumed his work, and utterly forgot his visitor. Some days afterwards he found himself accused of a want of politeness in not returning the visit, upon which he repaired to his neighbour's, and thus addresses him: — "I hear that you complain of me; yet you know full well that you called, not because you wished for my company, but because you were tired of your own. I, who was not at all tired of my own company, received you as well as I could: the obligation is consequently on your side, and yet you charge me with rudeness. Be yourself the judge of my conduct, and decide whether you ought not to have done with complaints which prove nothing more than my independence of visits and your dependence

on them, the inhumanity of boring your neighbour, and the injustice of abusing after boring him."

The amiable Vicar of Wakefield mentions, as his accustomed plan for getting rid of troublesome visitors, the lending of an umbrella or great-coat. The same suggestion is conveyed in the Italian lines:—

“Vien sempre ad annojarti il tuo vicino,
Per sempre liberartene vuoi tu?
Prestagli uno zecchino,
Non il vedrai mai piu?”

But such modes are inapplicable to the opulent, who, for obvious reasons, are the worst offenders in this way; and against these there is positively no protection but a peremptory *not at home*, or the adoption of a practice prevalent amongst professors in Germany, of notifying by a paper pasted on the door the hours at which only they are visible.

An idle visit to a writer, painter, or original composer of any kind, may cost him his morning's work, by chilling his inventive powers or disturbing the train of his ideas. When Maturin did not wish to be interrupted, he stuck a black wafer on his forehead,—a signal for none of the family to speak to him, and no visitor to be let in.

The French works contain little peculiar to the nation on this subject, but a few valuable hints of general application may be culled from them. You are strongly recommended to have your name clearly announced, and it will be prudent to take care that the servants make no mistake regarding it. The mishap that befel a certain Mr. Delaflete, in London, may serve to illustrate the consequences of a want of caution in this respect. From his indistinct mode of pronouncing his name, the porter understood it to be *Delaflole*, and so proclaimed it to the groom of the chambers, who somehow or other mistook the initial letter of the name, and the luckless visitor, a quiet,

shy, young man, was ushered into the midst of a crowded drawing-room by the ominous appellation of *Mr. Hellafloat*. But — adds the legislator — do not be too precise in your instructions, or you may be placed in the predicament of Lady A. and her daughter, who, having been much annoyed by the *gaucheries* of a country booby of a servant who would persevere in giving in their names as the Right Honourable Lady A. and the Honourable Miss A., at length took him seriously to task, and desired that in future he would mention them as simple Lady A. and plain Miss A. Their astonishment may be conceived when they found themselves obeyed to the letter — and Devonshire House was electrified by the intelligence that *Simple Lady A.* and *Plain Miss A.* were “coming up.”

“Conduct your visitor,” says the French writer, “to the entrance door of your suite of rooms; hold the door open and follow him with your eyes till he has turned to make you a parting salute.” An illustrative anecdote is given on M. Hoffman’s authority. When Count Davaux was named plenipotentiary at the congress of Munster, things were going on very favourably, when a visit incorrectly received threw all into confusion and prolonged the war more than six months. M. Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, on the occasion of an official visit to Count Davaux, was conducted by the French ambassador no farther than the staircase, without the count’s descending a single step. The haughty Venetian was so exasperated at this want of respect, that he instantly took post and hastened to complain to his government. Venice, though fallen, was still proud, and declared that her ambassador should not return to the congress till the honours due to him were prescribed. France was tired of the war, and after much negotiation, during which many men were slain and many villages burned,

France ordered Count Davaux to satisfy the punctilious vanity of M. Contarini. The latter returned in triumph and paid his visit to the count, who conducted him to the threshold of the *porte cochère*, remained there till the Venetian was seated in his carriage, and saluted him profoundly as the carriage drove off. M. Contarini then gravely returned the salute, each movement having been made a subject of stipulation in the *ultimatum* of Venice.

The best part of the section of the American book relating to visits consists, as usual, of plagiarisms from the French; but there are a few maxims which smack strongly of nationality:—

“When you call upon a man staying at a hotel, with whom you are not personally acquainted, the most convenient method of presenting yourself is this. Arrest one of the servants, place your card in his hand, desiring him to give it to the person whom you wish to see, and to let him know that you are there. The servant will return *accompanied by the object of your visit*, and will point out to him the person whose card he has received.

“In leaving a card for a stranger, do not forget to add your address; and do not omit it if you leave a card for another in a city where you are stranger. This inadvertence was committed in London by an American minister at that court; and Lord Erskine reminded him of the omission with more wit than courtesy, and more vanity than either. Lord Erskine betrayed as much ignorance of the world in telling Mr. Rush that he had not returned his visit because he did not know where he was to be found, as Mr. Rush did in omitting to write his address upon his card when he left it at Lord Erskine’s.

“If the stranger whom you call upon at a hotel should be a woman, *you would probably find her sitting with the other lodgers in the parlour*. If so, you should order a servant to carry your card and give it to the person whom you designate, and follow it immediately. The person whom you seek is thus pointed out to you, and your name made known to her. Also, if you are visiting any one whom you do not know, not

at lodgings, but living *en menage*, send in your card and follow it.

“The card of a man should be small, plain, unglazed, and ungilt. A gilded and glazed card is agreeable only as belonging to a woman. *I should be glad to exhibit to the host of American parvenus their own broad, glittering cards, bearing upon them names reeking with plebeianism, gewgawed with some paltry title, the synonyme and passport of insignificance, in contrast with the plain and modest cards of some of the highest peers of the British realm.*”

The young French nobles of the liberal school have gone a step farther in simplicity, it being common with them to drop the title altogether, and put merely their Christian and Sur-name on their cards.

We quote the following passages for the sake of the anecdote :

“Likewise, if you are intending to enter one house, and find that you have got by mistake into another, a blunder very easily and very often committed in Philadelphia, in consequence of the singular uniformity of the houses, it is better, provided you have fairly entered the parlour before perceiving your error, and provided, also, that you are not an utter stranger to the family, it is better, I say, to remain for a short time, as if you intended to pay a visit there, and say nothing whatever about the matter, *but your visit should not be quite so long, nor your manner so confused as this sentence.*

“During the administration of General Washington, Mr. Jefferson was one evening invited to a dance at the house of a distinguished military officer in Philadelphia. At about eight o'clock he got into his carriage and gave the coachman what he thought was an accurate direction as to the place where he was to be driven. By mistake, he was set down at the house directly opposite, which happened to be the residence of a member of congress, whom he had never visited, and who was very warmly opposed to him in politics. It was not until the Secretary of State was in the middle of the drawing-room that he discovered that he was quite ‘in the wrong box.’ The lady of the house chanced to be sitting

there alone, the gentleman being ill. The person of Mr. Jefferson was of course known, and under that assurance he presented himself with admirable ease and self-possession, and sat down. He conversed, making himself very agreeable, drank tea, and staid till half-past nine o'clock, when he took leave. Inquiring from the servant at the door where he should find the house to which he had been invited, he made his way thither, and communicated to the ladies the error into which, through the stupidity of his coachman, he had been led, and they, the next day, informed their neighbours. This anecdote may be relied upon; and if there is no other on record respecting Mr. Jefferson's manners, there is enough in it to convince us that he was a high-bred gentleman."

There is a story current in the Parisian circles of a distinguished English baronet (Sir Francis Burdett) which may serve as a pendant. He was leaving one of Lafayette's *soirées*, much disappointed at the absence of Béranger, to whom he wished to be introduced, when the name of Béranger was announced. He instantly hurried back, and without waiting for a presentation, began a profusion of compliments and congratulations to the new comer on his excellence as a poet, and his recent delivery from imprisonment. "*Moi poète, Monsieur! moi en prison! qu'est ce que tout cela veut dire?*" and ire was sparkling in his eyes, when the host approached and presented the indignant Frenchman as M. de Bérenger, one of the leading members of the Chamber of Deputies. We are not aware whether Sir Francis extricated himself as well as Mr. Jefferson, but we hope, for our country's honour, that he did.

The author of the "Hints on Etiquette" is brief on the subject of Visiting, and is far from perfectly at home in it. For example —

"If you are thrown amongst fashionable people, you must not pay a visit to a lady before two o'clock P.M., nor after four, as, if you call *before* that time you will interrupt those

avocations which more or less occupy *every lady* in the early part of the day; if *later* than four o'clock, you will prevent her driving out.

“ In society, verbal invitations are often given to balls or concerts, by persons with whom you are only slightly acquainted, and have not previously visited: in such a case, it is proper to leave a card beforehand on the lady at whose house the *soirée* is to take place, that she may be made acquainted with your name and intention — so that you may be expected; as you may have received an invitation from her husband, of which she was ignorant, and he may not be there to present you. Should it so occur, a card previously left will prevent either party looking foolish, or the stranger appearing ‘ *de trop.*’ ”—pp. 57—59.

The “ Lady of Quality ” adds : —

“ Never leave your hat in the hall when you pay a morning visit, it makes you look too much at home; take it with you into the room.”

The fashion of carrying the hat into the drawing-room before dinner, was set by the Duke of Wellington.

We are now arrived at the important subject of Dinners—not the interesting and essential particulars included in the *carte*, which we have discussed elsewhere — but the mode of behaving at them on the part as well of the host or hostess as the guests —

“ We'll not now dwell upon ragouts or roasts,
Albeit all human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner,
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.”

For the history of the various observances preceding, attending, or following on this meal, we must refer to M. Gioja, who mentions two or three customs well worth recording. He tells us, for example, that amongst the *Sibarites* the ladies were invited to public feastings a year beforehand, with the view of

giving them ample time for beautifying* ; and that, in China, it is the height of politeness to leave your house when you have a dinner party, a custom which some English Amphitryons would do well to adopt. It is only incidentally that this author indicates the points in which Italy differs from other countries, as in the following remarks, which may possibly suggest to the silver-fork school of novelists that their circulation has been somewhat impeded by the Alps:—
 “ Our forks are furnished with four prongs, those of the English with two only, in order that they may be cleaned more easily.”

In Germany, dinner-parties are of rare occurrence, except in the capitals and amongst the highest class, whose manners and habits and manners are nearly the same all over Europe. But dinner-parties are now quite common in France, and an infinity of rules regarding them are included in the French books on etiquette.

The following passage in the American book is literally translated from the French:—

“ When dinner is announced, the inviter rises and requests all to walk to the dining-room. He then leads the way, that they not be at a loss whither they should proceed. Each gentleman offers his arm to a lady, and they follow *in solemn order*.”

Not always in America, unless we are much misinformed ; for disputes about precedence occasionally occur, and these are by no means easy of decision in a country where no recognised order of nobility exists. A foreign diplomatist, formerly attached to an embassy in America, relates that at a dinner given by one of the secretaries of state, the members of the government not merely took precedence of the foreign

* Lempriere says that invitations at Sybaris were given a year beforehand that suitable preparations might be made.

ministers without hesitation, but fairly got jammed in the passage from their excessive eagerness to get the start of one another. British descent is not unfrequently appealed to in default of other titles. An officer of high standing in the English navy assures us that he once saw a Miss Malcolm rush before a Miss Lennox, and exclaim—"Miss Lennox, I wonder at you—the Malcolms are of the blood-royal of Scotland."

It seems that in America the silver fork has not only succeeded in establishing itself, but has even encroached on the province of the spoon:—

"The ordinary custom among well-bred persons is as follows: soup is taken with a spoon. *Some foolish fashionables employ a fork! They might as well make use of a broomstick.* The fish which follows is eaten with a fork, a knife should not be used at all. The fork is held in the right hand, and a piece of bread in the left. For any dish in which cutting is not indispensable, the same arrangement is correct. When you have upon your plate, before the dessert, anything partially liquid, *or any sauces*, you must not take them up with a knife, but with a piece of bread *which is to be saturated with the juices* [lobster sauce, for example] *and then lifted to the mouth.* If such an article forms part of the dessert, you should eat it with a spoon."

The following recommendations would hardly be needed in England, except at the Guildhall dinner, where we once saw a city dignitary with a slice of boiled turkey, a partridge, and half a mould of *blancmange* upon his plate at once.

"At dinner avoid taking upon your plate too many things once. One variety of meat and one kind of vegetable is the maximum. When you take another sort of meat, or any dish not properly a vegetable, you always change your plate."

The English mode of taking wine seems to be practised with a refinement worthy of all approbation:—

“Some one who sits near the lady of the house should, immediately upon the removal of the soup, request the honour of drinking wine with her, which movement is the signal for all the others. If this is not done, the master of the house should select some lady. *He never asks gentlemen, but they ask him; this is a refined custom, attended to in the best company.*

“*If you have drunk with every one at table, and wish more wine, you must wait till the cloth is removed.* The decanter is then sent round from the head of the table; each person fills his glass, and *all the company drinks the health of all the company.* It is enough if you bow to the master and mistress of the house and to your opposite neighbour. After this the ladies retire. Some one rises to open the door for them, and they go into the parlour, the gentlemen remaining to drink more wine.”

Ale and porter are rigidly proscribed, on European authority, as the *ne plus ultra* of vulgarity. We presume from this that Lord Normanby's novels do not enjoy an extended circulation in America, for in one of these a gallant attempt is made to disabuse the public as to beer. “Is not that a fashionable novelist opposite?” says an exquisite; “well, I'll astonish the fellow;—here, bring me a glass of table beer.” What is still worse, the interdict is extended to port.

“A gentleman should always express his preference for some one sort of wine over others: because, as there is always a natural preference for one kind, *if you say that you are indifferent, you show you are not accustomed to drink wines; your preference should not of course be guided by your real disposition.* If you are afflicted by nature with a partiality for port, you should never think of indulging it except in your closet with your chamber door locked. The only index of choice is fashion, either permanent fashion (if the phrase may be used,) or some temporary fashion created by the custom of any individual who happens to rule for a season in society. Port was drunk by our ancestors, but George IV., upon his accession to the regency, announced his royal preference for sherry. It has since been fashionable to like sherry. This is what we call a permanent fashion.”

Cardinal Richelieu is said to have detected an adventurer, who was passing off as a nobleman, by his helping himself to olives with a fork; it being then *comme il faut* to use the fingers for that purpose. In "Ivanhoe," the Normans ridicule Cedric for wiping his fingers with a napkin, instead of waving them gracefully in the air till they were dry. It seems that a lemon pudding is the Shibboleth of gentility in Philadelphia:—

"It once occurred to me to be present in a small company of gentlemen, where the claims of a certain woman to be thoroughly bred became the subject of a somewhat protracted controversy. The decision was for some time doubtful, but was finally decided, by acclamation, in favour of her pretensions, in consequence of some one having observed that she had cut a lemon pudding at dinner with a spoon."

This reminds us of a singular recurrence to old habits on the part of a well-known Jack Brag, who had contrived to secure a limited reception in society. Suspicions were first excited by his beginning one day, when the party were speculative on what they would do in given contingencies — "*Now if I was a gentleman,*" — which naturally enough led ill-natured people to fancy there was a time when he was not. Still everybody was at fault as to his original vocation, until, in an unlucky hour, he accompanied some of his new associates to a billiard table. Immediately on entering the room he took up a cue, and placed himself before the marking board so naturally, that every doubt was dissipated, and the marker stood confessed. It has been told of the late Mr. Peter Moore, and was actually true of Secretary Craggs, who began life as a footman, that in the days of his opulence he once handed some ladies into their carriage, and then from the mere force of habit got up behind it himself.

At the risk of shocking our fair readers, we must give the injunction as to cigars: —

“As there are many very well-bred men who, from habit acquired early, perhaps while they were at college, find it necessary to their comfort to smoke a cigar after dinner, a plate having a few cigars and some bits of twisted paper on it, should be placed upon the table, together with a candle. If only one person chooses to smoke, the master of the house should by all means accompany him, if he can do so without any inconvenience. If several take cigars this is not necessary.”

These are useful and characteristic injunctions; but if Mr. Samuel Slick, of Slickville, speaks truth, the late Mr. Abernethy contrived to compress as much good advice, and show as much knowledge of American habits, within the compass of three or four sentences, as will be found in twice as many pages of the Philadelphian Code of Etiquette: —

“The Honourable Alden Gobble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great uneasiness after eating, so he goes to Abernethy for advice. — ‘What’s the matter with you?’ said the Doctor — jist that way, without even passing the time o’ day with him — ‘What’s the matter with you?’ said he. ‘Why,’ says Alden, ‘I presume I have the dyspepsy.’ ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘I see: a Yankee — swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest.’ ‘I am an American citizen,’ says Alden, with great dignity; ‘I am secretary to our legation at the Court of St. James’s.’ ‘The devil you are!’ said Abernethy; ‘then you’ll soon get rid of your dyspepsy.’ ‘I don’t see that are inference,’ said Alden; ‘it don’t follow from what you predicate at all; it a’nt a natural consequence, I guess that a man should cease to be ill, because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office.’ (The truth is, you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indian. He could see other folks’ trail, and made none himself; he was a real diplomatist, and I believe our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.) ‘But I tell you, it does follow,’ said the Doctor;

‘for in the company you’ll have to keep, you’ll have to eat like a Christian.’

“It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one moon-distracted mad. ‘I’ll be d—d,’ said he, ‘if I ever saw a Yankee that don’t bolt his food whole like a boa-constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food, that you neither take the trouble to dissect, nor time to masticate? It’s no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of your food. It’s disgusting; it’s beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it with a dung fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, eh? Infernal guzzling, you mean. I’ll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat that you do to drawl out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you’ll be well in a month.’”*

Two important questions are thus disposed of by Mr. Pitt: —

“Q. If at dinner or supper I am asked what part of a bird or joint of meat I prefer, is it polite to make choice of any part which is esteemed a delicacy?

“A. Young persons, when such a question is put to them, are in general, from bashfulness, or timidity, too apt to use that very common but improper phrase, ‘Any part will do, Sir,’ or ‘I have no choice, Madam,’ when in fact they have a preference. To reply in this manner places the person to whom they speak in an unpleasant situation, and makes him feel at a loss what to send, and is consequently the cause of much delay. *I must remark, also, that from false delicacy, or the ridiculous fear of being thought an epicure, you violate truth, one of the brightest virtues of the soul.* In some instances, to answer in this manner may be construed into a little trick or artifice, in which you avoid asking for that

* “The Clockmaker; or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville,” chap. ix.

which you prefer from a persuasion that you will consequently be helped to the most delicate morsel. And should any one present be aware that you have a favourite part, your design will be seen through, and you will render yourself contemptible. From these observations you will perceive that it is not improper to make choice when the question is put to you at table, although you ought on no account frequently to select the choicest pieces.

“ Q. If, when I am carving a fowl, any one of the company, on being asked, declines naming the part he would like, what am I to send him ?

“ A. In this case, as it is impossible for you to be acquainted with his wishes, you cannot do wrong in sending any part without hesitation.”

A German writer, one Dr. Franz Kottenkampff, in a recent work on England, asserts that it is considered a breach of delicacy for a lady to offer or ask for the leg ; and a German critic gravely confirms his countryman's statement by adding that, at the fêtes of our highest aristocracy, no part of the chicken but the wing is placed upon the table — which was actually the case at the celebrated entertainment at Boyle Farm. It would be still worse to mention *la cuisse*. As Mr. Pitt, whose work is more particularly addressed to young ladies, nowhere prohibits the leg, we think we may venture to say that Dr. Kottenkampff lies under a mistake. The author of the “ Hints ” gives the following, on the authority of his “ Lady of Rank : ” —

“ Remember that it is the *lady* who at all times takes precedence, not the gentleman. A person led a princess out of the room before her husband (who was doing the same to a lady of lower rank); in his over-politeness, he said, “ Pardonnez que nous vous précédons, ’ quite forgetting it was the *princess* and not *he* who led the way.”— p. 24.

This *arbiter elegantiarum* carefully adds : —

“ The comfort of *napkins* at dinner is too obvious to

require comment, whilst the *expense* can hardly be urged as an objection. If there be not any napkins, a man has no alternative but to use the tablecloth, unless (*as many do*) he prefer his pocket-handkerchief — an usage sufficiently disagreeable.”— p. 26.

A still more startling use or abuse of tablecloths appears to have been common at one period amongst young ladies in France. Mrs. Markham, referring to a French poem by an author whose name she suppresses, states: “He says that ladies should be neat in their persons, and keep their nails short; and that when at dinner they should not laugh or talk too loud, nor daub their fingers with their food. He says they may wipe their lips on the tablecloth, *but not blow their noses with it.*” *

What we particularly admire in the “Hints” is that our “*ἄγωγος*” is ever ready to give a reason with his rule. Thus:—

“Fish does not require a knife, but should be divided by the aid of a piece of bread.

“The application of a knife to fish is likely to destroy the delicacy of its flavour; besides which, fish sauces are often acidulated; acids corrode steel, and draw from it a disagreeable taste. In the North, where lemon or vinegar is generally used for salmon and many other kinds of fish, the objection becomes apparent.”— pp. 28, 29.

The time has been when such a new-fangled affect-

* A curious old French tract, entitled “*La Contenance de la Table,*” was reprinted in 1816 for the exclusive use of the members of the Roxburgh Club. The following stanza is a fair sample of the style:—

“*Enfant tiens ceey en entente,
Fermement dedaus ton couraige,
Le residu de ton potaige,
Jamais a aultruy ne presente.*”

Judging from the style of the injunctions, we should conceive that this poet and the one quoted by Mrs. Markham in her excellent Manual on the History of France must have been contemporaries.

tation as that here enforced would have brought a man under the suspicion of Jacobinism or worse. "No man intending to stand for his county" (says Miss Berry), "or desirous of being popular in it, would have permitted his table at his country-house to be served with three-pronged forks, or his ale to be presented but in a tankard, to which every mouth was successively to be applied. Sofas conveyed ideas of impropriety; and baths, and every extra attention to cleanliness and purity of person, were habits by no means supposed to refer to superior purity of mind or manners."*

The Petronius of the Salt Market imperatively enjoins: —

"Eat peas with a dessert spoon, and curry also.

"Tarts and puddings are to be eaten with a spoon."

We regret to differ from so high an authority, but we doubt whether he is right about the curry — we are quite sure he is wrong about the peas — and the spoon for tarts and puddings strongly reminds us of our schoolboy days.

So much for dinners — now turn we to balls, which from Easter to August concentrate all the party-going energies of this metropolis. Such indeed is now the mania for large parties, or so absorbing the vanity of caste, that, during the flush of the London season, there is no longer a semblance of sociability — nor can even pleasure, in and by itself, be deemed the main object of pursuit; for we verily believe that if all the pleasantest people in town were collected in a room, the men and women of "society" would be

* "England and France," &c. part ii. p. 40. The period to which the accomplished authoress alludes is the early part of the reign of George the Third.

restless in it unless they could *say* they were going to *the* ball or concert of the night —

“Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly Paradise of or-molu.”

Until within a recent period it was otherwise in Paris; except on certain grand occasions, the mass of people *comme il faut* were broken into coteries, amongst which there was no recognised inferiority, so that a man of fashion could afford to say that he was not acquainted with the Duke of —, or was not invited to Madame de —'s ball. But all this appears to have been changing since the revolution of July, and Paris is at present in a fair way to imitate London in the very particular in which the example should be shunned.* The French and English books are brief on the subject of the ball. The “Code Civil” teaches little more than that the invitation should be given eight days beforehand, and that a man had better not accept it unless he can dance: that ball-givers should take care to get partners for the ladies, and that ball-goers will do well to dance with the old and ugly occasionally: that public balls are to be sedulously avoided; and that at the masked balls of the opera in particular, the freshness is factitious, the masks are deceitful, the wit contraband, and the corsets padded. The last observation has, it seems, been verified by the Dey of Algiers, who is quoted as complaining that when he buys what Miss Pardoe calls “an Odalique,” in Paris, he gets nothing but a bundle of clothes.

The American work is more than usually copious upon the subject of balls, and, with the exception of

* Miss Berry (“England and France,” part ii. p. 144) says that great assemblies, crowded balls, and dinners of forty people, came in with the Restoration, and that a reaction was beginning when she wrote. Since that period (1831) the tide has turned again.

an occasional borrowing from the French, apparently original.

“According to the hours now in fashion here, ten o’clock is quite early enough *to render yourself* at a dance. You will even then find many coming after you. *As a young man, however, on his first entrance into society, should resolve to throw himself into the most trying circumstances at once*, he had better make a point of going to dances early, that is, between half-past eight and nine o’clock, when there will be but few persons in the rooms. He should enter alone, and present himself to the mistress of the house with ease and calmness, not carrying a hat in his hand for the first winter, as he would feel embarrassed subsequently if he were to leave it accidentally behind him. Indeed, no man should suffer himself to carry a hat, until he feels himself thoroughly at ease without it.

“When a woman is standing in a quadrille, though not engaged in dancing, a man not acquainted with her partner should not converse with her. As this prevents the other from talking to her himself, it is extremely indelicate, and obliges the other to feel unpleasantly, *and such an one would not be censurable, if he were to interrupt the conversation, if it were long continued, and to turn his back upon the intruder.* Where this third person is known to both parties, to join for a short time in colloquy with both is obvious to no objection.

“A young man, when he goes to balls, should make a point of dancing frequently: if he does not, he will not be very welcome. You may be sure you were not invited there merely to lean against the wall, and ‘wait for supper.’ When you have retired from a quadrille, you should remain with the woman you danced with until she is provided with another partner. She will probably desire you not to remain, but to dance with another; but, of course, you prefer to converse with her.

“If you ask a woman to dance with you, and she is engaged, do not prefer a request for her hand at the next set after that, because she may be engaged for that also, and for many more; and you would have to run through a long list of interrogatories, which would be absurd and awkward. If she declines for the next set, simply beg to name the

earliest dance for which she is not engaged, and *render yourself* very punctually to fulfil your engagement."

We recommend no one to follow this advice who is not quite sure of his ground. The best rebuff to an importunate was given by a pretty London *débutante* of last season: "I can put you down for the thirteenth, but I shall only dance four more." At Weimar, in Goethe's time, the first waltz was entitled *d'amitié*, and the second *d'amour*.

The Philadelphian continues:—

"When that long and anxiously desiderated hour, the hour of supper, has arrived, you select some lady, and request leave to hand her up, or down, to the supper-table. You remain with her while she is at the table, seeing that she has all that she desires, and then conduct her back to the dancing-rooms. There are usually two or three dances after supper. When you have *reposed* her safely, you return."

Innumerable are the topics yet remaining—letters, appointments, presents, concerts, *déjeûners*, suppers, duels, marriages, christenings, funerals, &c. &c. &c., but we have hardly space remaining to glance at one, perhaps the most comprehensive it is well possible to discuss; namely, conversation, including flattery and compliments, which, in the Italian and French works, have each subsections devoted to them.

If the art of pleasing by talking were teachable by rules, M. Gioja would long ago have taught it to his countrymen, for never was subject more elaborately discussed; but the utmost rules ever did, or ever can do, for the student of an art, is to point out the faults he is most likely to commit, and enable him to fix the true standard of excellence upon which his thoughts must unceasingly be bent. For conversation, above all things, a host of natural qualifications are requisite,—fancy, memory, impressibility, quickness of per-

ception, clearness of thought, fluency of expression, manner, voice, tact—and though each of these is improvable by study, not one amongst them can be conferred or created by it.

Jekyll and Conversation Sharpe are said to have kept day-books in which, at the most active period of their lives, they made regular entries of the good things they had heard or related during the day; yet we incline to think that the would-be humorist or anecdote-monger who should attempt to rival either of them by journalising, would find himself exceedingly mistaken in the end. Sheridan, again, according to Mr. Moore, was accustomed sedulously to think over and polish the *bon-mots* which were to electrify the House of Commons or the dinner-table: but no inference can be more unfair or illogical than that his brilliant sallies were all the result of labour—a sort of firework exhibition prepared beforehand and let off at the fitting moment for the display. The truth is, most men of genius spend half their time in day-dreaming about the art or subject in which they are interested or excel. The painter is peopling space with the forms that are to breathe on his canvas; the poet is murmuring the words that are to burn along his lines: if you meet a crack parliamentary debater in the street, it is three to one that you catch, *I repeat, Mr. Speaker*, or *I am free to confess, Sir*, as you pass; and the gay diner-out, “the man of wit and pleasure about town,” has the look of being engaged in colloquies as unreal as the supper of the Barmecide, and no doubt provides himself with rich materials for society by thus exciting his fancy and then following its flow. If he happened to be also an author, he would simply be pursuing his vocation by setting down what Tom Paine (who adopted the same practice) used to call his “bolting thoughts” as they arose.

It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Moore has mistaken a trick or habit common to a class, for a peculiarity characteristic of the man; and some of the authors before us, improving on his mistake and misapplying his authority, would fain lead their readers to believe that they may go and do likewise (*i. e.* like Sheridan or Jekyll) if they would. It is this doctrine we are most anxious to protest against. There may be no great harm in encouraging young ladies to kiss their hands from balconies or young gentlemen to eat gooseberry pie with a spoon, and we apprehend little danger from the threatened inroad of silver forks and napkins into regions hitherto unconscious of them; but we deprecate all attempts to extend the breed of village Jekylls or convert our mute inglorious Sheridans into talking ones.

THE
ART OF DINING
OR
GASTRONOMY AND GASTRONOMERS.

THIRD EDITION.

PREFATORY NOTICE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

THE groundwork of this little book is taken from two articles in the "Quarterly Review," by the same writer; the first of which, entitled "Gastronomy and Gastronomers," appeared in July, 1835, and the second, being a review of the late Mr. Walker's "Original," in February, 1836. The following pages are an attempt to consolidate those articles and to bring down and adapt to the present time the disquisitions, descriptions, and directions contained in them.

Among the many distinguished and accomplished persons who have kindly fallen in with the humour of the undertaking, and have supplied the writer with valuable materials in the shape of hints, recipes, and illustrative anecdotes, he deems it an imperative duty to acknowledge his obligations to Count d'Orsay, Lord Marcus Hill, the Right Hon. Colonel Damer, the Hon. W. Stuart (attached to the British Embassy at Paris), Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., Sir H. Hume Campbell, of Marchmont, Bart., the Editor of the Quarterly Review (Leckhart), the Author of the Spanish Handbook, Lady Morgan, and (last, not least) the author of "Stuart of Dunleith."

In preparing the second edition for the press, he has corrected what has been proved to him to be erroneous; but his excuse for not adopting more of the alterations and improvements suggested by able critics is to be found in the limited scope and humble object of the work.

A. H.

Temple : January, 1853.

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THE ART OF DINING.

M. HENRION DE PENSEY, late President of the Court of Cassation, the magistrate (according to M. Royer-Collard) of whom "regenerated" France had most reason to be proud, expressed himself as follows to MM. Laplace, Chaptal, and Berthollet, three of the most distinguished men of science of their day:—"I regard the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes; and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honoured or adequately represented amongst us, until I see a cook in the first class of the Institute."

Most rational and candid persons will coincide with the judge, to the extent of thinking that mankind are deeply interested in the due cultivation of the art which improves health, prolongs life, and promotes kindly feelings, besides largely contributing to a class of material enjoyments which are only reprehensible when tinged by coarseness or excess. The history of gastronomy is that of manners, if not of morals; and the learned are aware that its literature is both instructive and amusing; for it is replete with curious traits of character and comparative views of society at different periods, as well as with striking anecdotes of remarkable men and women, whose destinies have been strangely influenced by their epicurean tastes and habits. Let it, moreover, be

remembered, that a tone of mock seriousness or careless gaiety does not necessarily imply the absence of sound reflection. The laughing philosopher may prove better worth attention than the solemn pedant; and the thoughtful reader of the following pages may learn from them, not merely how and where to dine best, but by what means, and upon what principles, convivial intercourse has been carried to the highest pitch of refinement in circles like those described by the poet:—

“ When in retreat Fox lays his thunder by,
And Wit and Taste their mingled charms supply,
When Siddons, born to melt and freeze the heart,
Performs at home her more endearing part.”

As regards the historical parts of our lucubrations, we shall be exceedingly brief, and not at all learned — bestowing only a passing glance on the ancients, and hurrying on as fast as possible to France and England.

It is sagaciously remarked by Madame Dacier, that Homer makes no mention of boiled meat in any of his works; and in all the entertainments described by him, as in the dinner given by Achilles to the royal messengers in the ninth Iliad, the *pièce de résistance* undoubtedly is a broil; from which it is plausibly, if somewhat hastily, inferred that the Greeks had not then discovered the mode of making vessels to bear fire.

This discovery is supposed to have reached them from Egypt, and they rapidly turned it to the best possible account. The Athenians, in particular, seem to have as much excelled the rest of Greece in gastronomy, as the French, the modern nation most nearly resembling them, excel the rest of Europe in this respect. The best proof of this assertion is to be found in the circumstance that the learned have agreed to rank amongst the most valuable of the lost works of antiquity, a didactic poem on gastronomy,

by Archestratus, the intimate friend of one of the sons of Pericles. "This great writer," says Athenæus, "had traversed earth and sea to render himself acquainted with the best things which they produced. He did not, during his travels, inquire concerning the manners of nations, as to which it is useless to inform ourselves, since it is impossible to change them; but he entered the laboratories where the delicacies of the table were prepared, and he held intercourse with none but those who could advance his pleasures. His poem is a treasure of science, every verse a precept."

These terms of exalted praise must be taken with a few grains of salt, for, considering the imperfect state of the physical sciences at the time, it may well be doubted whether Archestratus succeeded in producing so complete a treasure of precepts as his admirers have supposed. Another ground of scepticism is supplied by the accounts that have come down to us of the man himself, who is said to have been so small and lean, that, when placed in the scales, his weight was found not to exceed an obolus; in which case he must have borne a strong resemblance to the Dutch governor mentioned in Knickerbocker's "History of New York," who pined away so imperceptibly, that when he died there was nothing of him left to bury. Besides, it is highly probable that all which was really valuable in the cookery of the Greeks was carried off, along with the other arts to which ordinary opinion assigns a yet higher value, to Rome. As, indeed, we know that the Romans sent a deputation to Athens for the laws of Solon, and were in the constant habit of repairing thither to study in the schools, it would be ludicrous to suppose that they neglected the *cuisine*; and there can be little or no doubt whatever, that when, at a somewhat later period, the Grecian philosophers, poets,

and rhetoricians flocked to Rome as the metropolis of civilisation, the cooks of Athens accompanied them. Yet concentrating, as the Roman banquets must have done, all the gastronomic genius and resources of the world, they were much more remarkable for profusion and costliness than for taste. The sole merit of a dish composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks or the tongues of five hundred nightingales, must have been its dearness; and if a mode of swallowing most money in a given time be the desideratum, commend us to Cleopatra's decoction of pearls — although even this was fairly exceeded in originality and neatness of conception by the frail fair one — the famous Mrs. Sawbridge, we believe — who, to show her contempt for an elderly adorer, placed the hundred pound note, which he had laid upon her dressing-table, between two slices of bread and butter, and ate it as a sandwich. Captain Morris, in one of his songs, has set the proper value on these fancied Roman luxuries :

“ Old Lucullus, they say,
 Forty cooks had each day,
 And Vitellius's meals cost a million;
 But I like what is good,
 When or where be my food,
 In a chop-house or royal pavilion.

“ At all feasts (if enough)
 I most heartily stuff,
 And a song at my heart alike rushes,
 Though I've not fed my lungs
 Upon nightingales' tongues,
 Nor the brains of goldfinches and thrushes.”

Neither have we much respect for epicures who could select so awkward and uncomfortable a position as a reclining one. It is quite startling to think how they must have slobbered their long beards and togas, in conveying food from the table to their mouths without forks — for forks are clearly a modern discovery,

none having been found in the ruins of Herculaneum — and it is difficult to conceive how they could manage to drink at all, unless they sate up as the goblet was passed to them. Eating, however, had certainly engaged the attention of the Roman men of science, although one only of their works on the subject has come down to us. It is supposed to have enlightened the public about the time of Heliogabalus, and bears the name of “Apicius,” in honour of the connoisseur who spent about a million and a half of our money in the gratification of his palate, and then, finding that he had not above fifty thousand pounds sterling left, killed himself for fear of dying of hunger.

The period comprising the fall of the Roman empire and the greater portion of the middle ages, was one of unmitigated darkness for the fine arts. Charlemagne, as appears from his “Capitularies,” took a warm personal interest in the management of his table; and the Normans, two or three centuries later, are said to have prided themselves on their superior taste and discrimination in this respect. Sir Walter Scott had good authority for the graphic details of their real or affected refinement which are contained in his description of Prince John’s banquet in “Ivanhoe.” But the revival of cookery, like that of learning, is due to Italy. We are unable to fix the precise time when it began to be cultivated there with success, but it met with the most enlightened encouragement from the merchant-princes of Florence, and the French received the first rudiments of the science from the professors who accompanied Catherine de Medicis to Paris.* There is a remarkable passage in Montaigne,

* It is clearly established that they introduced the use of ices into France. *Fricandeaus* were invented by the *chef* of Leo X. Coryat, in his “Crudities Gobbled Up,” writing in the reign of James I, says that he was called “Furcifer” by his friends, from his using their “Italian neatnesses, namely, forks.”

which shews that the Italian cooks had learnt to put a proper estimate on their vocation, and that their mode of viewing it was still new to the French.

“I have seen amongst us,” says Montaigne, “one of those artists who had been in the service of Cardinal Caraffa. He discoursed to me of this *science de gueule* with a gravity and a magisterial air, as if he was speaking of some weighty point of theology. He expounded to me a difference of appetites: that which one has fasting; that which one has after the second or third course; the methods now of satisfying and then of exciting and piquing it; the *police* of sauces, first in general, and next particularising the qualities of the ingredients and their effects; the differences of salads according to their season; that which should be warmed, that which should be served cold, with the mode of adorning and embellishing them to make them pleasant to the view. He then entered on the order of the service, full of elevated and important considerations —

‘Nec minimo sane discrimine refert
Quo gestu lepores et quo gallina seccetur.’

And all this expressed in rich and magnificent terms, in those very terms, indeed, which one employs in treating of the government of an empire—I well remember my man.”

The strongest proofs in favour of the excellence of the ancients in painting are deduced from the descriptions of the principles and effects of painting to be found in the poets, historians, and orators of antiquity, who, it is argued, would never have spoken as they do speak of it, had not those principles been understood, and those effects been at least partially produced.* Arguing in the same manner, we infer that culinary science must have made no inconsiderable progress to enable Montaigne’s acquaintance to discourse upon it so eloquently. There is also good reason to believe that it had made some pro-

* This argument is well put in Webb’s “Dialogues on Painting.”

gress in England, for Cardinal Campeggio, one of the legates charged to treat with Henry VIII. concerning his divorce from Catherine, drew up a report on the state of English cookery as compared with that of Italy and France, probably by the express desire and for the especial use of his Holiness the Pope. Henry, moreover, was a liberal rewarder of that sort of merit which ministered to the gratification of his appetites: and on one occasion he was so transported with the flavour of a new pudding, that he gave a manor to the inventor.

History, which has only become philosophical within the last century, and took little note of manners until Voltaire had demonstrated the importance of commemorating them, affords no authentic materials for filling up the period which intervened between the arrival of Catherine of Medicis and the accession of Louis XIV., under whom cookery made prodigious advances, being one while employed to give a zest to his glories, and then again to console him in their decline.* The name of his celebrated *maître-d'hôtel*, Béchamel—a name as surely destined to immortality by his sauce as that of Herschel by his star, or that of Baffin by his bay—affords guarantee and proof enough of the discriminating elegance with which the royal table was served; and, as may be seen in the memoirs and correspondence of the time, Colbert, the celebrated administrator, and Condé, the great captain, were little, if at all, behind-hand in this respect with royalty. The closing scene of Vatel, the *maître-d'hôtel* of Condé, has been often quoted, but it forms so essential a portion of this history, that we are under the absolute necessity of inserting it:

* Liqueurs were invented for the use of Louis XIV. in his old age, as were *Côtelettes à la Maintenon* to protect the royal stomach against grease.

“I wrote you yesterday,” says Madame de Sévigné, “that Vatel had killed himself; I here give you the affair in detail. The king arrived on the evening of the Thursday; the collation was served in a room hung with jonquils; all was as could be wished. At supper there were some tables where the roast was wanting, on account of several parties which had not been expected. This affected Vatel. He said several times, ‘I am dishonoured; this is a disgrace that I cannot endure.’ He said to Gourville, ‘My head is dizzy; I have not slept for twelve nights; assist me in giving orders.’ Gourville assisted him as much as he could. The roast which had been wanting, not at the table of the king, but at the inferior tables, was constantly present to his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the prince; the prince even went to the chamber of Vatel, and said to him,—‘Vatel, all is going on well; nothing could equal the supper of the king.’ He replied,—‘Monseigneur, your goodness overpowers me; I know that the roast was wanting at two tables.’ ‘Nothing of the sort,’ said the prince; ‘do not distress yourself, all is going on well.’ Night came; the fireworks failed; they had cost sixteen thousand francs. He rose at four the next morning, determined to attend to everything in person. He found everybody asleep. He meets one of the inferior purveyors, who brought only two packages of sea-fish: he asks, ‘Is that all?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. Vatel waits some time; the other purveyors did not arrive; his brain began to burn; he believed that there would be no more fish. He finds Gourville; he says to him, ‘Monsieur, I shall never survive this disgrace.’ Gourville made light of it. Vatel goes up stairs to his room, places his sword against the door, and stabs himself to the heart; but it was not until the third blow, after giving himself two not mortal, that he fell dead. The fish however, arrives from all quarters; they seek Vatel to distribute it; they go to his room, they knock, they force open the door; he is found bathed in his blood. They hasten to tell the prince, who is in despair. The duke wept: it was on Vatel that his journey from Burgundy hinged. The prince related what had passed to the king, with marks of the deepest sorrow. It was attributed to the high sense of honour which he had after his own way. He was very highly commended; his

courage was praised and blamed at the same time. The king said he had delayed coming to Chantilly for five years, for fear of the embarrassment he should cause."

Such are the exact terms in which Madame de Sévigné narrated one of the most extraordinary instances of self-devotion recorded in history. "Enfin, Manette, voilà ce que c'était que Madame de Sévigné et Vatel! Ce sont ces gens-là qui ont honoré le siècle de Louis Quatorze."* We subjoin a few reflections on the same subject taken from the Epistle dedicatory to the shade of Vatel, appropriately prefixed to the concluding volume of the "Almanach des Gourmands:"—

"Who was ever more worthy of the respect and gratitude of true gourmands than the man of genius who would not survive the dishonour of the table of the great Condé, who immolated himself with his own hands, because the sea-fish had not arrived some hours before it was to be served? So noble a death insures you, venerable shade, the most glorious immortality! You have proved that the fanaticism of honour can exist in the kitchen as well as in the camp, and that the spit and the saucepan have also their Catos and their Deciuses.

"Your example, it is true, has not been imitated by any *maitre-d'hôtel* of the following century; and in *this* philosophic age all have preferred living at the expense of their masters to the honour of dying for them. But your name will not be revered the less by all the friends of good cheer. May so noble an example ever influence the emulation of all *maitres-d'hôtel* present and to come! and if they do not imitate you in your glorious suicide, let them at least take care, by all means human, that sea-fish be never wanting at our tables."

The Prince de Soubise (immortalised by the sauce

* Vanderdoort, who had the charge of Charles I.'s collection, hung himself because a miniature by Gibson was missing at the moment.—*Walpole*.

named after him) rejoiced in an excellent cook, a man of true science, with princely notions of expenditure. His master one day announced to him his intention to give a supper, and demanded a *menu*. The *chef* presented one with an estimate; and the first article on which the prince cast his eyes was this,—*fifty hams*. “Eh! what!” said he; “why, Bertrand, you must be out of your senses! are you going to feast my whole regiment?” “No, Monseigneur! only one ham will appear on the table; the rest are not the less necessary for my *espagnoles*, my *blonds*, my *garnitures*, my —” “Bertrand, you are plundering me, and this article shall not pass.” “Oh, my lord,” replied the indignant artist, “you do not understand our resources: give the word, and these fifty hams which confound you, I will put them all into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb.” What answer could be made? The prince nodded, and the article passed.

To turn for a moment to England — the state of cookery under Charles II. is sufficiently indicated by the names of Chiffinch and Chaubert, to whose taste and skill the author of “*Waverley*” has borne ample testimony by his description of the dinner prepared for Smith, Ganlesse, and Peveril of the Peak, at the little Derbyshire inn:—

“We could bring no chauffettes with any convenience; and even Chaubert is nothing, unless his dishes are tasted in the very moment of projection. Come, uncover, and let us see what he has done for us. Hum! ha! ay—squab pigeons — wild-fowl — young chickens — venison cutlets — and a space in the centre, wet, alas! by a gentle tear from Chaubert’s eye, where should have been the *soupe aux écrevisses*. The zeal of that poor fellow is ill repaid by his paltry ten louis per month.”—*Peveril*, vol. ii. p. 165.

Decisive evidence of the palmy condition of the art in the seventeenth century is afforded by “*The Ac-*

complisht Cook” of Robert May, the first edition of which appeared in 1665. In the dedication to Lord Montague, Lord Lunley, Lord Dormer, and Sir Kenelm Digby, the author says, “In the mean space, that our English world may know the Mæcena’s (*sic*) and patrons of this generous art, I have exposed this volume to the public, under the tuition of your names, at whose feet I prostrate these endeavours.”

He speaks rather contemptuously of the French *cuisine*, but acknowledges himself “not a little beholding to the Italian and Spanish treatises; though, without my fosterage and bringing up under the generousities and bounties of my noble patrons and masters, I could never have arrived to this experience.” This fosterage was certainly remarkable. From “a short narrative of some passages of the Author’s Life,” modestly prefixed to the book, we learn that, having attained to some perfection under his father, one of the ablest cooks of his time, the old Lady Dormer sent him over to France, where he continued five years in the family of a noble peer and first president of Paris. On his return he was bound apprentice to “Mr. Arthur Hollinsworth, in Newgate Market, one of the ablest workmen in London, cook to the Grocer’s Hall and Star Chamber. His apprenticeship being out, the Lady Dormer sent for him to be her cook, under his father (who then served that honourable lady), where there were four cooks more; such noble houses were then (about 1610) kept, the glory of that and the shame of this present age. Then were those days wherein were practised the triumphs and trophies of cookery.” One of these triumphs is the construction of a ship of confectionery, with guns charged with actual powder, and a castle of pies, containing live frogs and birds. After giving directions as to the firing of the guns, he proceeds:

“ This done, to sweeten the stink of powder, let the ladies take the egg-shells full of sweet waters and throw them at each other. All dangers being seemingly over, by this time you may suppose they will desire to see what is in the pyes; where, lifting first the lid off one pye, out skip some frogs, which makes the ladies to skip and shreek; next after the other pye, whence come out the birds, who, by a natural instinct, flying in the light will put out the candles; so that, what with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company: at length, the candles are lighted, and a banquet brought in, the musick sounds, *and every one with much delight and content rehearses their actions in the former passages*”—i. e. whilst the candles were out.—“ These were formerly the delights of the nobility before good housekeeping had left England, and the sword really acted that which was only counterfeited in such honest and laudable exercises as these.”

Under Queen Anne, again, the gouty queen of gourmands, who had Lister, one of the editors of the “ Apicius,” for her pet physician, and who, in fact, achieved the highest honour of gastronomy by giving her name to a pudding, cookery certainly did not suffer from any lack of encouragement; but, soon after the accession of the House of Brunswick, a fashion was introduced, which we cannot but think adverse to the true and proper object of the art:—

“ The last branch of our fashion,” says Horace Walpole, “ into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our desserts. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plums, and creams, have long since given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees, meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-shells triumphed over oceans of looking-glass or seas of silver tissue. Women

of the first quality came home from Chenevix's, laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their housekeeper. At last, even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeed to pigmies; and it is known that a celebrated confectioner (Lord Albemarle's) complained that, after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée. '*Imaginez-vous,*' said he, '*que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond!*'

"The Intendant of Gascony," adds Walpole, "on the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, amongst many other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moved by clockwork, of the whole labour of the dauphiness and the happy birth of an heir to the monarchy."—*Lord Orford's Works*, vol. i. p. 149.

Fortunately there were men of taste on both sides of the Channel, who made art minister to other purposes than vanity, and amongst these the Regent Duke of Orleans most signally distinguished himself. His *petit soupers* conferred a celebrity on the scene of them, which it still preserves sufficiently to justify the reply of the Frenchman, who, on being asked by a stranger in a remote part of Europe if he could tell him the direction of Paris, made answer, "*Monsieur, ce chemin-là vous conduira au Palais Royal.*" There is a vague tradition that the *chef* of the regent was pre-eminent in a *dinde aux truffes*.

It was the fashion of his day for each guest to place a piece of gold in every dish of more than ordinary merit. This was an admirable method of calling out the genius of the artists; for judicious praise is as necessary as discriminating censure to inspire energy and animate exertion. The Duke of Wellington once requested the connoisseur whom the author of "Tancred" terms "the finest judge in

Europe" to provide him a *chef*. Felix, whom the late Lord Seaford was reluctantly about to part with on economical grounds, was recommended and received. Some months afterwards his patron was dining with Lord Seaford, and before the first course was half over he observed, "So I find you have got the duke's cook to dress your dinner." "I have got Felix," replied Lord S., "but he is no longer the duke's cook. The poor fellow came to me with tears in his eyes and begged me to take him back again, at reduced wages or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House. 'Has the duke been finding fault?' said I. 'Oh no, my lord; I would stay if he had: he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I serve him a dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he says nothing; I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by the cookmaid, and he says nothing. Dat hurt my feelings, my lord.'"

To facilitate criticism and individualise responsibility, it is the practice at some distinguished Russian and German tables — at the royal table of Hanover, in particular — to print in the *carte* — a copy of which is placed beside the plate of each guest — the name of the cook by whom each dish has been dressed, like the programme of a concert with the names of the performers.

Louis XV., amidst his other luxuries, was not unmindful of that which, it has been sagaciously observed, harmonises with all other pleasures, and remains to console us for their loss. It is generally understood that *tables volantes* were invented under his eye:

"At the petits soupers of Choisy (says the most graceful of poets) were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism — a table and a sideboard, which descended and rose again covered with viands and wines. And thus the

most luxurious court in Europe, after all its boasted refinement, was glad to return at last, by this singular contrivance, to the quiet and privacy of humble life."—*Rogers's Poems*, p. 135, *note*.

It was to please Louis XV. that the Duchesse de Mailly invented the *gigot à la Mailly*. Louis XVI. is said to have been somewhat neglectful of his table, which may have been one amongst the many causes of his fall; for, as Johnson observes, a man who is careless about his table will generally be found careless in other matters.

Louis XVIII. (whom we mention now to obviate the necessity of returning to the dynasty) was a gastronome of the first water, and had the Duc d'Escars for his grand *maître-d'hôtel* — a man whose fortunes were hardly on a par with his deserts. He died inconsolable at not having given his name to a single dish, after devoting his whole life to the culinary art. When his best friends wished to wound him mortally, they had only to mention the *veau à la Béchamel*. "Gentlemen," he would exclaim, "say no more about it, or fancy me the author and inventor of the dish. This French Revolution was necessary, that, in the general break up, poor Béchamel should be decorated with this glory. *Entre nous*, he was wholly innocent of any invention whatever. But such is the way of the world! he goes straight to posterity, and your most humble servant will end by leaving no token of remembrance behind him."

M. d'Escars' fate was the harder because he died a victim to gastronomy. It is related of Herbault, of bonnet-making fame, that, when he was occupied with the more recondite mysteries of his art, his porter was wont to put off visitors with, "Monsieur n'est pas visible, *il compose*." When the Duc d'Escars and his royal master were closeted together to me-

ditate a dish, the ministers were kept waiting in the antechamber, and the next day the following announcement regularly appeared in the official journals: — “M. le Duc d’Escars *a travaillé* dans le cabinet.” Louis XVIII. had invented the *truffes à la purée d’ortolans*, and, reluctant to disclose the secret to an ignoble confidant or menial, he invariably prepared the dish with his own royal hands, assisted by the duke. On one occasion they had jointly composed a dish of more than ordinary dimensions, and duly consumed the whole of it. In the middle of the night the duke was seized with a fit of indigestion, and his case was declared hopeless: loyal to the last, he ordered an attendant to wake and inform the king, who might be exposed to a similar attack. His Majesty was roused accordingly, and told that his faithful servant was dying of his invention. “Dying!” exclaimed Louis le Désiré — “dying of my *truffes à la purée*? I was right then. I always said that I had the better stomach of the two.”

The Revolution bade fair at its commencement to bring back a long night of barbarism upon art; and the destruction of the pre-existing races of Amphitryons and diners-out was actually and most efficiently accomplished by it. We allude not merely to the nobility, with their appendages the chevaliers and abbés, but to the financiers, who employed their ill-got fortunes so gloriously.

What a host of pleasing associations arise at the bare mention of a dish *à la financière*! They were replaced, however, although slowly, by the inevitable consequences of the events that proved fatal to them. The upstart chiefs of the republic, the plundering marshals and *parvenus* nobles of Napoleon, proved no bad substitutes in this way for the financiers, although they tried in vain to ape the gallant bearing, as well as the arms and titles, of the old feudal no-

bility. Amongst the most successful of this mushroom generation was Cambacérès, second consul under the republic and arch-chancellor under the empire, who never suffered the cares of government to distract his attention from "the great object of life." On one occasion, for example, being detained in consultation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour of dinner, — it is said that the fate of the Duc d'Enghien was the topic under discussion, — he was observed, when the hour became very late, to show great symptoms of impatience and restlessness. He at last wrote a note, which he called a gentleman usher in waiting to carry. Napoleon, suspecting the contents, nodded to an aide-de-camp to intercept the despatch. As he took it into his hands, Cambacérès begged earnestly that he would not read a trifling note on family matters. Napoleon persisted, and found it to be a note to the cook, containing only the following words: "*Gardez les entremets — les rôtis sont perdus.*"

When Napoleon was in good humour at the result of a diplomatic conference, he was accustomed to take leave of the plenipotentiaries with — "Go and dine with Cambacérès." His table was, in fact, an important state-engine, as appears from the anecdote of the Genevese trout sent to him by the municipality of Geneva, and charged 300f. in their accounts. The Imperial *Cour des Comptes*, having disallowed the item, was interdicted from meddling with municipal affairs in future.

The fame of Barrère's suppers had preceded that of Cambacérès' dinners. Sir James Mackintosh relates, in the Diary which he kept at Paris in 1814, that in 1794 Metternich presented to Trautmansdorf, his colleague at Brussels, a Frenchman, a persecuted Royalist, probably a spy, saying, "Here is M. —, just arrived from Paris, who says that

peace ought not to be made with Robespierre." Trautmansdorf maintained the contrary. M. —, to confirm his own opinion, said, "I supped at Barrère's fifteen days since, and he told me that Robespierre's government would not last six weeks." "I have never supped at Barrère's," replied Trautmansdorf. "It is impossible," rejoined M. —, "to understand the Revolution without having supped at Barrère's." Barras, also, was famous for judicious attention to his table.

As some compensation, again, for the injurious influence of the Revolution in its first stages upon cookery, it is right to mention that it contributed to emancipate the *cuisine* from prejudice, and added largely to its resources. *Pièces de résistance*, says Lady Morgan, on Carème's authority, came in with the National Convention, — potatoes were dressed *au naturel* in the Reign of Terror, — and it was under the Directory that tea-drinking commenced in France. But both her ladyship and Carème are clearly in error when they say that one house alone (*les Frères Robert*) preserved the sacred fire of the French kitchen through the shock. The error of this supposition will appear from a brief sketch of far the most important change effected by the Revolution, — a change bearing the strongest possible affinity to that which the spread of knowledge has effected in literature.

The time has been when a patron was almost as indispensable to an author as a publisher: Spenser waiting in Southampton's ante-room was a favourable illustration of the class; and so long as this state of things lasted, their independence of character, their position in society, their capacity for exertion, their style of thinking, were lowered, contracted, and cramped. Circumstances, which it is beside the present purpose to dwell upon, have

widened the field of enterprise, and led literary men to depend almost exclusively on the public for patronage, to the manifest advantage of all parties. Precisely the same sort of change was effected in the state and prospects of French cookery by the Revolution; which rapidly accelerated, if it did not altogether originate, the establishment of what now constitutes the most distinctive excellence of Paris, its *restaurants*.

Boswell represents Johnson as expatiating on the felicity of England in her "Mitres," "Turks' Heads," &c., and triumphing over the French for not having the tavern-life in any perfection. The English of the present day, who have been accustomed to consider domesticity as their national virtue, and the habit of living in public as the grand characteristic of the French, will read the parallel with astonishment; but it was perfectly well-founded at the time. The first restaurant in Paris was *Champ d'Oiseau, Rue des Poulies*, which commenced business in 1770. In 1789 the number of restaurateurs had increased to a hundred; in 1804 (the date of the first appearance of the "Almanach des Gourmands") to five or six hundred; and it now considerably exceeds a thousand. Three distinct causes are mentioned in the Almanach as having co-operated in the production and multiplication of these establishments. First, the rage for English fashions which prevailed amongst the French during the ten or fifteen years immediately preceding the revolution, "for the English," said the writer, "as is well known, almost always take their meals in taverns." Secondly, "the sudden inundation of undomiciled legislators, who, finishing by giving the *ton*, drew by their example all Paris to the *cabaret*." Thirdly, the breaking-up of the domestic establishments of the rich secular and clerical nobility, whose cooks were thus driven to the public for support.

Robert, one of the earliest and best of the profession, was *ci-devant chef* of the *ci-devant* Archbishop of Aix.

A fourth cause has been suggested, on which we lay no particular stress: it has been thought that the new patriotic *millionnaires*, who had enriched themselves by the plunder of the church and the nobility, were fearful, in those ticklish times, of letting the full extent of their opulence be known; and thus, instead of setting up an establishment, preferred gratifying their Epicurean inclinations at an eating-house.* Be this as it may, at the commencement of the nineteenth century the culinary genius of France had become permanently fixed in the *restaurants*, and when the allied monarchs arrived in Paris in 1814, they were absolutely compelled to contract with a restaurateur (Véry) for the supply of their table, at the moderate sum of 3000 francs a day, exclusive of wine.

About this time, however, a reactionary movement took place. Many of the best cooks were again formed and retained in private establishments. The illustrious strangers who repaired to Paris after the peace vied with the native *Amphitryons*, royal and noble, in munificent patronage of the art; and the ten or fifteen years immediately subsequent to the Restoration may be specified as the epoch during which French cookery had reached its culminating point.

If a new Pantheon or Valhalla were set apart for eminent cooks, the following, who matured or laid the foundations of their fame during the first quarter of the century, would have been held entitled to niches, pedestals, or inscriptions within its hallowed precincts:—Robert (inventor of the sauce), Rechaud,

* It was not unusual amongst the English adventurers who had enriched themselves by the plunder of India, in the golden days of Paul Benfield and Lord Clive, to make a mystery of their wealth. "What does — mean (said a country gentleman) by buying that farm, which is at least five miles distant from his principal estate?"—"He means to join them at the proper season," replied an old Indian, who proved right.

Merillion; Benaud, the *chef* of Cambacérès; Farci, *chef de la Bouche Impériale*; Boucheseche, Chevalier, Louis Esbras, Plumeret, and Paul Wéry, who formed the famous culinary brigade of Talleyrand; Legacque, cook to Marshal Duroc, and the founder of a *restaurant* which, under the Empire, became celebrated for its *parties fines*; Joubert, many years cook to M. Lafitte, and afterwards to Prince Esterhazy; Baleine and Borel, of the renowned *Rocher*; Tailleur; the brothers Véry; Robin, afterwards in the service of the late Lord Stair; Beauvilliers, Carème, &c. &c. Of these, the three first have been ingeniously characterised as the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Rubens of cookery, and Beauvilliers was placed by acclamation at the head of the classical school, so called by way of contradistinction to the romantic school, of which the famous Carème used to be considered as the chief. Here again the philosophic observer will not fail to mark a close analogy between cookery and literature.*

Beauvilliers was a remarkable man in many ways, and we are fortunately enabled to furnish a few materials for his future biographer. He commenced the practice of his profession about 1782, in the Rue Richelieu, No. 20, which we record for the instruction of those who love to trace the historic sites of a metropolis. His reputation grew slowly, and did not arrive at its full height until the beginning of the present century, but it was never known to retrograde, and in 1814 and 1815 he fairly rivalled Véry in the favour of "*nos amis les ennemis*." He made

* Dugald Stewart was struck by the analogy between cookery, poetry, and the fine arts, as appears from the following passage: — "Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and bitter to be *relatively* pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in *the art of cookery*, correspond to that *composite beauty* which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create!" — *Philosophical Essays*.

himself personally acquainted with all the marshals and generals of taste, without regard to country, and spoke as much of the language of each as was necessary for his own peculiar sort of intercourse. His memory, also, is reported to have been such, that, after a lapse of twenty years, he could remember and address by name persons who had dined two or three times at his house; and his mode of profiting by his knowledge was no less peculiar than his aptness in acquiring and retaining it. Divining, as it were by instinct, when a party of distinction were present, he was wont to approach their table with every token of the profoundest submission to their will and the warmest interest in their gratification. He would point out one dish to be avoided, another to be had without delay; he would himself order a third, of which no one had thought, or send for wine from a cellar of which he alone had the key; in a word, he assumed so amiable and engaging a tone, that all these extra articles had the air of being so many benefactions from himself. But he vanished after having supported this Amphitryon-like character for a few minutes, and the arrival of the bill gave ample evidence of the party's having dined at a *restaurant*. "Beauvilliers," says the author of the "Physiologie du Goût," "made, unmade, and remade his fortune several times, nor is it exactly known in which of these phases he was surprised by death; but he had so many means of getting rid of his money, that no great prize could have devolved upon his heirs." Shortly before his exit he discharged the debt which, according to Lord Bacon, every man owes to his profession (though we should not be sorry if it were less frequently paid), by the publication of his "Art du Cuisinier," in two volumes octavo. He died a few months before Napoleon.

Carème, like his great rival, is an author, and an

intrepid one, for in the preface to his "Maître d'Hôtel Français" he says, "I have proved incontestably that all the books, down to the present time, on our *cuisine*, are full of errors;" and he then proceeds to give evidence of his own superior breeding, with his natural and acquired qualifications for the art. We have to thank himself and Lady Morgan, who prides herself on a personal acquaintance with him, for most of the leading particulars of his life.

Carème is a lineal descendant of that celebrated *chef* of Leo X. who received the name of *Jean de Carème* (*Jack of Lent*), for a soup-maigre which he invented for the Pope. It is remarkable that the first decisive proof of genius given by our Carème was a sauce for fast-dinners. He began his studies by attending a regular course of roasting under some of the leading roasters of the day; although it is a favourite belief amongst gastronomers that poets and roasters belong to one and the same category;— *on se fait cuisinier, mais on est né rôtisseur* — *poëta nascitur, non fit*. He next placed himself under M. Richaut, "*fameux saucier de la maison de Condé*," as Carème terms him, to learn the mystery of sauces; then under M. Asne, with a peculiar view to the *belles parties des froids*; and took his finishing degree under *Robert l'Ainé*, a professor of *l'élégance moderne*.

The competition for the services of an artist thus accomplished was of course unparalleled. Half the sovereigns of Europe were suitors to him. He became by turns *chef* to the Emperor Alexander, Talleyrand, the late Lord Londonderry, the Princess Bagration, &c. Early in his career, he was induced by persevering solicitations and the promise of a salary of 1000*l.*, to become *chef* to George IV., then Regent, but left him at the end of a few months. We have heard that, whilst he condescended to stay at Carlton House, immense prices were given by

aldermen for his secondhand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent's table. The most tempting offers to return were subsequently made to him, but in vain;— *mon âme* (says he), *toute française ne peut vivre qu'en France*;— and he ended by accepting an engagement with Baron James Rothschild, of Paris, who, in common with the English branches of the same distinguished family, nobly sustains the characteristic reputation of a *financier*.

Having spoken of Beauvilliers and Carème as chiefs of two rival schools of art, we may naturally enough be expected to distinguish them; yet how are we to fix by words such a Cynthia of the minute as the evanescent delicacy, the light, airy, volatile aroma of a dish?— *nequeo narrare, et sentio tantum*. But if compelled to draw distinctions between these two masters, we should say, that Beauvilliers was more remarkable for judgment, and Carème for invention,— that Beauvilliers exhausted the old world of art, and Carème discovered a new one,— that Beauvilliers rigidly adhered to the unities, and Carème snatched a grace beyond them,— that there was more *à plomb* in the touch of Beauvilliers, more curious felicity in Carème's — that Beauvilliers was great in an *entrée*, and Carème sublime in an *entremet*, — that we would bet Beauvilliers against the world for a *rot*, but should wish Carème to prepare the sauce were we under the necessity of eating up an elephant or our grandfather.*

As example is always better than precept, we subjoin Lady Morgan's animated sketch of a dinner by Carème at the Baron Rothschild's villa:—

“ I did not hear the announcement of *Madame est servie*

* “ Lorsque cette sauce est bien traitée, elle ferait manger son grand-père ou un éléphant.” — *Almanach des Gourmands*.

without emotion. We proceeded to the dining-room, not as in England by the printed orders of the red-book, but by the law of the courtesy of nations, whose only distinctions are made in favour of the greatest strangers. The evening was extremely sultry, and in spite of Venetian blinds and open verandas, the apartments through which we passed were exceedingly close. A dinner in the largest of them threatened much inconvenience from the heat; but on this score there was no ground for apprehension. The dining-room stood apart from the house, in the midst of orange-trees: it was an elegant oblong pavilion of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that shot in air through scintillating streams, and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odour that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and fervour of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset, no brilliant silver dazzled the eyes; porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals by its beauty and its fragility, every plate a picture, consoorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had consulted the genius of the place in all.

“To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it; its character, however, was, that it was in season, — that it was up to its time, — that it was in the spirit of the age, — that there was no *perruque* in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish, — no high-spiced sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavour of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good old times, fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dews, with chemical precision —

‘On tepid clouds of rising steam’—

formed the *fond* all. EVERY MEAT PRESENTED ITS OWN NATURAL AROMA—EVERY VEGETABLE ITS OWN SHADE OF VERDURE: the *mayonnaise* was fried in ice (like Ninon’s

description of Sévigné's heart),* and the tempered chill of the *plombière* (which held the place of the eternal *fondue* and *soufflet* of our English tables) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite *avalanche*, which, with the hue and odour of fresh-gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense and dissipated every coarser flavour.

“With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks, as to actors, the wreaths of Pasta or Sontag (divine as they are) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilisation. Cruelty, violence, and barbarism were the characteristics of the men who fed upon the tough fibres of half-dressed oxen; humanity, knowledge, and refinement belong to the living generation, whose tastes and temperance are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Carême, and such *Amphitryons* as his employers!”—*France in 1829-30*, vol. ii. p. 414.

We have been at considerable pains to learn the history, as well as to ascertain the precise merits, of the principal restaurants of Paris at the present time; but what we may have to say regarding them is always subject to one preliminary remark. In the preface to his “*Agricultural Chemistry*,” Sir Humphry Davy described science as “extending with such rapidity, that, even while he was preparing his manuscript for the press, some alterations became necessary.” Now, not only does cookery advance and vary upon the same principle, but its professors are subject to changes from which the professors of other sciences are happily exempt. The fame of a restaurateur is always, in some sort, dependent upon fashion,—for a *plat's* prosperity lies in the mouth of him who eats it; and the merit of a restaurateur is similarly dependent upon his fame. Confidence gives firm-

* Ninon's comparison was to “*une citronille frite à la neige*.”

ness, and a quick eye and steady hand are no less necessary to seize the exact moment of projection and infuse the last *soupeçon* of piquancy, than to mark the changing fortunes of a battle, or to execute a critical winning hazard at the billiard-table. Besides, few will be public-spirited enough to keep a choice of rare things in readiness, unless the demand be both constant and discriminating. We must, therefore, be held blameless in case of any disappointment resulting from changes subsequently to the commencement of 1852.

We must also pause to commemorate one defunct establishment, the far-famed *Rocher de Cancale*, which has been broken up since the Revolution of 1848. It first grew into reputation by its oysters, which, about the year 1804, M. Baleine, its founder, contrived the means of bringing to Paris fresh and in the best possible order at all seasons alike; thus giving a direct practical refutation of the prejudice, that oysters are good in those months only which include the canine letter.* He next applied himself with equal and well-merited success to fish and game; and at length, taking courage to generalise his exertions, he aspired to and attained the eminence which, for more than forty years, the *Rocher* enjoyed without dispute. To form a just notion of his enterprising spirit, it is necessary to bear in mind the state of the French roads, and the difficulties of transport, in 1804. His fullness of reputation dates from November 28th, 1809, when he served a dinner of twenty-four covers in a style which made it the sole topic of conversation to gastronomic Paris for a month. The bill of fare, a most appetising document, preserved in the "Almanach," exhibits the harmonious and rich array of four *potages*, four *relevés*, twelve *entrées*, four *grosses*

* Apicius is said to have supplied Trajan with fresh oysters at all seasons of the year.

pièces, four *plats de rôti*, and eight *entremets*. Indeed, to dine in perfection at the Rocher, a dinner of ten covers should have been ordered a week or ten days beforehand, at not less than forty francs a-head, exclusive of wine; nor was this price deemed excessive, for three or four louis a-head had been ordinarily given at Tailleur's.*

If unable to make a party, or compelled to *improvise* a dinner, connoisseurs were in the habit of asking the *garçon* to specify the luxuries of the day; and it was amusing to witness the quiet self-possessed manner, the *con amore* intelligent air, with which he dictated his instructions, invariably concluding with the same phrase, uttered in an exulting self-gratulatory tone—*Bien, Monsieur, vous avez-là un excellent diner!* Never, too, shall we forget the dignity with which he once corrected a blunder made in a *menu* by a tyro of the party who had interpolated a *salmi* between the *bisque* and the *turbot à la crème et au gratin*. “*Messieurs,*” said he, as he brought in the turbot according to the pre-ordained order of things, “*le poisson est NATURELLEMENT le relevé du potage.*” The whole establishment was instinct with the same zeal. A report had got about in the autumn of 1834 that the celebrated *chef* was dead, and a scientific friend of ours took the liberty to mention it to the *garçon*, avowing at the same time his own total incredulity. He left the room without a word, but within five minutes he hurriedly threw open the door, exclaiming, “*Messieurs, il vient se montrer;*” and the great artist in his own proper person presented himself, and our distinguished ally enjoyed the honour of a brief but pregnant conversation with a man whose works were more fre-

* Cambacérés was present at one of Tailleur's three louis a-head dinners, given by M. des Androuins, and exclaimed in a transport of enthusiasm: *M. Tailleur, on ne dîne pas mieux que cela chez moi.*

quently in the mouths of his most enlightened contemporaries than those of any other great artist that could have been named.

It is an odd coincidence that this zeal was most remarkable in the staff of another establishment which has also been discontinued, namely, Grignon's. On one occasion—to give an illustration of the head *garçon's* taste—he was apologising to the writer for the length of time a particular dish would take in dressing. “*Mais, Monsieur, ne s'ennuiera point,*” — he added, presenting his neatly-bound octavo volume of a *carte*—“*voilà une lecture très-agréable!*” On another occasion—to give an illustration of his good faith—a friend of ours resolved on finishing with the very best wine that could be had, and the *Clos de Vougeot* was fixed on. The *garçon* took the order, but hesitated, and, after moving a few paces as if to execute it, stood still. It was evident that conflicting emotions were struggling for mastery in his soul, but the struggle terminated in our friend's favour, for he suddenly stole back to the table, and with the most unqualified admission of the excellence of the *Clos de Vougeot*, which was generally in request—still, if he might venture to hint a preference, he would recommend a trial of the *Richebourg* instead. Now, *Richebourg* is by no means in the first class of wines, and the wine in question was only five francs a bottle, whilst the *Clos de Vougeot* was twelve; but our correspondent found every reason to rejoice in the discovery.

Remember, we do not vouch for the existence of this identical *Richebourg* at any long subsequent period; for vintages are unfortunately not renewable like hogsheads—and in Paris, where even some of the best restaurateurs pay comparatively little attention to their cellars, a first-rate wine of any sort may be described in the terms applied to a virtuous despot

by the late Emperor Alexander ; who, when Madame de Staël was expatiating to him on the happiness of his subjects in the possession of such a czar, is said to have exclaimed pathetically, — “ Alas, Madam ! I am nothing but a happy accident.” When one of these happy accidents (the wine or the emperor) expires, it is very seldom that the vacant place can be adequately supplied. It is therefore just as well to procrastinate the catastrophe, by making no imprudent disclosures which may accelerate it ; and in the present instance our informant did not make up his mind to impart the secret until fairly convinced that there was little prospect of his profiting by it again — pretty much as Jonathan Wild was once induced to be guilty of a good action, after fully satisfying himself, upon the maturest deliberation, that he could gain nothing by refraining from it.

To return to the *Rocher* — it was particularly famous for frogs and robin-redbreasts. Frogs are excellent in fricassee or fried with crisped parsley. But they must be bred and fed with a view to the table, or they may turn out no better than the snails on which Dr. Hutton, and Dr. Black, of chemical renown, attempted to regale, in imitation of the ancients. These learned Scotch professors caused a quantity of common snails to be collected in the fields and made into a kind of soup. They took their seats opposite to each other, and set to work in perfect good faith. A mouthful or two satisfied both that the experiment was a failure ; but each was ashamed to give in first. At last Black, stealing a look at his friend, ventured to say, “ Don’t you think they taste a little green ? ” “ D—d green ! ” emphatically responded Hutton ; “ tak’ ’em awa, tak’ ’em awa ! ”*

* Sea-slugs are reckoned a great delicacy (second only to birds-nest soup) in China.

The robin red-breast is remarkable for a delicate bitter flavour ; but as our ingenuous recommendation of him as an eatable commodity has been occasionally regarded as symptomatic of a latent tendency to cannibalism, it may be as well to state that the popular notion of his amiability, which rests upon the apocryphal story of the Children in the Wood, is altogether a mistake. Ornithologists are agreed that he is one of the most quarrelsome of birds ; and his loneliness is, in fact, the natural result of his pugnacity. At all events, the following argument does not admit of a logical reply : —

“Le rouge-gorge,” says the ‘Almanach,’ “est la triste preuve de cette vérité — que le gourmand est par essence un être inhumain et cruel ! car il n’a aucune pitié de ce charmant petit oiseau de passage, que sa gentillesse et sa familiarité confidante devraient mettre à l’abri de nos atteintes. *Mais s’il fallait avoir compassion de tout le monde, on ne mangerait personne ;* et commisération à part, il faut convenir que le rouge-gorge, qui tient un rang distingué dans la classe des becs-figues, est un rôti très succulent. On en fait à Metz et dans la Lorraine et l’Alsace un assez grand commerce. Cet aimable oiseau se mange à la broche et en salmi.”

The following letter from one of the most eminent of contemporary connoisseurs (the late Count d’Orsay) contains an accurate classification and description of the principal restaurants of Paris ; and we do not know that we can do better than print it as it stands : —

“Paris, May 1, 1852.

“I must confess with regret that the culinary art has sadly fallen off in Paris ; and I do not very clearly see how it is to recover, as there are at present no great establishments where the school can be kept up.

“You must have remarked, when you were here, that at all the first-class restaurants you had nearly the same dinner ; they may, however, be divided into three categories. Undoubtedly the best for a great dinner and good wine are the

Frères Provençaux, Palais Royal; Philippe, Rue Mont Orgueil, and the Café de Paris: the latter is not always to be counted upon, but is excellent when they give you a *soigné* dinner. In the second class are Véry (Palais Royal); Véfour, Café Anglais; and Champeaux (Place de la Bourse), where you can have a most *conscientious* dinner, good without pretension; the situation is central, in a beautiful garden, and you must ask for a *bifstek à la Châteaubriand*. At the head of the third class we must place Bonvallet, on the Boulevard du Temple, near all the little theatres; Defieux, chiefly remarkable for corporation and assembly dinners; Durand, Place de la Madeleine; Ledoyen, in the Champs Elysées, where is also Guillemin, formerly cook to the Duc de Vincennes. The two best places for suppers are the Maison d'Or and the Café Anglais; and for breakfasts, Tortoni's, and the Café d'Orsay on the Quai d'Orsay. In the vicinity of Paris, the best restaurant is the Pavillon Henri Quatre, at St. Germain, kept by the old cook of the Duchesse de Berri. At none of these places could you find dinners now such as were produced by Ude; by Soyer, formerly with Lord Chesterfield; by Rotival, with Lord Wilton; or by Perron, with Lord Londonderry.

“I must not forget to mention the two great contractors for dinners and suppers: these are Chevet, of the Palais Royal, and Potel, of the Boulevard des Italiens. The best possible materials may be procured at these establishments, but the dinners of Chevet and Potel are expensive and vulgar — a sort of *tripotage* of truffles, cocks'-combs, crawfish mounted on the back of a fillet of beef, and not a single *entrée* which a connoisseur can eat; the roast game always *tourmentés* and cold, for their feathers are stuck on again before they are served up.

“You are now *au fait* of the pretended French gastronomy. It has emigrated to England, and has no wish to return. We do not absolutely die of hunger here, and that is all that can be said.”

This letter, complete so far as it goes, suggests a few reflections, and admits of a few additions. The transitory nature of gastronomic glory needs no further illustration when we find Véry degraded to

the second class. The two brothers of that name once stood at the very head of the first. Allusion has already been made to a decisive indication of their greatness in 1814, when they were commissioned by the Allied Sovereigns to purvey for them during their stay; and so long as their establishment on the Tuileries was left standing, the name of Véry retained its talismanic powers of attraction, the delight and pride of gastronomy—

“ Whilst stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
And whilst Rome stands, the world — ”

but when the house in question was removed to make way for the public buildings which now rest upon its site, the presiding genius of the family deserted it—*ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri*. Death, too, intervened, and carried off the most distinguished of the brothers. A magnificent monument was erected to his memory in *Père la Chaise*, with an inscription concluding thus:—*Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles*.

The establishment of Philippe is close to what was once the *Rocher de Cancale*, but on the opposite side of the Rue Mont Orgueil, and (making due allowance for the general decline of Parisian cookery) it fills pretty nearly the same relative place in the estimation of the connoisseur. The prices are not extravagant; and a party of six or seven may have an excellent dinner for twenty francs a-head, exclusive of wine. This was the price of a dinner which made some noise in the spring of 1850. The party consisted of Lord Brougham, M. Alexandre Dumas, Count D'Orsay, Lord Dufferin, the Hon. W. Stuart (attached to the embassy), Mr. Dundas, of Carron, and the writer of these pages. It was ordered by the writer after an anxious consultation with Count d'Orsay; and it was delightful to see the enlightened

enthusiasm by which M. Philippe, his *chef*, and his waiters, were, one and all, animated on the occasion. The most successful dishes were the *bisque*, the *fritures italiennes*, and the *gigot à la bretonne*. Out of compliment to the world-wide fame of Lord Brougham and M. Alexandre Dumas, M. Philippe produced some *Clos de Vougeot*, which (like his namesake in "High Life Below Stairs") he vowed should never go down the throat of a man whom he did not esteem and admire; and it was voted first-rate by acclamation.

Amongst the dishes most in fashion at Philippe's may be specified, in addition to the three named above, the *potage à la Bagration*, the *chaud-froid*, (best of grouse), and quails *désossées et en caisse*.

An elaborate dinner for a large party at the *Trois Frères* is hardly inferior to a corresponding banquet at Philippe's; and an improvised dinner in the common room for two or three is, on an average, the best thing of the sort in Paris, if it is ordered by a qualified *habitué*. Amongst the favourite dishes at the *Trois Frères* are the *bisque*, the *potage à la purée de marrons*, the *côtelettes à la provençale*, the *omelette soufflée à la vanille*, and the *croûte aux ananas*. The wines at this establishment are much esteemed, particularly the *Pichon* (a light dinner-wine), the *Grand Lafitte* of 1834 and 1841, the *Fleur de Sillery*, the *Vieux Pommard*, and the *Romanée Gelé*.

The *Café de Paris* has declined in general reputation of late years, but it still retains some of its pristine merits and advantages. The rooms are lofty; there is no lack of fresh air, the look-out on the Boulevards is gay and enlivening, and the fish is generally good. The *filets de sole à l'Orly* is a *plat* which may be had in perfection at the *Café*; and it may be taken for granted that M. Véron would not dine there every day, the centre of an admiring circle,

unless a great many other good things were to be had.* The *Maison Dorée* is famous for its *croûte au pot*. Vachette's, on the Boulevard Montmartre, excels in genuine French cookery of the less ambitious order. At Bignon's, on the Boulevard des Italiens, the cookery is good, and the wine, especially the Bordeaux and Chateau Uquem, (a Sauterne Bordeaux), excellent. The *Café Anglais* also has a very good cellar, and boasts many *habitués* of the discriminating class. The *Café Voisin* (corner of the Rue du Luxembourg and the Rue St.-Honoré), would take high rank but for the public rooms, which are by no means attractive. It boasts some of the very best wine (both Bordeaux and Burgundy) in Paris, and more than one first-rate dish peculiar to it.

Generally speaking, the Parisian restaurants have been steadily advancing in price and deteriorating in quality for some years. One cause is, that travellers unaccustomed to refined cookery have multiplied, whilst the genuine gastronomers have taken to dining almost exclusively in private houses or in clubs. English inns have deteriorated from the same cause, being managed in such a manner as to meet the wants and satisfy the taste of the majority. When not one customer in fifty is willing to pay for a good thing, or knows it when he gets it, it soon ceases to be forthcoming or attainable.

The *Pavillon Henri Quatre*, at St. Germain, favourably mentioned by our correspondent, will justify his praise; its fried gudgeons are superior to those of the York House at Bath, and the *filet de bœuf à la bernaise* is not to be had anywhere else. The choicest champagne there is called *vin du Président*, being, we presume, the precise description of wine which the Emperor, when President, caused to be served out to

* The *Café de Paris* was closed in September, 1856.

the troops at Satory, and it probably harmonises admirably with sausages.

Hardy and *Riche* have been condemned to a critical kind of notoriety by a pun—"Pour dîner chez Hardy, il faut être riche; et pour dîner chez Riche, il faut être hardi." Hardy has been immortalised by Moore in the "Fudge Family:"—

"I strut to the old café Hardy, which yet
 Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la fourchette* :
 Then, Dick, what a breakfast! oh, not like your ghost
 Of a breakfast in England, your curs'd tea and toast;
 But a sideboard, you dog, where one's eye roves about,
 Like a Turk's in the harem, and thence singles out
 One's pâté of larks, just to tune up the throat;
 One's small limbs of chicken, done *en papillote* :
 One's erudite cutlets, dress'd all ways, but plain—
 Or one's kidneys—imagine, Dick—done with champagne;
 Then some glasses of Beaune, to dilute—or mayhap
 Chambertin, which you know 's the pet tippie of Nap.*
 Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and then, Dick's
 The coffee's ne'er failing, and—glorious appendix—
 A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
 Just as if bottled velvet tipp'd over one's lips."

Tortoni, the Gunter of Paris, is still the favourite for a *déjeuner*; and *parfait-amour* is obsolete. Claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes, was the decision of Johnson, and there can be no doubt that old Cognac is your true *chasse* for the heroes of gastronomy. If tempted to indulge in a liqueur or *chasse-café*, they generally confine themselves to *curaçoa*. Even with ladies, *parfait-amour*, notwithstanding the attraction of its name, is no longer in repute; they have adopted Maraschino in its place, and sip it with such evident symptoms of enjoyment, that once upon a time, when the writer was asked for a female toast, to parallel with the masculine one of *Women and Wine*, he suggested *Men and Maraschino*.

* In justice to Napoleon, it ought to be remembered that *Chambertin* was not his "pet tippie" on serious occasions. In his carriage, taken at Waterloo, were found two bottles nearly empty—the one of *Malaga*, and the other of *rum*.

Colonel Damer was one day dining at Beauvilliers', in 1814, just after the first Restoration, when a Russian officer, having finished his dinner, inquired what liqueur was most in vogue. The waiter replied "*La liqueur à la mode, Monsieur? — mais c'est le petit lait d'Henri Quatre.*" Here the waiter had the best of it. But the writer was once dining at the *Rocher de Cancale*, soon after the suppression of the last Polish insurrection, in company with a Russian officer, when the waiter having thought proper to give vent to his enthusiasm for the Polish cause rather too audibly, was suddenly ordered by our Russian friend to bring us *un jeune Polonais bien frappé*.

The following advice may still be implicitly depended upon: —

"If some who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish,
Just to flirt with a luncheon (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, Dick) —
To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't? — *des Panoramas*,
We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as
Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen."

The place indicated is *Madame Felix's*, the demand for whose *pâtés* was once said to vary between twelve and fifteen thousand a day.

We have spoken of the important effects produced by the breaking out of the Revolution. We now proceed to mention the no less important effects produced by the conclusion of it — or rather of one of its great stages — which are most dramatically indicated by the author of the "*Physiologie du Goût.*"

"By the treaty of November, 1815," says M. Brillat-Savarin, "France was bound to pay the sum of 50,000,000 francs within three years, besides claims for compensation and requisitions of various sorts, amounting to nearly as much more. The apprehension became general that a national bankruptcy must ensue; the more particularly as all was to be paid in specie. 'Alas!' said the good people

of France, as they saw the fatal tumbrel go by on its way to be filled in the Rue Vivienne, 'Alas! our money is emigrating; next year we shall go down on our knees before a five-franc piece; we are about to fall into the condition of a ruined man; speculations of all sorts will fail; there will be no such thing as borrowing; it will be weakness, exhaustion, civil death.' The event proved the apprehension to be false; and to the great astonishment of all engaged in finance-matters, the payments were made with facility, credit rose, loans were eagerly caught at, and during the whole time this superpurgation lasted, the balance of exchange was in favour of France; which proves that more money came into than went out of it. What is the power that came to our assistance? Who is the divinity that affected this miracle?—*Gourmandise*. When the Britons, Germans, Cimmerians, and Seythians broke into France, they brought with them a rare voracity and stomachs of no ordinary calibre. They did not long remain satisfied with the official cheer which a forced hospitality supplied to them; they aspired to more refined enjoyments; and in a short time the queen city was little more than an immense refectory.

“The effect lasts still; foreigners flock from every quarter of Europe, to renew during peace the pleasing habits they contracted during the war; they *must* come to Paris; when there, they *must* eat and drink without regard to price; and if our funds obtain a preference, it is owing less to the higher interest they pay, than to the instinctive confidence it is impossible to help reposing in a people amongst whom gourmands are so happy!”—vol. i. p. 239.

To give an individual illustration of the principle—when the Russian army of invasion passed through Champagne, they took away six hundred thousand bottles from the cellars of M. Moët of Epernay; but he considered himself a gainer by the loss, his orders from the North having more than doubled since then, although most of the champagne drunk in Russia is made in the Crimea.

Be the cause what it may, the taste for French cookery is now universally diffused; nor is it confined

to the Old World, for amongst the other special missions intrusted to M. Armand de Bremont by Bolivar was that of bringing over the best cook he could get. Those who may be intrusted with similar missions would do well to consult Mercier's "Tableau de Paris," where cooks are classified by provinces. "The best," he says, "are from Picardy; those from Orleans come next; then Flanders, Burgundy, Comtois, Lorraine; the Parisian last but one, and the Norman last of all." But it is not enough to choose your cook; it is your bounden duty, and (what is more) your interest, sedulously and unceasingly to watch over his health. The orthodox doctrine on this point has been fully developed in an erudite essay, entitled "De la Santé des Cuisiniers," from the pen of no less a person than Grimaud de la Reynière, the editor of the "Almanach:"—

"L'index d'un bon cuisinier doit cheminer sans cesse des casseroles à sa langue, et ce n'est qu'en dégustant ainsi à chaque minute ses ragoûts qu'il peut en déterminer l'assaisonnement d'une manière précise. Il faut donc que son palais soit d'une délicatesse extrême, et vierge en quelque sorte, pour qu'un rien le stimule et l'avertisse de ses fautes.

"Mais l'odeur continuelle des fourneaux, la nécessité de boire fréquemment et presque toujours de mauvais vin pour humecter un gosier incendié, la vapeur du charbon, les humeurs et la bile, qui, lorsqu'elles sont en mouvement, dénaturent nos facultés, tout concourt chez un cuisinier à altérer promptement les organes de la dégustation. Le palais s'encroûte en quelque sorte; il n'a plus ni ce tact, ni cette finesse, ni cette exquise sensibilité d'où dépend la susceptibilité de l'organe du goût; il finit par s'excorier, et par devenir aussi insensible que la conscience d'un vieux juge. *Le seul moyen de lui rendre cette fleur qu'il a perdue, de lui faire reprendre sa souplesse, sa délicatesse, et ses forces, c'est de purger le cuisinier, telle résistance qu'il y oppose; car il en est, qui, sourds à la voix de la gloire, n'aperçoivent point la nécessité de prendre médecine lorsqu'ils ne se sentent pas malades.*"

The late Marquis of Hertford had a cook who, in his master's opinion, was inimitable in a *suprême*. Dining one day with an intimate friend, a distinguished privy councillor, who had frequently contested the point, his lordship declared the *suprême*, which he was with difficulty persuaded to taste, detestable. "Now I have you," exclaimed the Right Honourable friend; "that dish was dressed by your own *chef*, who is at this moment in my house." "Then all I can say," replied the Marquis, "is, that you must have spoiled his palate by drinking beer with him."

We have now arrived at the literature of the Art.

The "Almanach des Gourmands" was the first serious and sustained attempt to invest gastronomy with the air of an intellectual and refined pursuit. But incomparably the completest essay on what may be termed the æsthetics of the dinner-table is the famous "Physiologie du Goût;" and a short biographical sketch of the author may not be unacceptable as an introduction to a few extracts from the work.

Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, Judge of the Court of Cassation, member of the Legion of Honour, and of most of the scientific and literary societies of France, was born in 1755 at Belley. He was bred up to his father's profession of the law, and was practising with some distinction as an advocate, when (in 1789) he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, where he joined the moderate party, and did his best to avert the ruin that ensued. At the termination of his legislative duties, he was appointed President of the Civil Tribunal of the department of *l'Ain*, and on the establishment of the Court of Cassation he was made a judge of it. During the Reign of Terror, he found himself amongst the proscribed, and fled for refuge to Switzerland, where he contrived to while away the time in scientific, literary, and gastronomical pursuits.

He was afterwards compelled to emigrate to America, where also his attention seems rarely to have been diverted from the study in which he was destined to immortalise himself. It is related of him, that once, on his return from a shooting expedition, in the course of which he had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey, he fell into conversation with Jefferson, who began relating some interesting anecdotes about Washington and the war, when, observing the distracted air of M. Brillat-Savarin, he stopped, and was about to go away: "My dear sir," said our gastronomer, recovering himself by a strong effort, "I beg a thousand pardons, but I was thinking how I should dress my wild turkey."

He earned his subsistence by teaching French and music, an art in which he excelled. He returned to France in 1796, and, after filling several employments of trust under the Directory, was re-appointed to his old office of judge of the Court of Cassation, in which he continued until his death in 1826. The "*Physiologie du Goût*" was published some time in the year 1825, and ran rapidly through five or six editions, besides reprints in Belgium. Its great charm consists in the singular mixture of wit, humour, learning, and knowledge of the world — *bons mots*, anecdotes, ingenious theories, and instructive dissertations — which it presents; and if, as is currently related, Walton's "*Angler*" has made thousands turn fishermen, we should not be at all surprised to hear that the "*Physiology of Taste*" had converted a still larger portion of the reading public into gastronomers.

The book consists of a collection of aphorisms, a dialogue between the author and a friend as to the expediency of publication, a biographical notice of the friend, thirty meditations, and a concluding miscellany of adventures, inventions, and anecdotes. The meditations (a term substituted for chapters)

form the main body of the work, and relate to the following subjects:— 1. *the senses*; 2. *the taste*; 3. *gastronomy*, definition, origin, and use; 4. *the appetite*, with illustrations of its capacity; 5. *alimentary substances in general*; 6. *specialities*, including game, fish, turkeys, truffles, sugar, coffee, chocolate, &c. &c.; 7. *frying*, its theory; 8. *thirst*; 9. *beverages*; 10. *episode on the end of the world*; 11. *gourmandise*, its power and consequences, particularly as regards conjugal happiness; 12. *gourmands*, by predestination, education, profession, &c.; 13. *éprouvettes gastronomiques*; 14. *on the pleasures of the table*; 15. *the halts in sporting*; 16. *digestion*; 17. *repose*; 18. *sleep*; 19. *dreams*; 20. *the influence of diet on repose, sleep, and dreams*; 21. *obesity*; 22. *treatment preventive or curative of obesity*; 23. *leanness*; 24. *fasts*; 25. *exhaustion*; 26. *death*; 27. *philosophical history of the kitchen*; 28. *restaurateurs*; 29. *classical gastronomy put in action*; 30. *gastronomic mythology*.

Such is the *menu* of this book. Amongst such a collection of dainties it is difficult to select, but we quote the following reflections on the pleasures of the table, in the hope that they may help to dissipate some portion of the vulgar prejudice against *gourmets*, whose high vocation is too frequently associated in the minds of the unenlightened with gluttony and greediness:—

“The pleasure of eating is common to us with animals; it merely supposes hunger, and that which is necessary to satisfy it. The pleasure of the table is peculiar to the human species; it supposes antecedent attention to the preparation of the repast, to the choice of place, and the assembling of the guests. The pleasure of eating requires, if not hunger, at least appetite; the pleasure of the table is most frequently independent of both.

“Some poets complained that the neck, by reason of its shortness, was opposed to the duration of the pleasure of tast-

ing; others deplored the limited capacity of the stomach (which will not hold, upon the average, more than two quarts of pulp); and Roman dignitaries went the length of sparing it the trouble of digesting the first meal, to have the pleasure of swallowing a second. . . . The delicacy of our manners would not endure this practice; but we have done better, and we have arrived at the same end by means recognised by good taste. Dishes have been invented so attractive, that they unceasingly renew the appetite, and which are at the same time so light, that they flatter the palate without loading the stomach. Seneca would have called them *Nubes Esculentas*. We are, indeed, arrived at such a degree of alimentary progression, that if the calls of business did not compel us to rise from table, or if the want of sleep did not interpose, the duration of meals might be almost indefinite, and there would be no sure *data* for determining the time that might elapse between the first glass of Madeira* and the last glass of punch."

It may not be deemed beside the purpose to state that M. Brillat-Savarin was of a sober, moderate, easily-satisfied disposition: so much so, indeed, that many have been misled into the supposition that his enthusiasm was unreal, and his book a piece of badinage written to amuse his leisure hours. The writer of these pages has been frequently exposed to depreciating remarks of the same tendency, but has contrived to bear up against the calumny.

An anecdote (related to Colonel Damer by Talleyrand) may help to rescue the fair fame of Brillat-Savarin from the reproach of indifference, and illustrate the hereditary quality of taste. He was on his way to Lyons, and was determined to dine at Sens. On his arrival he sent, according to his invariable custom, for the cook, and asked what he could have for dinner? The report was dispiriting. "Little enough," was the reply. "But let us see," retorted

* The custom of taking Parmesan *with*, and Madeira *after*, soup, was introduced into France by M. Talleyrand.

M. Savarin, "let us go to the kitchen and talk the matter over." In the kitchen he found four turkeys roasting. "Why!" exclaimed he, "you told me you had nothing in the house. Let me have one of these turkeys." "Impossible!" said the cook, "they are all bespoke by a gentleman upstairs." "He must have a large party to dine with him then?" "No, he dines by himself." "I should like much to be acquainted with the man who orders four turkeys for his own eating." The cook was sure that the gentleman would be glad of his acquaintance; and M. Brillat-Savarin immediately paid his respects to the stranger, who turned out to be his own son. "What, you rogue, four turkeys all for yourself?" "Yes, sir; you know that, whenever I dine with you, you eat up the whole of *les-sots-les-laissent*" — the titbit which we call the *oyster* of the turkey or fowl — "I was resolved to enjoy myself for once in my life, and here I am, ready to begin, although I did not expect the honour of your company."

It may not be deemed an unpardonable digression to state here that the late Lord Alvanley had his *suprême de volaille* made of the *oysters*, or *les-sots-les-laissent*, of fowls, instead of the fillet from the breast; so that it took a score of fowls to complete a moderate dish. The same distinguished epicure, who was also one of the three or four pleasantest companions and wittiest men of the century, held that partridges were only worth eating in July, and he used to be regularly furnished with them from his own estate during that month.

To proceed with our extracts:—

"But, the impatient reader will probably exclaim, how then is a meal to be regulated, in order to unite all things requisite to the highest pleasures of the table? I proceed to answer this question.

“ 1. Let not the number of the company exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general.

“ 2. Let them be so selected that their occupations shall be varied, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality of presentations.

“ 3. Let the eating-room be luxuriously lighted, the cloth remarkably clean, and the atmosphere at the temperature of from thirteen to sixteen degrees of Réaumur.

“ 4. Let the men be *spirituels* without pretension — the women pleasant without too much coquetry.*

“ 5. Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but limited in number, and the wines of the first quality, each in its degree.

“ 6. Let the order of progression be, for the first (the dishes), from the most substantial to the lightest; and for the second (the wines), from the simplest to the most perfumed.

“ 7. Let the act of consumption be deliberate, the dinner being the last business of the day; and let the guests consider themselves as travellers who are to arrive together at the same place of destination.

“ 8. Let the coffee be hot, and the liqueurs chosen by the master.

“ 9. Let the saloon be large enough to admit of a game at cards for those who cannot do without it, and so that there may notwithstanding remain space enough for post-meridian colloquy.

“ 10. Let the party be detained by the charms of society, and animated by the hope that the evening will not pass without some ulterior enjoyment.

“ 11. Let the tea be not too strong; let the toast be scientifically buttered, and the punch carefully prepared.

“ 12. Let not the retreat commence before eleven, but let everybody be in bed by twelve.

“ If any one has been present at a party uniting these twelve requisites, he may boast of having been present at his own apotheosis.” — vol. i. pp. 297–302.

M. Brillat-Savarin has here omitted one very im-

* “ I write,” says the author in a note, “ between the Palais Royal and the Chaussée d’Antin.”

portant requisite, which it may be as well to supply without delay from another section of his book.

“APHORISM.—*Of all the qualities of a cook, the most indispensable is punctuality.*

“I shall support this grave maxim by the details of an observation made in a party of which I was one—*quorum pars magna fui*—and where the pleasure of observing saved me from the extremes of wretchedness.

“I was one day invited to dine with a high public functionary (Cambacérès); and at the appointed moment, half-past five, everybody had arrived, for it was known that he liked punctuality, and sometimes scolded the dilatory. I was struck on my arrival by the air of consternation that reigned in the assembly; they spoke aside, they looked into the court-yard; some faces announced stupefaction: something extraordinary had certainly come to pass. I approached one of the party whom I judged most capable of satisfying my curiosity, and inquired what had happened. ‘Alas!’ replied he, with an accent of the deepest sorrow, ‘Monseigneur has been sent for to the Council of State; he has just set out, and who knows when he will return!’ ‘Is that all?’ I answered, with an air of indifference, which was alien from my heart; ‘that is a matter of a quarter of an hour at the most; some information which they require; it is known that there is an official dinner here to-day—they can have no motive for making us fast.’ I spoke thus; but at the bottom of my soul I was not without inquietude, and I would fain have been somewhere else. The first hour passed pretty well; the guests sat down by those with whom they had interests in common, exhausted the topics of the day, and amused themselves in conjecturing the cause which had carried off our dear Amphitryon to the Tuileries. By the second hour some symptoms of impatience began to be observable; we looked at one another with distrust; and the first to murmur were three or four of the party, who, not having found room to sit down, were by no means in a convenient position for waiting. At the third hour the discontent became general, and everybody complained. ‘When *will* he come back?’ said one. ‘What can he be thinking of?’ said another. ‘It is enough to give one one’s death,’

said a third. By the fourth hour all the symptoms were aggravated; and I was not listened to when I ventured to say that he whose absence rendered us so miserable was beyond a doubt the most miserable of all. Attention was distracted for a moment by an apparition. One of the party, better acquainted with the house than the others, penetrated to the kitchen; he returned quite overcome; his face announced the end of the world; and he exclaimed in a voice hardly articulate, and in that muffled tone which expresses at the same time the fear of making a noise and the desire of being heard, 'Monseigneur went out without giving orders; and, however long his absence, dinner will not be served till his return.' He spoke, and the alarm occasioned by his speech will not be surpassed by the effect of the trumpet on the day of judgment. Amongst all these martyrs, the most wretched was the good D'Aigrefeuille *, who is known to all Paris; his body was all over suffering, and the agony of Laocoon was in his face. Pale, distracted, seeing nothing, he sat crouched upon an easy chair, crossed his little hands upon his large belly, and closed his eyes, not to sleep, but to wait the approach of death. Death, however, came not. Towards ten, a carriage was heard rolling into the court; the whole party sprang spontaneously to their legs. Hilarity succeeded to sadness; and in five minutes we were at table. But alas! the hour of appetite was past! All had the air of being surprised at beginning dinner at so late an hour; the jaws had not that isochronous (*isochrone*) movement which announces a regular work; and I know that many guests were seriously inconvenienced by the delay."—vol. i. pp. 93-96.

On the part of the guests, also, punctuality should be regarded as imperative; and the habitual want of it may commonly be set down to affectation or to long-indulged selfishness. Rather than place the slightest restraint on himself, the transgressor makes a whole party uncomfortable. It is no answer to say that they can sit down without him, for a well-selected company may be spoilt by a gap; and a late arrival causes discomfort and confusion in exact pro-

* The friend and principal gastronomic aide-de-camp of Cambacérés.

portion to the care that has been taken in the preparatory arrangements. Lady Morgan, in one of her early works, speaks of a young nobleman who never saw soup or fish except at his own table. He has, notwithstanding, managed to become Prime Minister. The late Lord Dudley used to say that the most unpunctual persons he ever knew were two distinguished brothers—the survivor is now a peer—for, added his lordship, if you asked Robert for Wednesday at seven, you got Charles on Thursday at eight.

It is currently related of a distinguished peer that he was once observed mounting his horse for his afternoon ride by the party assembled for dinner in his drawing-room. The authenticity of this anecdote, however, may well be doubted: for his lordship was one of the most liberal and uncompromising patrons of the culinary art, and would never have risked the reputation of his *chef*—although he might have made light of the health and comfort of his guests—by such an unprincipled and unfeeling disregard of the essential duty of a dinner-giver. The great Carème was in his service for a short period; and his lordship once gave a very remarkable proof of his enlightened and patriotic desire to make his own country the head-quarters of gastronomic refinement. Dining (so goes the story) with the Baron de Rothschild, at Paris, he was so struck with the whole arrangements, as well as with the exquisite composition and execution of the dinner, that the very next day he intimated, through a trusty agent, to the Baron's *maitre-d'hotel*, *chef*, and confectioner, that engagements at increased salaries were at the disposal of all three, if they would exchange their Jewish allegiance for the service of a Christian nobleman. They refused with some marks of indignation; and it must be admitted that the offer partakes somewhat of the spirit in which Christian noblemen dealt with Jew financiers in the olden time;

for you might as well draw a man's teeth at once as deprive him of the means of employing them with his wonted gusto.

The Meditation entitled *Gourmandise* is replete with instructive remark; but we must confine ourselves to that part of it which relates to the ladies, some of whom, since Lord Byron's* silly prejudices upon the subject were made public, think it prettiest and most becoming to profess a total indifference as to what they eat. Let them hear the professor on this subject :—

Gourmandise is by no means unbecoming in women; it agrees with the delicacy of their organs, and serves to compensate them for some pleasures from which they are obliged to abstain, and for some evils to which nature appears to have condemned them. Nothing is more pleasant than to see a pretty *gourmande* under arms; her napkin is nicely adjusted; one of her hands is rested on the table; the other conveys to her mouth little morsels elegantly carved, or the wing of a partridge which it is necessary to pick; her eyes are sparkling, her lips glossy, her conversation agreeable, all her movements gracious; she is not devoid of that spice of *coquetterie* which women infuse into everything. With so many advantages she is irresistible; and Cato the Censor himself would yield to the influence.

“The penchant of the fair sex for *gourmandise* has in it somewhat of the nature of instinct, for *gourmandise* is favourable to beauty. A train of exact and rigid observations have demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen repels to a distance, and for a length of time, the external appearances of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and as it is certain in physiology that it is the depression of the muscles which causes wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, *cæteris paribus*, those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger

* Goethe, in “Wilhelm Meister,” expresses a similar dislike to seeing women eat.

than those who are strangers to this science. The painters and sculptors are deeply penetrated with this truth, for they never represent those who practise abstinence by choice or duty, as misers and anchorites, without giving them the paleness of disease, the leanness of poverty, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

“Again, *gourmandise*, when partaken, has the most marked influence on the happiness of the conjugal state. A wedded pair endowed with this taste have once a-day, at least, an agreeable cause of meeting. Music no doubt, has powerful attractions for those who love it; but it is necessary to set about it,—it is an exertion. Moreover, one may have a cold, the music is not at hand, the instruments are out of tune, one has the blue devils, or it is a day of rest. In *gourmandise*, on the contrary, a common want summons the pair to table; the same inclination retains them there; they naturally practise towards one another those little attentions which show a wish to oblige; and the manner in which their meals are conducted enters materially into the happiness of life. This observation, new enough in France had not escaped the English novelist; and he has developed it by painting in his novel of “Pamela” the different manner in which two married couples finish their day.”
—vol. i. pp. 224-241.

Considering the high privileges attached to the character of a *gourmand*, no one will be surprised at finding that it is not to be assumed at will. The next Meditation is headed *N'est pas Gourmand qui veut*, and begins as follows:—

“There are individuals to whom nature has denied a refinement of organs, or a continuity of attention, without which the most succulent dishes pass unobserved. Physiology has already recognised the first of these varieties, by showing us the tongue of these unfortunates, badly provided with nerves for inhaling and appreciating flavours. These excite in them but an obtuse sentiment; such persons are, with regard to objects of taste, what the blind are with regard to light. The second is composed of *dis-traits*, chatterboxes, persons engaged in business, the

ambitious, and others who seek to occupy themselves with two things at once, and eat only to be filled. Such, for instance, was Napoleon; he was irregular in his meals, and ate fast and ill; but there again was to be traced that absolute will which he carried into everything he did. The moment appetite was felt it was necessary that it should be satisfied, and his establishment was so arranged that in all places, and at all hours, chicken, cutlets, and coffee, might be forthcoming at a word."—vol. i. p. 252.

The habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralysed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic. On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, (as the German novelist, Hoffinan, who was in the town, asserts) the Emperor's energies were impaired by the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions.

There can be no doubt that Napoleon's irregularity as to meals injured his health and shortened his life. The general order to his household was to have cutlets and roast chicken ready at all hours, night and day, and it was observed to the letter by his *maitre-d'hôtel*, Dunand, who had been a celebrated cook. In his more dignified capacity, he contrived to fall in with the humours of his Imperial master, and, by so doing, to be of essential use at critical emergencies, when an hour of prolonged flurry or irritation might have cost a province or a throne. On one occasion, when matters had gone wrong in some quarter, Napoleon returned from the *Conseil d'Etat* in one of his worst tempers and most discontented moods. A *déjeuner à la fourchette*, comprising his favourite dishes, was served up, and Napoleon, who had fasted since daybreak, took his seat. But he had hardly swallowed a mouthful, when apparently

some inopportune thought or recollection stung his brain to madness; receding from the table without rising from his chair, he uplifted his foot—dash! went the table—crash! went the *déjeûner*; and the Emperor, springing up, paced the room with rapid and perturbed strides, indicative of the most frenzied rage. Dunand looked on without moving a muscle, and quietly gave the fitting orders to his staff. Quick as thought, the wreck was cleared away, an exact duplicate of the *déjeûner* appeared as if by magic, and its presence was quietly announced by the customary "*Sa Majesté est servie.*" Napoleon felt the delicacy and appreciated the tact of this mode of service. *Merci bien, mon cher Dunand!* and one of his inimitable smiles showed that the hurricane had blown over. Whether Napoleon was a hero to his *valet-de-chambre* we will not pretend to say, but he was certainly a hero to his *mâitre-d'hôtel*.

An occupied man, who values his health and wishes to keep his physical powers and mental energies unimpaired, should sedulously eschew business, as well as agitating or anxious topics of all kinds whilst the digestive organs are at work. When M. de Suffrein was commanding for the French in the East, he was one day waited upon by a deputation of natives, who requested an audience just as he was sitting down to dinner. He desired an aide-de-camp to inform them that it was a precept of the Christian religion, from which no earthly consideration would induce him to depart, never to attend to business of any sort at dinner-time; and the deputation departed, lost in admiration at the piety of the Commandant. To dine alone is neither wholesome nor agreeable. To solitary diners may be applied the fine lines of Goldsmith:

" Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy."

Better, indeed, far better, to rank with the class described by Byron, which by the way, may sometimes include a connoisseur,—

“Who think less of good eating than the whisper,
When seated near them, of some pretty lisper.”

But what a deceased clerical wit called “flashes of silence” may occasionally intervene. We were once dining with the author of “Vanity Fair” at the *Rocher*, when a *matelotte* of surpassing excellence was served up. “My dear fellow,” exclaimed the distinguished moralist, “don’t let us speak a word till we have finished this dish.” He is not less eminent as a dinner-giver than as a diner-out, and conceives himself to have discovered that a slight infusion of crab is a decided improvement to curry. This reminds us of an anecdote related of a deceased Irish nobleman, who had expended a large fortune in (as he said) the cause of his country. When dying, he summoned his heir to his bed-side, and told him he had a secret to communicate which might prove some compensation for the dilapidated condition of the family property. It was—that crab sauce is better than lobster sauce. If this was a fair sample of his lordship’s judgment, no wonder he was ruined.

The gifted beings predestined to *gourmandise* are thus described by M. Brillat-Savarin:—

“They have broad faces, sparkling eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips, and round chins. The females are plump, rather pretty than handsome, with a tendency to *embonpoint*. It is under this exterior that the pleasantest guests are to be found: they accept all that is offered, eat slowly, and taste with reflection. They never hurry away from the places where they have been well treated; and you are sure of them for the evening, because they know all the games and pastimes which form the ordinary accessories of a gastronomic meeting.

“Those, on the contrary, to whom nature has refused an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste, have long faces, long noses, and large eyes; whatever their height, they have always in their *tournure* a character of elongation. They have black and straight hair, and are, above all, deficient in *embonpoint*: it is they who invented trousers. The women whom nature has afflicted with the same misfortune are angular, get tired at table, and live on tea and scandal.”—vol. i. p. 254.

Out of the many modes proposed of testing this theory, we shall confine ourselves to one—the judicious employment of *épreuves*:—

“We understand by *épreuves*, dishes of acknowledged flavour, of such undoubted excellence that their bare appearance ought to excite, in a human being properly organised, all the faculties of taste; so that all those in whom, in such cases, we perceive neither the flush of desire nor the radiance of ecstacy, may be justly noted as unworthy of the honours of the sitting and the pleasures attached to it.”

A distinguished gastronome, refining on this invention, proposes *épreuves* by negation. When, for example, a dish of high merit is suddenly destroyed by accident, or any other sudden disappointment occurs, you are to note the expression of your guests' faces, and thus form your estimate of their gastric sensibilities. We will illustrate this matter by an anecdote. Cardinal Fesch, a name of honour in the annals of gastronomy, had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence, two turbot of singular beauty arrived as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve both would have appeared ridiculous, but the cardinal was most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*. “Be of good faith, your Eminence,” was the reply; “both shall appear;

both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." The dinner was served: one of the turbot relieved the soup. Delight was in every face—it was the moment of the *épreuve positive*. The *maitre-d'hôtel* advances; two attendants raise the turbot and carry him off to cut him up; but one of them loses his equilibrium: the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight the assembled cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the *conclave*—it was the moment of the *épreuve negative*; but the *maitre-d'hôtel* suddenly turns to the attendant—"Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The second appeared, and the *épreuve positive* was gloriously renewed.

We offer no apology for having devoted so many pages to M. Brillat-Savarin, since his book indisputably affords the most favourable specimens of gastronomic literature. There exists nothing in English at all comparable to it; for, unluckily, Dr. Johnson rested satisfied with beating the Academy in another field. "Women," once observed the sage, "can spin very well, but they cannot write a good book of cookery. I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on philosophical principles." His mode of eating, however, was exceedingly coarse; and according to Mrs. Piozzi, "his favourite dainties were a leg of pork boiled till it dropped from the bone, a veal pie with plums and sugar, and the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef." He has been known to call for the butterboat containing the lobster sauce during the second course, and pour the whole of its contents over his plum-pudding. His disqualifying sentence on women, also, should not be received with implicit acquiescence. Mrs. Glasse's book was written by Dr.

Hunter; but Mrs. Rundell's was her own and is certainly not devoid of merit, although hardly equal to Ude's, Soyer's, or Francatelli's more ambitious productions. In our humble opinion, too, women make far the best English cooks, practically speaking; and the fair sex have supplied some tolerably apt pupils to the French school; but they seldom arrive at distinguished proficiency unless they are both handsome and *coquettes* — for the simple reason that no Frenchman who affects taste will take pains to teach a woman who is not able and willing to minister to the gratification of his vanity.

It may consequently turn out no great hardship after all to be obliged to follow the advice given in the new "Almanach des Gourmands" (of 1830): "Si les gages d'un cuisinier, et surtout les habitudes de l'artiste, vous le rendent trop dispendieux, bornez-vous au *cordon-bleu*. Faites choix d'une *cuisinière* active, propre," &c. This passage may suffice to refute the common error of supposing that *cordon-bleu* means a first-rate artist of either sex. In gastronomic language, the term is exclusively applicable to females, and the original cause of its being so applied was an involuntary and enthusiastic recognition of female merit by Louis XV. The confirmed opinion of this royal voluptuary was, that it was morally and physically impossible for a woman to attain the highest pitch of perfection in the culinary art. Madame Dubarry, piqued by his frequent recurrence to this invidious theory, resolved to bring him over to a way of thinking more complimentary to her sex. She accordingly sought out the best *cuisinière* that France could produce, and gave her the minutest private instructions as to his Majesty's favourite dishes and peculiar tastes or caprices. If the story we are now repeating be a lie, it is certainly a lie cir-

cumstantial, like the account of the duel in the *School for Scandal* — for tradition has handed down the exact *menu* of the supper prepared under the Dubarry's supervision by her *protégée*. It comprised a *coulis de faisán*, *les petites croustades de foie de lottes*, *le salmis de bécassines*, *le pain de volaille à la suprême*, *la poularde au cresson*, *les belles écrevisses au vin de Sauterne*, *les bisquets de pêches au noyau*, and *la crème de cerneaux*. The dessert consisted of some *raisins dorés*, a *salade de fraises au marasquin*, and some Rheims biscuits. Every dish prospered, and the enraptured monarch, instead of starting up like Dryden's Alexander, and rushing out to fire a city, sank back in his chair with an ineffable feeling of languid beatitude, and, if Désaugier's verses had existed at the time, would doubtless have sung —

“A chaque mets que je touche
 Je me crois l'égal des dieux,
 Et ce que ne touche ma bouche
 Est dévoré par mes yeux.”

“Who is this new *cuisinier* of yours?” exclaimed the monarch, when this unparalleled succession of agreeable surprises was complete. “Let me know his name, and let him henceforth form part of our royal household.” “*Allons donc, la France!*” retorted the delighted *ex-grisette*. “Have I caught you at last? It is no *cuisinier* at all, but a *cuisinière*; and I demand a recompence for her, worthy both of her and your Majesty. Your royal bounty has made my negro, Zamore, governor of Luciennes, and I cannot accept less than a *cordón bleu* for my *cuisinière*.” There was probably nothing which the king (or the lady) would not have granted at such a moment, but the name of this *cuisinière* was unfortunately not inscribed in the register of

the Order, and she has thus been cheated of her immortality.*

There is no part of the world in which the connoisseur may not find some delicacy peculiar to the place — as the turkey fattened on the olives of Mount Hymettus, at Athens; the famous *minestra del riso*, at Milan; the *pesce reale* (royal fish) and the *dentici*, at Naples; the *ombre chevalier* (a large species of char), of the Lake of Geneva; the red trout of the lake near Andernach; the crawfish from the Rhine, or the thrushes from the Rhenish vineyards; the *pâté de chamois*, on the Simplon; the white truffles of Piedmont; the pigeons and the wild boar, at Rome; the *coquille d'écrevisse*, at Vacluse; the *bouilli-baisse* of Marseilles, a dish to which Mr. Thackeray has given new fame by a ballad; the *ortolan* and *beccafico* of the south of Europe, &c. &c.—for the list might be indefinitely extended. Yet, to the best of our information and experience, whenever a dish attracts attention by the art displayed in its conception or preparation apart from the material, the artist will commonly be discovered to be French. Many years ago we had the curiosity to inquire, at the Hôtel de France at Dresden, to whom our party were indebted for the enjoyment they had derived from a *suprême de volaille*, and were informed that the cook and the master of the hotel were one and the same person — a Frenchman, *ci-devant chef* of a Russian minister. He had been eighteen years in Germany, but knew not a word of any language but his own. “*A quoi bon, Messieurs,*” was his reply to our expression of astonishment; “*à quoi bon apprendre la langue d’un peuple qui ne possède pas une cuisine?*”

The same cannot be affirmed of England, much as

* Lady Morgan says that the title of *cordou bleu* was first given to Marie, the cook of the *fermier-général* who built the Elysée-Bourbon.

we may be indebted to our neighbours across the Channel in this respect. It is allowed by competent judges that a first-rate dinner in England is out of all comparison better than in any other country; for we get the best cooks, as we get the best singers and dancers, by bidding highest for them, and we have cultivated certain national dishes to a point which makes them the envy of the world. In proof of this bold assertion, which is backed, moreover, by the unqualified admission of Ude*, we request attention to the *menu* of the dinner given to Lord Chesterfield, on his quitting the office of Master of the Buckhounds, at the Clarendon. The party consisted of thirty; the price was six guineas a-head; and the dinner was ordered by the late Count d'Orsay.

“Premier Service.

“Potages.—Printannier: à la reine: *turtle*.

“Poissons.—Turbot (*lobster and Dutch sauces*): saumon à la tartare: rougets à la cardinal: friture de morue: *white-bait*.

“Relevés.—Filet de bœuf à la napolitaine: dindon à la chipolata: timballe de macaroni: *haunch of venison*.

“Entrées.—Croquettes de volaille: petits pâtés aux huîtres: côtelettes d'agneau: purée de champignons: côtelettes d'agneau aux points d'asperge: fricandeau de veau à l'oseille: ris de veau piqué aux tomates: côtelettes de pigeons à la Dusselle: chartreuse de légumes aux faisans: filets de cannetons à la bigarrade: boudins à la Richelieu: sauté de volaille aux truffes: pâté de mouton monté.

“Côté.—Bœuf rôti: jambon: salade.

“Second Service.

“Rôts.—Chapons, quails, turkey poults, *green goose*.

“Entremets.—Asperges: haricot à la française: mayon-

* “I will venture to affirm that cookery in England, when well done, is superior to that of any country in the world.”—*Ude*, p. xliii.

naise d'homard: gelée macédoine: aspics d'œufs de pluvier: Charlotte Russe: gelée au Marasquin: crème marbre: corbeille de pâtisserie: vol-au-vent de rhubarb: tourte d'abricots corbeille des meringues: dressed crab: salade au gélatine. — Champignons aux fines herbes.

“*Relevés.*—Soufflé à la vanille: Nesselrode pudding: Adelaide sandwiches: fondus. Pièces montées,” &c. &c.

The reader will not fail to observe how well the English dishes — turtle, whitebait, and venison — relieve the French in this dinner; and what a breadth, depth, solidity, and dignity they add to it. Green goose, also, may rank as English, the goose being held in little honour, with the exception of its liver, by the French. The execution is said to have been pretty nearly on a par with the conception, and the whole entertainment was crowned with the most inspiring success. The price was not unusually large. A tradition has reached us of a dinner at *The Albion*, under the auspices of the late venerable Sir William Curtis, which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds a-piece. It might well have cost twice as much, for, amongst other acts of extravagance, they despatched a special messenger to Westphalia to choose a ham. We have also a vague recollection of a bet as to the comparative merits of the Albion and York House (Bath) dinners, which was to have been formally decided by a dinner of unparalleled munificence, and nearly equal cost, at each; but it became a drawn bet, the Albion beating in the first course, and the York House in the second. But these are reminiscences, on which, we frankly own, no great reliance is to be placed.

Lord Southampton once gave a dinner at the Albion, at ten guineas a-head; and the ordinary price for the best dinner at this house (including wine) is three guineas. In our opinion extravagance adds nothing to real enjoyment, and a first-rate English

dinner (exclusive of wine) ought to be furnished for a third of the price.

This work would be incomplete without some attempt to commemorate the great artists who have acquired an eminent culinary reputation on British ground.

Vilmet, Leclair, Henry Brand, Morel, Grillon, Chevassut, Goubeaud, and Huggins, were famous in their time, and formed the eminent culinary brigade of Carlton House; Courroux, Honoré, Ménil, Morel senior, Barge, House, Cotton, Mills, Sams, Oudot senior, Farmer, Pratt, and Dick Wood, were first-rate cooks. Honoré was many years cook to the late Lord Holland and to the late Marchioness of Hertford. Florence, cook to successive Dukes of Buccleuch, is immortalised by Scott, as inventor of the *potage à la Meg Merrilies*. Farmer, for many years cook to the late Earl of Bathurst, is said to have been the very first English artist of his day. Pratt was head cook to his late R. H. the Duke of York.

At the head of the celebrities here enumerated, we must not forget to place Louis Eustache Ude. For upwards of twenty years he had the honour of educating the palate of the first Earl of Sefton, who, in his day, was considered a great *gourmet* as well as a great *gourmand* — and, be it understood, these qualifications are seldom united. The difference between a *gourmet* and a *gourmand* we take to be this: a *gourmet* is he who selects, for his nice and learned delectation, the most choice delicacies, prepared in the most scientific manner; whereas, the *gourmand* bears a closer analogy to that class of great eaters ill-naturedly (we dare say) denominated, or classed with, aldermen. Ude was also once *mâitre-d'hôtel* to the late Duke of York, from whom he contrived to elicit many a hearty laugh through his clever mimicry. Under his auspices, also, it was that “the great play-

house" in St. James's, yeleft Crockford's, was ushered into its destructive career.

Louis Eustache Ude was verily the Gil Blas of the kitchen. He had, in his latter days, a notion of writing his memoirs; and if they had not proved deeply interesting, those who knew him well can with truth assert that many would have relished the curious scandal and pleasant gossip with which his astonishing memory was so well stored. Ude's mother was an attractive and lively milliner, who married an underling in Louis XVI.'s kitchen. She thought Master Eustache too pretty a boy to be sacrificed to the "*Dieu ventru.*" The consequence was, that after an attempt made by his sire to train him in his own "*glorious path,*" the youngster absconded, and apprenticed himself, first to a "*bijoutier en faux,*" then to an engraver, next to a printer, and lastly to a haberdasher! after which he became traveller for a mercantile house at Lyons. Something occurred at this point which occasioned him to change his vocation once more. He returned to Paris, and there tried his genius as an actor at a small theatre in the Rue Chantreine. He soon, however (aided by a discriminating public), discovered that his share of the world's cake was not on that stage, and, by some means, he set up an office and a "*cabriolet,*" and forthwith started into life as an "*agent de change.*" This scheme did not last long; he got "cleaned out" on 'Change, and shortly after was installed as an inspector of gambling-houses. He soon tired of this appointment, and, on relinquishing it, determined to return to his original calling, and became once again a cook.

After practising in the culinary profession some few years in the early dawn of the fortunes of the house of Bonaparte, Ude raised himself to the post of *mâitre-d'hotel* to Madame Letitia Bonaparte. Here

our artist remained for about two years, when, owing to some difference of opinion between Madame Letitia and himself in matters arithmetical, he somewhat suddenly left that lady's service to honour our land with his presence; and ever after, when fitting opportunity presented itself, he was wont to express his indignation against the "*usurpateur*" and all his family. Good cooks were scarce in England in those days, and, shortly after his arrival, the Earl of Sefton secured his services at a salary of 300 guineas per annum; and not only proved a liberal and kind-hearted patron during his lifetime, but, with that benevolence for which his lordship was remarkable, handsomely provided for the old age of his favourite cook by leaving him 100*l.* a year for life.

On Ude's retirement from the active duties of his high vocation at Crockford's, his mantle fell on Charles Elmé Francatelli — an author of merit, and a man of cultivation and accomplishments, as well as an eminently distinguished artist. His treatise on Gastronomy, published by Bentley, were alone sufficient to place him in the front rank of the scientific professors of the art. He was many years *chef* at Chesterfield House, when its dinners were the admiration of the gastronomic world of London. We subsequently trace him by his reputation to Rossie Priory (Lord Kinnaid's), and to the Melton Club, or *réunion*, of which Lord Kinnaid, Sir W. M. Stanley, Mr. Rowland Errington, Mr. Lyne Stevens, and the late Count Matuzavicz were the members. He succeeded Ude as *maitre-d'hôtel* at Crockford's, and was afterwards, through the discriminating patronage of the late Earl of Errol, promoted to the honourable and enviable post of *maitre-d'hôtel* and chief cook to the queen. It is generally understood that his skill, zeal, and judicious economy obtained the full approval of her Majesty and her Royal Consort; but what can

such exalted personages know of the intrigues of the basement story of a palace? or how can they be fairly made responsible for the heart-breaking humiliation and injustice that may be perpetrated by their authority? At the end of two years Francatelli was displaced, or reluctantly resigned, the victim (he doubtless believes) of some pantry, scullery, still-room, or steward's-room cabal, and the Coventry Club was fortunate enough to possess him for a period. At present, if we are not misinformed, he is in the full enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate*, and of a handsome competence to boot — a circumstance at which we should rejoice more cordially, did it not militate very seriously against the gratification of our palates.

Soyer is another *artiste* and writer on gastronomic subjects, whose name has been a good deal before the public. He is a very clever man, of inventive genius and inexhaustible resource. The Crimea afforded an appropriate field for his peculiar talents; and (as may be collected from his "Culinary Campaign") he there greatly benefited the public whilst adding to his own fame.

The present *chefs* of merit, who, confining themselves to the practice of their art, are necessarily little known respectively beyond a private circle, have become so numerous that the attempt to frame a *catalogue raisonné* has been abandoned in despair. The same remark applies to the *pâtissiers* and confectioners.

The late Duke of Beaufort had a Neapolitan confectioner* who was thoroughly impressed with the dignity, and imbued with the spirit, of his art. His Grace was one night in bed and fast asleep, when he was roused by a knock at his door, which was impatiently repeated. He asked who was there.

* Raffaele, afterwards in the service of the Marquis of Breadalbane.

“It is only me, Signor Duc,” said the artist; “I was at the Opera, and I have been dreaming of the music. It was Donizetti’s, and I have got an idea. I have this instant invented a sorbet; I have named it after that divine composer, and I hastened to inform your Grace.” This is almost as good as Herbault’s address to Lady D., when he hurried into her hotel, and thus announced the felicitous completion of an order for a turban adorned with ostrich feathers:—“Madame, après trois nuits d’insomnie les plumes sont placées.”

It is a curious fact that almost all the great artists in this line are erratic, restless, and inconstant. They seldom stay long with the same employer, be he as liberal, indulgent, and discriminating as he may. Is it that they sigh, like the Macedonian, for new worlds to conquer, or that—extending the principle of the German *Wanderjahr* to the whole of human life—they fancy that knowledge and intellect are cramped and restricted by becoming stationary? The phenomenon well merits the serious attention of the metaphysician.

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our sketch of the history and present state of the culinary art, and have only a single cautionary observation to add. Without appliances and means to boot, it is madness to attempt entrées and entremets; and “better first in a village than second in Rome,” is a maxim peculiarly applicable to cookery. “A good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings with green peas, or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot tart, is a dinner for an emperor.” So said the late Earl of Dudley; and such a dinner can be better served in England than in any other—or, more correctly speaking, there is no other country in the world where it could be served at all. But before proceeding to illustrate the advantages of the simple style

of dinner-giving when the *Amphitryon* does not happen to be a millionaire, we must pay a well-merited tribute to the memory of the man who did for it almost as much as Brillat-Savarin effected for the more composite style amongst the French. We allude to the late Thomas Walker, formerly one of the police magistrates of the metropolis, and author of "The Original." This remarkable publication appeared in weekly numbers, beginning May 20th, 1835, and was continued till the commencement of the following year, when the series was abruptly discontinued by the lamented death of the writer. To enable our readers to estimate his weight as an authority on dinner-giving, we shall begin by bringing together a few of the quaint and amusing reminiscences he has printed of himself. The following are prefixed, by way of introduction, to a series of papers "On the Art of attaining high Health," which commence with the third number of the work: —

"During these years (he is speaking of his early youth) and for a long time after, I felt no security of my health. At last, one day when I had shut myself up in the country, and was reading with great attention Cicero's treatise 'De Oratore,' some passage — I quite forget what — suggested to me the expediency of making the improvement of my health my study. *I rose from my book, stood bolt upright, and determined to be well.* In pursuance of my resolution I tried many extremes, was guilty of many absurdities, and committed many errors, amidst the remonstrances and ridicule of those around me. I persevered, nevertheless, and it is now, I believe, full sixteen years since I have had any medical advice, or taken any medicine, or anything whatever by way of medicine. During that period I have lived constantly in the world—for the last six years in London, without ever being absent during any one whole week—and I have never foregone a single engagement of business or pleasure, or been confined an hour, with the exception of two days in the country from over-exertion. For nine years I have worn neither great-coat nor cloak, though

I ride and walk at all hours and in all weathers. My dress has been the same in summer and winter, *my winter garments being single and only of cotton, and I am always light shod.* The only inconvenience I suffer is occasionally from colds; *but with a little more care I could entirely prevent them; or, if I took the trouble, I could remove the most severe in four-and-twenty hours.*

The time and manner of his determination to be well strongly resemble Major Longbow's no less strenuous determination on board the steamer, that no human consideration should induce him to be sick; and from his power of preventing or rapidly removing colds, we should suppose Mr. Walker related to the Marquis of Snowdon, immortalised by Mr. Hook in "Love and Pride," who scouts, as a reflection on his nobility, the bare supposition that a Plinlimmon could catch cold. But it is unnecessary to resort to fiction for instances of the exemption obtained by great men, apparently by mere dint of volition, from the ordinary wants and weaknesses of humanity. The Duke of Wellington is said to have been enabled to sustain the extraordinary fatigues of the late war in the Peninsula by the acquired habit of snatching sleep at any period of the day or night indifferently. Lord Brougham's capacity for intellectual exertion on a corresponding scale is, in part, owing to the same habit. We are the more particular in our enumeration of instances, to prepare the reader for the still more startling assertion of personal privilege or exemption which comes next. Our author is describing the results of an abstemious diet:—

"Indeed, I felt a different being, light and vigorous, with all my senses sharpened—I enjoyed an absolute glowing existence. I cannot help mentioning two or three instances in proof of my state, though I dare say they will appear almost ridiculous, but they are nevertheless true. It seems that from the surface of an animal in perfect health there is an

active exhalation going on which repels impurity; *for when I walked on the dustiest roads, not only my feet, but even my stockings, remained free from dust. By way of experiment, I did not wash my face for a week, nor did any one see, nor I feel, the difference.*"

Yet even these things may be paralleled from the memoirs of a hero of real life, who resembles Mr. Walker both in his personal peculiarities and manner of telling them. Lord Herbert of Cherbury says in his Life,—

"It is well known to those that wait in my chamber that the shirts, waistcoats, and other garments I wear next my body, are sweet beyond what either easily can be believed or hath been observed in any one else—which sweetness also was found to be in my breath above others before I used to take tobacco, which towards my latter time I was forced to take against certain rheums and catarrhs that trouble me, which yet did not taint my breath for any long time. I scarce ever felt cold in my life, though yet so subject to catarrhs that I think no man ever was more obnoxious to it; all which I do in a familiar way mention to my posterity, though otherwise they might be thought scarce worth the writing.

It was said of M. de Fitzjames that he might be rolled in a gutter all his life without contracting a spot of dirt. Still we are not surprised to find Mr. Walker endeavouring, in a subsequent number, to corroborate his statement by a high medical authority:—

"My most staggering assertion I take to be this"—[‘The Original’ here repeats it]—"Dr. Gregory says of a person in high health, the exhalation from the skin is free and constant, but without amounting to perspiration—*exhalatio per cutem libera et constans, citra vero sudorem*—which answers with remarkable precision to ‘my active exhalation,’ and the repulsion of impurity is a necessary consequence. In fact, it is perspiration so active as to fly from the skin instead of remaining upon it, or suffering anything else to remain; just as we see an animal in high health"—[*e. g.* M. de Fitzjames]

—“roll in the mire and directly after appear as clean as if it had been washed. I enter into these particulars, not to justify myself, but to gain the confidence of my readers, not only on this particular subject, but generally—more especially as I shall have frequent occasion to advance things out of the common way though in the way of truth. Well-grounded faith has great virtue in other things besides religion.”

It is needless to repeat Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's remark on a French lady's expressing some astonishment at the not quite spotless condition of her hands. Miss Berry, in her clever and agreeable book on the Social Life of England and France, quotes this reply in illustration of the coarseness of the times; but the inference is hardly just, for, assuming Lady Mary to have been acting on Mr. Walker's theory, her frank avowal was simply tantamount to saying that she was ill. At the same time, in case of confirmed ill health, it might be advisable to try the effect of an occasional ablution instead of trusting to “active exhalation” exclusively. Mr. Wadd, in his Treatise on Leanness and Corpulency, records the case of an elderly female who had shunned all contact with water both hot and cold, for more than twenty years, under a belief that it was bad for the rheumatism to which she was a martyr; when, long after she had given up all hopes of a cure, she had the good fortune to get half drowned in a pond, and the immersion, combined with the consequent stripping and rubbing, effected her perfect restoration to health. It may also be just as well to caution Mr. Walker's admirers against following his example as to clothing too rigidly, particularly in the article of cotton stockings and thin shoes; for by going “lightly shod” in wet weather they may incur an inconvenience of a very different description from cold. The Baron de Béranger relates that, having secured a pickpocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the liberty of inquir-

ing whether there was anything in his face that had procured him the honour of being singled out for such an attempt:—"Why, Sir," said the fellow, "your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a *flat*."

At the conclusion of Mr. Walker's first Number appeared this attractive intimation:—

"*Notice.*—I propose ere long to enter upon three subjects of interest and importance—the Art of Dining and Giving Dinners, the Art of Travelling, and the Art of attaining High Health—all from experience."

These three "Arts" formed in fact the staple commodities of the collection. The art of dining and giving dinners, in particular, was expounded with such comprehensiveness of view, and such soundness of principle, although with little show of refinement or delicacy of taste, that we are tempted to employ his remarks as a kind of text-book, and to convey our own peculiar notions in the shape of commentary. The subject is pursued through ten or twelve Numbers, at the rate of three or four pages in each, but Mr. Walker deals so largely in that kind of amplification which rhetoricians find useful in impressing opinions on the mass, that we shall be able to give the pith of his observations and theories within little more than a fifth of the space he has devoted to them. It seems best, however, to quote the greater part of the introductory paper as it stands—

"According to the lexicons, the Greek for *dinner* is *Ariston*, and therefore, for the convenience of the terms, and without entering into any inquiry critical or antiquarian, I call the art of dining, *aristology*, and those who study it, *aristologists*. The maxim that practice makes perfect does not apply to our daily habits; for, so far as they are concerned, we are ordinarily content with the standard of mediocrity or some-

thing rather below. Where study is not absolutely necessary, it is by most people altogether dispensed with, but it is only by an union of study and practice that we can attain anything like perfection. *Anybody can dine, but very few know how to dine so as to ensure the greatest quantity of health and enjoyment.* Indeed, many people contrive to destroy their health; and, as to enjoyment, I shudder when I think how often I have been doomed to only a solemn mockery of it; how often I have sat in durance stately to go through the ceremony of dinner, the essence of which is to be without ceremony, *and how often in this land of liberty I have felt myself a slave!*

“There are three kinds of dinners—solitary dinners, every-day social dinners, and set dinners; all three involving the consideration of cheer, and the last two of society also. Solitary dinners, I think, ought to be avoided as much as possible, *because solitude tends to produce thought, and thought tends to the suspension of the digestive powers.* When, however, dining alone is necessary, the mind should be disposed to cheerfulness by a previous interval of relaxation from whatever has seriously occupied the attention, and by directing it to some agreeable object.”

We do not know what agreeable object was particularly meant here—but Theodore Hook when surprised one evening in his armchair, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologised by saying—“When one is alone, the bottle *does* come round so often.” It was Sir Hercules Langrishe, who, being asked on a similar occasion, “Have you finished all that port (three bottles) without assistance?” answered, “No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira.” To return to the “Original:”—

“As content ought to be an accompaniment to every meal, punctuality is essential, and the diner and the dinner should be ready at the same time. A chief maxim in dining with comfort is to have what you want when you want it. It is ruinous to have to wait for first one thing, and then another, and to have the little additions brought when what they belong to is half or entirely finished. To avoid this, a little

foresight is good, and, by way of instance, it is sound practical philosophy to have mustard upon the table before the arrival of toasted cheese. There are not only the usual adjuncts, but to those who have anything of a genius for dinners, little additions will sometimes suggest themselves which give a sort of poetry to a repast, and please the palate to the promotion of health."

The inconveniences of certain modish observances, and the present bad system of attendance, are the first subjects of detailed commentary : —

"There is in the art of dining a matter of special importance — I mean attendance — the real end of which is to do that for you which you cannot so well do for yourself. Unfortunately, this end is generally lost sight of, and the effect of attendance is to prevent you from doing that which you could do much better for yourself. The cause of this perversion is to be found in the practice and example of the rich and ostentatious, who constantly keep up a sort of war-establishment, or establishment adapted to extraordinary instead of ordinary occasions ; and the consequence is, that, like all potentates who follow the same policy, they never really taste the sweets of peace — they are in a constant state of invasion by their own troops. I am rather a bold man at table, and set form very much at defiance, so that, if a salad happens to be within my reach, I make no scruple to take it to me ; but the moment I am espied, it is nipped up from the most convenient to the most inconvenient position. That such absurdity should exist among rational beings, and in a civilised country, is extraordinary ! See a small party with a dish of fish at each end of the table, and four silver covers unmeaningly starving at the sides, whilst everything pertaining to the fish comes, even with the best attendance, provokingly lagging, one thing after another, so that contentment is out of the question : and all this done under pretence that it is the most convenient plan ! This is an utter fallacy. The only convenient plan is to have everything actually upon the table that is wanted at the same time, and nothing else ; as, for example, for a party of eight, turbot and salmon, with doubles of each of the adjuncts, lobster sauce, cucumber, young pota-

toes, Cayenne, and Chili vinegar; *and let the guests assist one another, which, with such an arrangement, they could do with perfect ease.*

“With respect to wine,” (he continues, after complaining of the laborious changing of courses and the constant thrusting of side-dishes in his face,) “it is often offered when not wanted; and, when wanted, is perhaps not to be had till long waited for. It is dreary to observe two guests, glass in hand, waiting the butler’s leisure to be able to take wine together, and then, perchance, being helped in despair to what they did not ask for; *and it is still more dreary to be one of the two yourself.* How different, where you can put your hand upon a decanter at the moment you want it! I could enlarge upon and particularise these miseries at great length; but they must be only too familiar to those who dine out; and those who do not may congratulate themselves on their escape.”

Lord Byron was strongly impressed with the same evil, which has been sadly aggravated of late years:—

—— “I hate a lingering bottle,
Which with the landlord makes too long a stand,
Leaving all elaretless the unmoisten’d throttle,—
Especially with politics on hand.”

The ladies are deeply interested in discountenancing the prevalent fashion of being helped to wine by servants, as it has ended by nearly abolishing the old English habit of taking wine together, which afforded one of the most pleasing modes of recognition when distant, and one of the prettiest occasions for coquetry when near,—

“Then, if you can contrive, get next at supper,
And if forestall’d, get opposite and ogle.”

So says the noble author of “Don Juan,” who had some slight experience in this sort of tactics; but whether you get next or opposite, one of the best-contrived expedients for deepening a flirtation has been destroyed. There was once a well-known lady-killer who esteemed his mode of taking wine to be of

all his manifold attractions the chief; and (to do him justice) the tact with which he chose his time, the air with which he gave the invitation, the feeling he contrived to throw into it, the studied carelessness with which he kept his eye on the fair one's every movement till she was prepared, and the seeming timidity of his bow when he was all the while looking full into her eyes — all these little graces were inimitable, and all these little graces have been lost. The difficulty of getting a glass of wine in the regular way began many years since to exercise the ingenuity of mankind. Theodore Hook was once observed, during dinner, nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. On being asked the reason, he replied, "Why, when no one else asks me to take champagne, I take sherry with the *épergne*, and bow to the flowers."

But the inconveniences of the fashions in question are aggravated as they descend:—

"I have been speaking hitherto of attendance in its most perfect state, but then comes the greater inconvenience and the monstrous absurdity of the same forms with inadequate establishments. I remember once receiving a severe frown from a lady at the head of her table, next to whom I was sitting, because I offered to take some fish from her to which she had helped me, instead of waiting till it could be handed to me by her *one* servant; and she was not deficient either in sense or good breeding; but when people give in to such follies, they know no mean. It is one of the evils of the present day that everybody strives after the same dull style,—so that, where comfort might be expected, it is often least to be found. *State without the machinery of state is of all states the worst.* In conclusion of this part of my subject, I will observe that I think the affluent would render themselves and their country an essential service if they were to fall into the simple refined style of living, discarding everything incompatible with real enjoyment; and I believe that, if the history of overgrown luxury were traced, it has always had its origin from the vulgar-rich, the very last class worthy of imitation."

This is just and true in the main — we have put in italics a maxim worthy of Bacon—but to desire the gorgeous establishments of our first-rate Amphitryons to be broken up, and the ornate style of living to be totally suppressed, would be as unreasonable as to propose the suppression of palaces because houses are better fitted for the ordinary purposes of life. The golden rule is, let all men's dinners be according to their means;—discard the degrading fopperies of affectation, and the imitative meanness of vanity.

It is, however, undoubtedly true that the art of waiting is not understood at one house in a hundred. Servants, meaning to be very polite, dodge about to offer each *entrée* to ladies in the first instance; confusion arises, and whilst the same dishes are offered two or three times over to some guests, they have no option of others. One set of waiters should commence from the top, and go quietly and regularly round, whilst another set, simultaneously commencing from the bottom, should do the same. Where there are more than four side-dishes besides flanks and removes, the *entrées* ought to be in duplicates at opposite corners. The true principle is, few *entrées* but well-filled dishes; for, if the *entrées* are first rate, the presumption is that each guest will eat of each. The *service à la Russe* divides the opinions of the best judges; but we once saw it most pleasingly and originally put in practice. The party at a country house (Sandoe House, in Northumberland) having become too large for *one* ordinary round table, the hostess hit upon the happy idea of having *two* in the same room, each holding eight or nine persons, and served *à la Russe*. The respective advantages of differently formed tables depend upon the number, age, dispositions, and qualifications of the party; with reference to which you must determine whether it is best to facilitate tête-à-tête, or general conversation.

A practical exemplification of Mr. Walker's principles comes next:—

“As, like most people, I suppose, I can write most easy upon what is freshest in my mind, I will give you, dear reader, an account of a dinner I have ordered this very day at Lovegrove's, at Blackwall,—where, if you never dined, so much the worse for you. This account will serve as an illustration of my doctrines on dinner-giving better than a long abstract discourse. The party will consist of seven men beside myself, and every guest is asked for some reason, upon which good fellowship mainly depends, for people brought together unconnectedly had, in my opinion, better be kept separate. Eight I hold to be the golden number, never to be exceeded without weakening the efficacy of concentration. The dinner is to consist of turtle, followed by no other fish but whitebait; which is to be followed by no other meat but grouse; which are to be succeeded by apple fritters and jelly, pastry on such occasions being quite out of place. With the turtle, of course, there will be punch; with the whitebait, champagne; with the grouse, claret: the two former I have ordered to be particularly well iced, and they will all be placed in succession upon the table, so that we can help ourselves as we please. I shall permit no other wines, unless perchance a bottle or two of port, if particularly wanted, as I hold variety of wines a great mistake. With respect to the adjuncts, I shall take care there is Cayenne, with lemons cut in halves, not in quarters, within reach of every one, for the turtle; and that brown bread and butter in abundance is set upon the table for the whitebait. It is no trouble to think of these little matters beforehand, but they make a vast difference in a convivial entertainment. The dinner will be followed by ices and a good dessert, after which coffee and one glass of liqueur each, and no more; so that the present may be enjoyed rationally, without inducing retrospective regrets. If the master of a feast wishes his party to succeed, he must know how to command, and not let his guests run riot according each to his own wild fancy. Such, reader, is my idea of a dinner, which I hope you approve; *and I cannot help thinking that if Parliament were to grant me 10,000*l.* a-year in trust to entertain a series of worthy persons, it would*

promote trade and increase the revenue more than any huggermugger measure ever devised."

The success of the Blackwall dinner is subsequently described: —

"It was served according to my directions, with perfect exactness, and went off with corresponding success. The turtle and whitebait were excellent; the grouse not quite of equal merit; and the apple-fritters so much relished that they were entirely cleared, and the jelly left untouched. The only wines were champagne and claret, and they both gave great satisfaction. As soon as the liqueurs were handed round once, I ordered them out of the room, and the only heresy committed was by one of the guests asking for a glass of bottled porter, which I had not the presence of mind instantly to forbid. There was an opinion broached that some flounders water-zoutched between the turtle and whitebait would have been an improvement, — and perhaps they would. I dined again yesterday at Blackwall, as a guest, and I observed that my theory as to adjuncts was carefully put into practice, so that I hope the public will be a gainer."

Turtle in our opinion, is out of place at a Blackwall or Greenwich dinner, and would have been most advantageously replaced by a course, or two courses, of fish. It appears from the grouse, that Mr. Walker's dinner took place after the 12th August, which is too late to eat whitebait in perfection. They are then large, and without their characteristic delicacy.

Two *menus* of first-rate fish dinners will be found in the Appendix, but it may be doubted whether the "Dinner for the Pope" would not be best executed in London, where every variety of fish may be procured. The peculiar attraction of a Blackwall or Greenwich dinner consists in the trip, the locality, the fresh air, and the whitebait — for, although served at most of the leading clubs, it loses in delicacy by transportation, and is seldom so well dressed as in the

immediate proximity of its haunts. At Greenwich or Blackwall nothing more solid than ducklings, or chicken with broiled ham, need follow the fish courses.

The duties of the master of the house as to introducing his guests to each other, and bringing their various talents of the convivial order into play, are specified in the "Original;" and the use of centre-pieces (épergnes, &c.) is vehemently decried. The popularity of bachelors' dinners is accounted for by the absence of form, and the fondness of females for garnish is compared to "the untutored Indian's fondness for feathers and shells." Then come sundry sound observations on the form, size, lighting*, warming, and decorations of dining-rooms, well meriting the attention of the epicure, but we pass them over to come to another of Mr. Walker's highly interesting experiences: —

"To order dinner well is a matter of invention and combination. It involves novelty, simplicity, and taste; whereas, in the generality of dinners, there is no character but that of dull routine, according to the season. The same things are seen everywhere at the same periods, and, as the rules for providing limit the range very much, there are a great many good things which never make their appearance at all, and a great many others which, being served in a fixed order, are seldom half-enjoyed; as, for instance, game in the third course; this reminds me of a dinner I ordered last *Christmas-day* for two persons besides myself, and which we enjoyed very much. It consisted of crimped cod, woodcocks, and plum-pudding, just as much of each as we wanted, and accompanied by champagne. Now this dinner was both very agreeable and very wholesome, from its moderation; but the ordinary course would have been to have preceded the wood-

* "Il lume grande, ed alto, e non troppo potente, sarà quello che renderà le particole dei corpi molto grate." — *Leonardo da Vinci*. This quotation is borrowed from Mr. Rogers, whose dinner-table is lighted by sconces placed in such a manner as to reflect the light from the finest pictures. No lights are placed on or over the table.

cocks by some substantial dish, thereby taking away from their relish, at the same time overloading the appetite. Delicacies are scarcely ever brought till they are quite superfluous, which is unsatisfactory if they are not eaten, and pernicious if they are."

This is a good plan enough when you are well acquainted with your guests' appetites, and know that they will be satisfied with a woodcock a-piece; but we have seen eaters who would experience very little difficulty in despatching single-handed the dinner ordered by Mr. Walker for three. The lord- lieutenant of one of the western counties ate a covey of partridges for breakfast every day during the season; and there is another nobleman who would eat a covey of partridges, as the Scotchman ate a Solan goose, for a whet, and feel like him astonished if his appetite was not sharpened by the circumstance. Most people must have seen or heard of a caricature representing a man at dinner upon a round of beef, with the landlord looking on,— "Capital beef, landlord," says the gentleman, "a man may cut and come again here." "You may cut, sir," responds Boniface; "but I'll be blowed if you shall come again." The person represented was the nobleman in question; and the sketch was founded upon fact. He had occasion to stay late in the City, and turned into the celebrated Old Bailey beef-shop on his return, where, according to the landlord's computation, he demolished about seven pounds and a half of solid meat, with a proportionate allowance of greens. The exploits of a well-known literary and political character at Crockford's were such, that the founder of that singular institution more than once had serious thoughts of offering him a guinea to sup elsewhere, and was only prevented by the fear of meeting with a rebuff similar to that mentioned in "Roderick Random" as received by the master of an ordinary,

who, on proposing to buy off an ugly customer, was informed by him that he had been already bought off by all the other ordinaries in town, and was consequently under the absolute necessity of continuing to patronise the establishment.

Another unanswerable objection to the above dinner is its palpable want of harmony with the season. Roast beef and roast turkey are indispensable on Christmas-day. The truth is, Mr. Walker is somewhat wanting in discrimination, and his dishes are by no means uniformly well chosen. His essential merit consists in being the first who publicly advocated the principle of simplicity.

The important topic of vegetables receives a due share of attention in its turn:—

“One of the greatest luxuries to my mind in dining is to be able to command plenty of good vegetables, well served. But this is a luxury vainly hoped for at set parties. The vegetables are made to figure in a very secondary way, except indeed whilst they are considered as great delicacies, which is generally before they are at the best; and then, like other delicacies, they are introduced after the appetite has been satisfied; and the manner of handing vegetables round is most unsatisfactory and uncertain. Excellent potatoes, smoking hot, and accompanied by melted butter of the first quality, would alone stamp merit on any dinner; but they are as rare on state occasions, so served, as if they were of the cost of pearls.”

The remark of a late Q.C. and M.P. on the late Baron Hullock was—“He was a good man, an excellent man. He had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life.” A distinguished connoisseur, still spared to the world, contends that the moral qualities of a host or hostess may in like manner be tested by the potatoes. If this test be accepted, the palm of superior morality must be awarded to Mr. (the late Hon. Edmund) Byng, of Clarges-street. The impor-

tance attached by another equally unimpeachable authority to the point, was sufficiently shown by what took place at the meeting of a club-committee specially called for the selection of a cook. The candidates were an Englishman from the Albion, and a Frenchman recommended by Ude; the eminent divine to whom we allude was deputed to examine them, and the first question he put to each was,—“Can you boil a potato?”

When the potatoes are thoroughly boiled, the water should be poured off, and they should be left about twenty minutes to dry, with some salt thrown over them—the lid being moved a little on one side for the steam to go off.

We have already given two of Mr. Walker's practical illustrations. We now come to a third, which will be found equally replete with interest:—

“In entertaining those who are in a different class from ourselves, it is expedient to provide for them what they are not used to—and that which we are most in the way of procuring of superior quality. Many people, from their connection with foreign countries, or with different parts of their own, are enabled to command with ease to themselves what are interesting rarities to others; and one sure way to entertain with effect is, to cultivate a good understanding with those with whom we deal for the supply of the table. By way of illustration of what I have said on the subject of choice plain dinners, I will give an account of one I once gave in the chambers of a friend of mine in the Temple to a party of six—all of whom were accustomed to good living, and one of whom was bred at one of the most celebrated tables in London. The dinner consisted of the following dishes, served in succession, and, with their respective adjuncts, carefully attended to. First, spring soup from Birch's on Cornhill, which, to those who have never tasted it, I particularly recommend in the season as being quite delicious; then a moderate-sized turbot, bought in the city, beautifully boiled, with first-rate lobster-sauce, cucumber, and new potatoes; after that ribs of beef from Leadenhall market, roasted to a

turn, and smoking from the spit, with French beans and salad; then a very fine dressed crab; and, lastly, some jelly. The owner of the chambers was connected with the city, and he undertook specially to order the different articles, which it would have been impossible to exceed in quality; and, though the fish and beef were dressed by a Temple laundress, they could not have been better served, I suppose principally from the kitchen being close at hand and her attention not being distracted. And here I must remark that the proximity of the kitchen was not the least annoyance to us in any way, or indeed perceptible, except in the excellence of the serving up. The beef deservedly met with the highest praise; and certainly I never saw even venison more enjoyed. The crab was considered particularly well introduced, and was eaten with peculiar zest; and the simplicity of the jelly met with approval. The dessert, I think, consisted only of oranges and biscuits, followed by occasional introductions of anchovy toast. The wines were champagne, port, and claret. I have had much experience in the dinner way, both at large and at small parties, but I never saw such a vividness of conviviality either at or after dinner; which I attribute principally to the real object of a dinner being the only one studied; state, ornament, and superfluity being utterly excluded. I hold this up as an example of the plain, easy style of entertaining.

“As the success of this dinner so strongly illustrates my positions in favour of compactness of dining-room, of proximity of kitchen, of smallness of party, of absence of state and show, of undivided attention to excellence of dishes, and the mode of serving them in single succession, I am tempted to add the names here by way of authentication, and to show that my guests were competent judges, not to be led away by want of experience. The party consisted of Lord Abinger, then Sir James Scarlett; Sir John Johnstone, the present member for Scarborough; Mr. Young, private Secretary to Lord Melbourne; Mr. R. Bell, of the firm of Bell, Brothers, and Co., who occupied the chambers, and acted as caterer; and, lastly, my excellent friend the late Honourable George Lamb, whose good-humoured convivial qualities were held in high estimation by all who knew him, and who on this occasion outshone himself.

“It is the mode that I wish to recommend, and not any

particular dishes or wines. Common soup made at home, fish of little cost, any joints, the cheapest vegetables, some happy and unexpensive introduction like the crab, and a pudding,—provided everything is good in quality, and the dishes are well dressed, and served hot and in succession, with their adjuncts—will ensure a quantity of enjoyment which no one need be afraid to offer.”

The principle here propounded hardly admits of a cavil—for it is not merely the expense, but the trouble and fuss of dinner-giving on the present system, that checks the extended practice of “the Art,” and imposes a galling restraint on sociability. Many a man, to whom a few pounds are a matter of indifference, is rationally alarmed at the prospect of having the lower part of his premises converted into a laboratory for a week. We shall, therefore, endeavour to facilitate the adoption of the simple method, by adding a useful rule or two to Mr. Walker’s, and by enumerating some of the many excellent things to be found within the precincts of our own country by those who know when and where to look for them.

Turtle-soup, from Painter’s in Leadenhall-street, is decidedly the best thing in the shape of soup that can be had in this or perhaps in any country. “The first judge in Europe” asserts that Painter is the *only* turtle artist in Europe. The chief rule to be observed in making the ordinary soups is to use none but the very best meat and vegetables, and carefully to clear the meat of fat. The grouse-soup at Hamilton Palace is made on the principle of a young grouse to each of the party, in addition to six or seven brace stewed down for stock. It has very recently been asserted in “Blackwood” that Scotland stands pre-eminent in soups, and the boast is not entirely without plausibility.

Fish richly merits a book to itself; but we must

confine ourselves to a limited number of hints. Our first relates to the prevalent mode of serving, which is wrong. The fish should never be covered up, or it will suffer fatally from the condensation of the steam. Moreover, the practice of putting boiled and fried fish on the same dish cannot be too much reprobated; and covering hot fish with cold green parsley is abominable. Sometimes one sees all these barbarities committed at once; and the removal of the cover exhibits boiled and fried fish, both covered with parsley; the fried fish deprived of all its crispness from contact with the boiled, and both made sodden by the fall of condensed steam from the cover: so the only merit the fish has is being hot, which it might have just as well if it followed instead of accompanying the soup. It is commonly made an object to have *fine large slices* of cod, as they are called. There is no error greater than this. Cod ought to be crimped in thin slices, and you will then have the whole of your fish boiled equally, whilst in thick slices the thin or belly part is overdone before the thick part is half boiled. Another advantage is, that you need not put your fish into the kettle (it ought always to be put into *boiling* water) until your guests are arrived.

Of sauces, Dutch sauce is applicable to all white-fleshed fish, except perhaps cod, when oyster sauce may be allowed. There is little mystery in the composition of oyster sauce; but lobster sauce is not so generally understood.* The Christchurch and Severn salmon are decidedly the best in England; for the Thames salmon may now almost be considered extinct. The salmon at Killarney, broiled, toasted, or roasted on arbutus skewers, is a thing apart, and unfortunately inimitable. The Dublin haddock is another delicacy peculiar to the sister island; but to prevent Scotland from becoming

* See Appendix.

jealous, we will venture to place the fresh herring of Loch Fyne alongside of it. The Hampshire trout enjoy a prescriptive celebrity; but we incline to give the Colne and the Carshalton river the preference, with the exception of the genuine and indigenous Thames trout, which must not be confounded with all trout caught in the Thames. The Clyde trout, above the falls in the part of the river belonging to Mr. Baillie Cochrane's estate of Lamington, are excellent. Perch (Thames) and tench are also very good with Dutch sauce. Perch are best water-zoutched, or fried in batter, as they used to be at Staines. The abundant introduction of sea-fish has unduly lowered the character of carp; a fat river carp is a dish for a prince. Pond carp acquire a muddy taste; to counteract which a learned monk suggests the prudence of giving them for companions a few small pike, who nibble at their fins when they are half sunk in the mud, and compel them to take exercise. He had probably meditated on the analogical case of the hunted hare, which is much improved by a long run. Pike (Dutch sauce again) are capital if bled in the tail and gills as soon as caught; they die much whiter and look better at table. London is principally supplied with eels from Holland; and whole cargoes are daily sent up the river to be eaten as Thames eels at Richmond, Eel-pie Island, &c. Pope's well-known line—

“The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd,”

were alone enough to bring poetical authority into discredit. The Kennet is not a swift river; there are no eels at all in the upper part, and those in the lower part are too large. The silver eel, from a running stream with a gravelly bottom, may be eaten in perfection at Salisbury. He is best spatch-cocked. The best lampreys and lamperns are from Worcester.

The late Duke of Portland was in the habit of going to Weymouth during the summer months, for the sake of the red mullet which formerly abounded there. The largest used to be had for three-pence or four-pence a-piece ; but he has been known to give two guineas for one weighing a pound and a half. His Grace's custom was to put all the livers together into a butter-boat, to avoid the chances of inequality ; very properly considering that, to be helped to a mullet in the condition of an East Indian nabob, would be too severe a shock for the nerves or spirits of any man. The mullet have now nearly deserted Weymouth for the coast of Cornwall, whither we recommend the connoisseur to repair in the dog-days, taking care to pay his respects to the dories of Plymouth on the way,—and he will have the pleasure of following the example of Quin. London, however, is now tolerably well supplied with mullet from Hastings. There are epicures who combine these luxuries, eating the flesh of the dory with the liver of the mullet ; but though the flesh of the mullet be poor, it is exactly adapted to the sauce which nature has provided for it, and we consequently denounce all combinations of this description as heterodox. The Brighton dories are also very fine, and the Jersey mullet are splendid, weighing often three or four pounds a-piece.

We shall next set down a few specialities regarding birds. The greatest novelty, perhaps, is the poachard or dun-bird, a species of wild fowl, supposed to come from the Caspian Sea, and caught only in a single decoy on the Misley Hall estate, Essex, in the month of January in the coldest years. Their flesh is exquisitely tender and delicate, and may almost be said to melt in the mouth, like what is told of the celebrated canvas-back duck of America ; but they have little of the common wild-duck flavour and are best eaten in their own gravy, which is plen-

tiful, without either cayenne or lemon-juice. Their size is about that of a fine widgeon. The dotterel is also highly and deservedly valued by the epicure.

Ruffs and reeves are little known to the public at large, though honourable mention of them is made by Bewick. The season for them is August and September. They are found in fenny counties (those from Whittlesea Mere, in Lincolnshire, are best), and must be taken alive, and fattened on boiled wheat or bread and milk mixed with hemp-seed for about a fortnight, taking good care never to put two males to feed together, or they will fight *à l'outrance*. These birds are worth nothing in their wild state; and the art of fattening them is traditionally said to have been discovered by the monks in Yorkshire, where they are still in high favour with the clerical profession, as a current anecdote will show. At a grand dinner at Bishopthorpe (in Archbishop Markham's time) a dish of ruffs and reeves chanced to be placed immediately in front of a young divine who had come up to be examined for priest's orders, and was considerably (or, as it turned out, inconsiderately) asked to dinner by his grace. Out of sheer modesty the clerical tyro confined himself exclusively to the dish before him, and persevered in his indiscriminating attentions to it till one of the resident dignitaries (all of whom were waiting only the proper moment to participate) observed him, and called the attention of the company by a loud exclamation of alarm. But the warning came too late; the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird, and with them, we are concerned to add, all the candidate's hopes of Yorkshire preferment are said to have vanished too.

A similar anecdote is current touching wheatears, which, in our opinion, are a greater delicacy. A Scotch officer was dining with the late Lord George Lennox, then commandant at Portsmouth, and was

placed near a dish of wheatears, which was rapidly disappearing under his repeated attacks. Lady Louisa Lennox tried to divert his attention to another dish. "Na, na, my leddy," was the reply, "these wee birdies will do verra weel." We have heard that some canvas-back ducks, sent by Mr. Prescott, the historian, to an English friend (Mr. Stirling, of Keir), were accidentally forwarded to Melton, and eaten by a select party as common ducks. Due honour, however, was paid to a similar present from the same illustrious quarter at Lady Morgan's.*

Prince Talleyrand was extremely fond of ruffs and reeves, his regular allowance during the season being two a-day: they are dressed like woodcocks. Dunstable larks should properly be eaten in Dunstable; but Lord Sefton imported them in tin boxes (in a state requiring merely to be warmed before the fire) with considerable success. Larks are best in January. Surrey and Sussex are the counties for the capon, and also for the same animal in his more natural though less aristological condition; Norfolk and Suffolk, for turkeys and geese. These counties are also renowned for partridges, which are worth nothing in a grass district. A Leicestershire partridge is never dressed at Belvoir Castle. A pheasant, sent by Fisher to Lord William Bentinck at Paris, weighed four pounds, wanting an ounce; but we are not aware in what county it was killed. It is a singular fact, with regard to woodcocks, that the average weight is full fifteen ounces, yet the largest invariably falls below sixteen. The largest common grouse ever known weighed twenty-eight ounces. A cock of the woods, weighing very nearly

* The first canvas-back ducks that arrived in England were a present from Mr. Featherstonehaugh the well-known author and diplomatist, to Sir Roderic Murchison, the eminent geologist. Mr. Ford, also, has received them in high order from Mr. Prescott.

ten pounds, was sent to Lord Balcarres, by Fisher, of Duke-street, St. James's, confessedly the best poulterer in London. These magnificent birds have been naturalised in the Highlands by Lord Breadalbane. Fisher certainly defies comparison in one particular—having actually discovered the art of sending fowls with two liver wings to his friends. He enjoyed the unlimited confidence of Lord Sefton, which was one of the highest compliments that could be paid to any man directly or indirectly connected with gastronomy; and he is, we believe, the sole purveyor to the royal table. He has, by dint of diligent study, acquired the art of fattening ortolans, which he sells at a tenth of the price they used to fetch in London. He recently sent a fine bustard to Windsor, price seven guineas and a half. Morell of Piccadilly once sold a Norfolk turkey, weighing thirty pounds and filled with French truffles, for eighteen guineas. A well-conditioned snipe, or a fresh land-rail, is as good a bird as can be eaten, either in or out of Great Britain.

No bird worth eating should be inundated with gravy, which is often nothing more than hot water. The peculiar flavour is washed away. Gravy may be served in a sauce boat for those who like it. In Sydney Smith's Memoirs it is stated that, on hearing a lady exclaim: "No gravy, if you please," he turned to her and proposed to swear eternal friendship on the instant, saying that he had been looking all his life for a person who, on principle, rejected gravy.

Most people know that a roast leg of four or five years old mutton (it were superfluous to expatiate upon the haunch) with laver *served in the saucepan*, is a dish of high merit, but it ought never to be profaned by the spit, which lets out the gravy, and shocks the sight with an unseemly perforation. Neither is a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, with caper sauce,

to be despised. Besides, it gave rise to a fair enough *mot* of Charles Lamb's. A farmer, his chance companion in a coach, kept boring him to death with questions, in the jargon of agriculturists, about crops. At length he put a poser — "And pray, sir, how are turnips t' year?" "Why, that, sir (stammered out Lamb), will depend on the boiled legs of mutton."

The capabilities of a boiled edgebone of beef may be estimated from what happened to Pope, the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art. He received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the intended fare, — a small turbot and a boiled edgebone of beef. "The very thing of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope; "I will come with the greatest pleasure;" and come he did, and eat he did till he could literally eat no longer; when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in, fit to be made the subject of a new poetical epistle,—

"for finer or fatter

Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study;
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy."

Poor Pope divined at a glance the nature of the trap that had been laid for him, but he was fairly caught; and, after a puny effort at trifling with a slice of fat, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming: — "A friend of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner!"

The last but one Duke of Devonshire's passion was a broiled bladebone of mutton, which was every night got ready for him at Brookes's. The contemporary Duke of Norfolk was accustomed to declare that there was as marked a difference between beefsteaks as between faces; and that a man of taste would find as much variety in a dinner at the Beef-

steak Club (where he himself never missed a meeting) as at the most plentifully served table in town.

It may encourage many a would-be Amphitryon to learn by what simple expedients the prosperity of a dinner may be ensured.

We have seen Painter's turtle prepare the way for a success which was crowned by a lark pudding. We have seen a kidney dumpling perform wonders; and a noble-looking shield of Canterbury brawn from Groves's diffuse a sensation of unmitigated delight. One of Morell's Montanches hams, or a woodcock pie from Bavier's of Boulogne, would be a sure card; but a home-made partridge pie would be more likely to come upon your company by surprise, provided a beefsteak be put over as well as under the birds, and the birds be placed with their breasts downwards in the dish. Game, or wildfowl, is never better than broiled; and a boiled shoulder of mutton, or a boiled duck or pheasant with celery sauce, might alone found a reputation. A still more original notion was struck out by a party of eminent connoisseurs who entertained the late Sir Henry Ellis at Fricœur's, just before he started on his Persian embassy. They actually ordered a roasted turbot, and were boasting loudly of the success of the invention, when a friend of ours had the curiosity to ask M. Fricœur in what manner he set about the dressing of the fish. "Why, sare, you no tell; we no roast him at all; we put him in oven and bake him."

Marrowbones are always popular. So is a well-made devil, or a broil. When a picture of the Dutch school, representing a tradesman in a passion with his wife for bringing up an underdone leg of mutton, was shown to the late Lord Hertford, his lordship's first remark was, "What a fool that fellow is not to see that he may have a capital broil!" A genuine *hure de sanglier*, or wild boar's head, from the Black Forest,

would elevate the plainest dinner into dignity. The late King of Hanover used to send one to each of his most esteemed friends in England every Christmas; and it was a test of political consistency to remain long upon his list, for all who abandoned his majesty's somewhat rigid creed of orthodoxy in Church and State were periodically weeded out.

On the subject of roast-pig it would be profanation to appeal to any one but Charles Lamb:—

“Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

“I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—these hobbydehoyes—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or *præludium* of a grunt.

“Behold him while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

“See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away.

‘Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—’

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth while his stomach half rejecteth the rauk bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of a judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

“Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing

these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

“ I remember an hypothesis argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer’s and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, ‘ whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?’ I forget the decision.”*

A true gastronome is as insensible to suffering as a conqueror. Ude discourses thus on the skinning of eels: —

“ Take one or two live eels; throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best, as it is the only method of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable and indigestible. Cut the eel in pieces without ripping the belly, then run your knife into the hollow part, and turn it round to take out the inside.

“ Several reviewers,” (he adds in a note to his second edition) “ have accused me of cruelty because I recommend in this work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of taste and the preservation of health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and oil which remain, when the eels are skinned, render them highly indigestible. If any of these reviewers would make trial of both methods, they would find that the burnt eels are much healthier; but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to burn or skin.”

* Dissertation on Roast Pig, “Essays of Elia,” First Series.

The *argumentum ad gulam* is here very logically applied; but M. Ude might have taken higher ground, and urged not merely that the eel was used to skinning*, but gloried in it. It was only necessary for him to endow the eel with the same noble spirit of endurance that has been attributed to the goose. "To obtain these livers (the *foies gras* of Strasbourg) of the size required, it is necessary," says a writer in the 'Almanach,' "to sacrifice the person of the animal. Crammed with food, deprived of drink, and fixed near a great fire, before which it is nailed by its feet upon a plank, this goose passes, it must be owned, an uncomfortable life. The torment would indeed be altogether intolerable if the idea of the lot which awaits him did not serve as a consolation. But this perspective makes him endure his sufferings with courage; and when he reflects that his liver, bigger than himself, larded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific pâté, will, through the instrumentality of M. Corcellet, diffuse all over Europe the glory of his name, he resigns himself to his destiny, and suffers not a tear to flow."

Should it, notwithstanding, be thought that the theory of C. Lamb, M. Ude, or M. Corcellet, as regards pigs, eels, or geese, is indefensible, we may still say of them as Berchoux says of Nero: —

"Je sais qu'il fut cruel, assassin, suborneur,
Mais de son estomac je distingue son cœur."

When climbing-boys first became the object of popular sympathy, a distinguished member of the Humane Society suggested that a chimney might be

* One of the most important services rendered by Mr. Bentham and his disciples to the world is a formal refutation of the common fallacy as to eels. "No eel is used to be skinned successively by several persons; but one and the same person is used successively to skin several eels." So says the sage in the last of his works, the pamphlet entitled "Boa Constrictor."

swept by dragging a live goose from the bottom to the top. To the obvious objection on the score of humanity, he replied that, if it was thought wrong to impose this curious imitation of keel-hauling on the goose, a couple of ducks might do as well. Identically the same line of argument has been opened to the gastronomer by the discovery that the liver of the Toulouse duck is even better than that of the Strasbourg goose. *Revenons à nos cochons.* The late Duke of Cambridge, being on a visit at Belvoir Castle for the celebration of its popular and munificent owner's birthday on the 4th of January, was shown the bill of fare for the day, admirably imagined by an admirable *chef*, and was asked whether there was anything else that he fancied. "Yes," answered his Royal Highness; "a roast pig and an apple dumpling." Messengers were despatched in all directions, and at length a pig was found, notwithstanding the season.

The delicacy of a roasting pig, except in the case of flagellation, depends on his being nurtured exclusively on mother's milk from his birth to his dying day. The delicacy of pork is ineffably enhanced by giving the pig the full enjoyment of fresh air, combined with moderate warmth and strict cleanliness. It is therefore fortunate that the nurture and education of this animal have become a fashionable rural pursuit with the fair sex. An acquaintance of ours (Lady Young, of Baillieborough Castle, County Cavan,) actually placed a pig of more than ordinary promise under the exclusive care of a female attendant, with directions to give him a warm bath every day, and the result was eminently prosperous. Diet, of course, is of primary importance. According to Mr. Ford, the animals which produce the famous Montanches hams, manage to exist in summer-time on the snakes which abound in the district—*Mons*

anguis—and fatten rapidly in the autumn on the sweet acorns—those magnificent acorns, a parcel of which was deemed by Sancho's wife a becoming present for her husband's friend the duchess. The Montanches hams are *les petits jambons vermeils*, commemorated by St. Simon (who describes them as fattened exclusively upon vipers), and they must be carefully distinguished from the Gallician and Catalan hams. Our familiarity with them, as with whatever else is worth imitating in the Spanish *cuisine*, is derived from Mr. Ford.* The only place at which we ever saw the genuine Montanches hams for sale in this country, is Morell's.

Mr. Morell is a man of cultivated taste, well read in the "Physiologie du Goût," and imbued with much of its spirit. He knows, and will say at once, whether he can supply the genuine article or not. The late Mr. Beckford sent for him one Sunday at mid-day, and set him down to lunch on Westphalia ham and Silléri champagne, desiring him, if they turned out to be of first-rate quality, to buy up all the hams and wine of the same kind which he could find on sale. The decision was not favourable; indeed, Mr. Morell is of opinion that Silléri is greatly over-estimated in England, and that Westphalia hams have deteriorated since the demand for them has increased. This is equally true of Spanish hams. He says that the dressing of a ham is one of the most difficult and trying of culinary operations, and is seldom well performed except by those who have made it their special study. Mr. Ford rightly contends that a Montanches ham is best hot; but we have somewhere read or heard that a man who would eat hot ham, would kill a pig with his own hand.

We turn, by an unforced transition, from hams

* See his "Spanish Handbook," vol. i. p. 68; or his dinner-table, at 7h. 30m. P.M.

to salads, which have taxed the ingenuity of the wisest and the wittiest. Sydney Smith's poetical recipe will be found in the Appendix. According to the Spanish proverb, four persons are wanted to make a good salad; a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counsellor for salt, and a madman to stir all up. The sauce should be kept in a separate bowl, and not be poured over the rest of the materials until the moment before the salad is to be eaten. It is surprising that such a proficient as Mr. Walker, when talking of excellence in salad, should mention "*drying* the leaves of the lettuce." It is, to use his own words, "abandoning the principle and adopting some expedient." Lettuces ought never to be wetted; they thus lose their crispness, and are *pro tanto* destroyed. If you can get nothing but wet lettuces, you had certainly better dry them; but if you wish for a good salad, cut your lettuce fresh from the garden, take off the outside leaves, cut or rather break it into a salad bowl, and then mix.

The comparative merits of pies and puddings present a problem which it is no easy matter to decide. On the whole, we give the preference to puddings, as affording more scope to the inventive genius of the cook; but we must insist on a little more precaution in preparing them. A plum-pudding, for instance, our national dish, is hardly ever boiled enough; and we have sometimes found ourselves, in England, in the same distressing predicament in which Lord Byron once found himself in Italy. He had made up his mind to have a plum-pudding on his birthday, and busied himself a whole morning in giving minute directions to prevent the chance of a mishap; yet, after all the pains he had taken, and the anxiety he must have undergone, it appeared in a tureen, and about the consistency of soup. "Upon this failure in the production (says our authority) he was fre-

quently quizzed, and betrayed all the petulance of a child, and more than a child's curiosity to learn who had reported the circumstance"—as if the loss of a whole day's thought and labour was not enough to excite the petulance of any man, let alone his belonging to the *genus irritabile!*

A green apricot tart is commonly considered the best tart that is made; but a green apricot pudding is a much better thing. A cherry dumpling is better than a cherry tart. A rhubarb pie is greatly improved by a slight infusion of lemon when eaten. A beefsteak pudding, again, is better than the corresponding pie; but oysters and mushrooms are essential to its success. A mutton-chop pudding, with oysters, but without mushrooms, is excellent.

The late Lord Dudley could not dine comfortably without an apple-*pie*, as he insisted on calling it, contending that the term *tart* only applied to open pastry. Dining, when foreign secretary, at a grand dinner at Prince Esterhazy's, he was terribly put out on finding that his favourite delicacy was wanting, and kept on murmuring pretty audibly, in his absent way, "God bless my soul! no apple-pie!"

Jekyll was dining at Holland House with the late Duke of York, and, knowing his Royal Highness's taste, requested the honour of taking cognac with him. Wonderful to say, there was none in the house, and Lady Holland accused Jekyll of having called for it with full knowledge of the fact. "Really, Lady Holland," was the reply, "I thought that, if I had called for a slice of broiled rhinoceros in Holland House, it would have been handed to me without a moment's delay."

With regard to drinkables, the same attention to unity and simplicity is to be enforced:—

"I should lay down," says Mr. Walker, "the same rules

as to wines as I have already done as to meats, that is, simplicity on the same and variety on different days. Port only, taken with or without a little water at dinner, is excellent, and the same of claret. I think, on ordinary occasions, such a system is by far the most agreeable. Claret, I mean genuine, undoctored claret, which, in my opinion, is the true taste, is particularly good as a dinner wine, and is now to be had at a very reasonable price. I would not wish better than that given at the Athenæum at three and sixpence a bottle. Rhenish wines are very wholesome and agreeable, drunk simply without other wines. I must not here pass over altogether the excellences of malt liquor, though it is rather difficult to unite the use of it judiciously with that of wine. When taken together, it should be in great moderation; but I rather prefer a malt-liquor day exclusively now and then by way of variety, or to take it at luncheon. There is something extremely grateful in the very best table beer, and it is to be lamented it is so rarely to be met with in the perfection of which it is capable. That beverage at dinner, and two or three glasses of first-rate ale after, constitute real luxury, and I believe are a most wholesome variety. Good porter needs no praise; and bottled porter iced is in hot weather most refreshing. Cider cup, lemonade, and iced punch in summer, and hot in winter, are all worthy of their turns: but I do not think turns come so often as they ought to do. We go on the beaten track without profiting by the varieties which are to be found on every side."

Instead of icing punch, the preferable mode is to make it with iced soda-water.* The gin-punch made on this principle at the Garrick Club is one of the best things we know. It was the favourite beverage of the late Theodore Hook. One hot evening in July he strolled into the Garrick in that equivocal state of thirstiness which it requires something more than common to quench. On describing the sensation, he was recommended to make trial of the punch, and a

* Pour half-a-pint of gin on the outer peel of a lemon, then a little lemon-juice, sugar, a glass of Maraschino, about a pint and a quarter of water, and two bottles of iced soda-water. The result will be three pints of the punch in question.

jug was compounded immediately, under the personal inspection of the inventor, the late Stephen Price. A second followed—a third, with the accompaniment of some chops—a fourth—a fifth—a sixth—at the expiration of which Mr. Hook went away to keep a dinner engagement at Lord Canterbury's. He always ate little; on this occasion he ate less: and a friend inquired in a fitting tone of anxiety if he was ill. "Not exactly," was the reply; "but my stomach won't bear trifling with, and I was tempted to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry about three."

The wines which may be deemed indispensable at a complete English dinner, and which consequently it is of paramount importance to have good, are sherry, champagne, port, and claret. The palate is confused and made indiscriminating by a greater number; although anything supremely good of its kind will always be welcome as a variety. Age is not a merit abstractedly and in itself, although the richest and fullest-bodied wines will keep longest, and the best vintages are most carefully preserved. The Comte de Cossé, who succeeded the Duc d'Escars as *maître-d'hôtel* to Louis XVIII., possessed some port which was more than a hundred years old, bought originally for his royal master. It had lost its colour, and its flavour was by no means fine. On the other hand, competent judges are agreed that about the finest port ever known was found at Wootton, in 1824, in some cellars that had been bricked up not later, and perhaps much earlier, than the time of George Grenville, the minister, who died in 1770. The sherry produced at the City banquet given to the Queen and Prince Albert was as remarkable for its quality as for its age. The Rhenish wines are no exception to the rule; and what is produced as "old hock" in this country is commonly thin and acid. It is the year, or vintage—not the mere lapse of

time — which stamps the value. Thus, hock of 1811 (the comet year) is more valuable than hock of 1801, and claret of 1834 than claret of 1824.

Canning used to say that any sane person who affected to prefer dry champagne to sweet, lied. The illustrious statesman had probably never tasted the original Stock's dry champagne, the memory of which is still dear to the connoisseur. It used to be drunk at Crockford's at seven shillings a bottle. It subsequently sold for a guinea a bottle. Lord Lichfield, Lord Donegall, and Mr. Orby Hunter, bought a great deal of it. To the best of our information, this was the very wine of which four Irish members drank fifteen bottles at a sitting, at a celebrated club, in the worst year of Irish distress.

The portentous growth of London has astonished and puzzled many who have not duly reflected on the causes of this phenomenon. Amongst these, the increased and daily increasing facilities for social enjoyment must not be lost sight of. One effect of steam communication, by land and water, has been to concentrate in the metropolis a vast variety of formerly untransportable luxuries, which have consequently ceased, in a great measure, to give local distinction to the localities in which they are respectively produced. It is no longer necessary to travel to the coast of Devonshire to enjoy John-dory, or to Worcester to taste lampreys in perfection; and the London fishmongers contrive that Severn and Christchurch salmon, caught in the morning, shall be served at a seven o'clock dinner in Pall Mall.

But the improvement and multiplication of clubs form the grand feature of metropolitan progress. There are between twenty and thirty of these admirable establishments, at which a man of moderate habits can dine more comfortably for three or four shillings (including half a pint of wine) than he could have

dined for four or five times that amount at the coffee houses and hotels which were the habitual resort of the bachelor class, in the corresponding rank of life, during the first quarter of the century. At some of the clubs—the *Travellers'*, the *Coventry*, and the *Carlton*, for example—the most finished luxury may be enjoyed at a trifling cost.* The best judges are agreed that it is utterly impossible to dine better than at the *Carlton*, when the cook has fair notice, and is not hurried, or confused by a multitude of orders. But great allowances must be made when a simultaneous rush occurs from both Houses of Parliament; and the caprices of individual members of such institutions are sometimes extremely trying to the temper and reputation of a *chef*. During Ude's presidency over the Crockford *cuisine*, one ground of complaint formally addressed to the committee was, that there was an admixture of onion in the *soubise*.

Colonel Damer, happening to enter Crockford's one evening to dine early, found Ude walking up and down in a towering passion, and naturally inquired what was the matter. "The matter, Monsieur le Colonel! Did you see that man who has just gone out? Well, he ordered a red mullet for his dinner. I made him a delicious little sauce with my own hands. The price of the mullet marked on the *carte* was two shillings; I added sixpence for the sauce. He refuses to pay the sixpence. That *imbécille* apparently believes that the red mullets come out of the sea with my sauce in their pockets!" The *imbécille* might have retorted that they do come out of the sea with their appropriate sauce in their pockets; but this forms no excuse for damping the genius of a Ude.

* Since this was written, the *Coventry* has been broken up, the *Carlton* cuisine has fallen off, and that of the *Athenæum* has immeasurably improved. Indeed no club can now boast a better; thanks to the exertions of the *chef*, M. Alexander Ferrand, who takes a just pride in the successful prosecution of his art.

Having now glanced over the whole of Mr. Walker's contributions to the art of dining, we shall endeavour to convey some notion, however faint, of the varied and extended interests which the subject may be fairly considered to comprise:—

“ I have already,” he says, “ alluded to the importance of the City being well provisioned ; and although City feasting is often a subject of joke, and is no doubt sometimes carried to excess, yet I am of opinion that a great deal of English spirit is owing to it, and that, as long as men are so often emboldened by good cheer, they are in no danger of becoming slaves. The City halls, with their feasts, their music, and their inspiring associations, are so many temples of liberty ; and I only wish that they could be dispersed through the metropolis, and have each a local government attached in proportion to the means of the establishment. Then would there be objects worthy of the highest intelligence united with social attractions, and improvement in government might be expected to become steadily progressive.”

One class of City dinners are or were altogether peculiar of their kind, namely, the dinners given by the sheriffs, during the Old Bailey sittings, to the judges and aldermen in attendance, the recorder, common-serjeant, City pleaders, and occasionally a few members of the bar. The first course was rather miscellaneous, and varied with the season, though marrow puddings always formed a part of it ; the second never varied, and consisted exclusively of beefsteaks. The custom was to serve two dinners (exact duplicates) a-day, the first at three o'clock, the second at five. As the judges relieved each other, it was impracticable for them to partake of both ; but the aldermen often did so ; and a late chaplain, whose duty it was to preside at the lower end of the table, was never absent from his post. This invaluable public servant persevered from a

sheer sense of duty till he had acquired the habit of eating two dinners a-day, and he practised it for nearly ten years without any perceptible injury to his health. We had the pleasure of witnessing his performances at one of the five o'clock dinners, and can assert with confidence that the vigour of his attack on the beefsteaks was wholly unimpaired by the effective execution a friend assured us he had done on them two hours before.

The occasion to which we allude was so remarkable for other reasons, that we have the most distinct recollection of the circumstances. It was the first trial of the late St. John Long for rubbing a young lady into her grave. The presiding judges were the late Mr. Justice Park and the late Mr. Baron Garrow, who retired to dinner about five, having first desired the jury, amongst whom there was a difference of opinion, to be locked up. The dinner proceeded merrily; the beefsteaks were renewed again and again, and received the solemn sanction of judicial approbation repeatedly. Mr. Adolphus told some of his best stories, and the chaplain was on the point of complying with a challenge for a song, when the court-keeper appeared with a face of consternation to announce that the jury, after being very noisy for an hour or so, had sunk into a dead lull, which, to the experienced in such matters, augurs the longest period of deliberation which the heads, or rather the stomachs, of the jurymen can endure. The trial had unfortunately taken place upon a Saturday; and it became a serious question in what manner they were to be dealt with. Mr. Baron Garrow proposed waiting till within a few minutes of twelve, and then discharging them. Mr. Justice Park, the senior judge, and a warm admirer of the times when refractory juries were carried round the country in a cart, would hear of no expedient of the

kind. He said a judge was not bound to wait beyond a reasonable hour at night, nor to attend before a reasonable hour in the morning; that Sunday was a *dies non* in law; and that a verdict must be delivered in the presence of the judge: he consequently declared his intention of waiting till what he deemed a reasonable hour, namely, about ten, and then informing the jury that, if they were not agreed, they must be locked up without fire or candle until a reasonable hour (about nine) on the Monday, by which time he trusted they would be unanimous. The effect of such an intimation was not put to the test, for Mr. St. John Long was found guilty about nine.

We must add a few words as to the use that may be made of dinner-giving in creating or extending political influence.

Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes, was the sum of Napoleon's instructions to the Abbé de Pradt, when despatched to gain over Poland to his cause. From Sir Robert Walpole's time downwards, the Whigs have acted on Napoleon's maxim with singular and well-merited success; and no one who knows anything of human nature will deny, that it is of the last importance to a party to have a few noble or highly distinguished houses, where all its rank and beauty, wit, eloquence, accomplishment, and agreeability may congregate; where, above all, each young recruit of promise may be received on an apparent footing of equality, his feelings taken captive by kindness, or his vanity conciliated by flattery. Many a time has the successful *débutant* in parliament, or the author just rising into note, repaired to Holland or Lansdowne House with unsettled views and wavering expectations, fixed in nothing but to attach himself for a time to no party. He is received with that cordial welcome which, as the Rev. Sydney Smith has very truly observed, warms more than dinner or

wine*: he is presented to a host of literary, social, and political celebrities, with whom it has been for years his fondest ambition to be associated: it is gently insinuated that he may become an actual member of that brilliant circle by willing it, or his acquiescence is tacitly and imperceptibly assumed; till, thrown off his guard in the intoxication of the moment, he finds or thinks himself irrecoverably committed, and, suppressing any lurking inclination towards Toryism, becomes deeply and definitely Whig.

Far be it from us to say or insinuate that the hospitality of these noble houses was ever calculated with direct reference to such an end; for we believe Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne to have been actuated by a genuine sympathy with intellectual excellence, and a praiseworthy desire to raise it to that position in society which is its due. Our observation applies merely to the effects—as to which, it would appear from their imitative zeal, the noble or wealthy leaders of most of the parties, or sections of parties, which now divide the political world, agree with us. Dinner-giving, in short, has become one of the received modes of gaining or conciliating political adherents. Need more be added to enhance the dignity and importance of the subject, which has been discussed in these pages with the more humble object of facilitating convivial enjoyment and promoting sociability.

* *Life of Mackintosh*, vol. ii. p. 503.

APPENDIX.

COPY OF ONE OF THE LATE KING OF HANOVER'S BILLS OF FARE.

N.B. The copies placed by the plates of the lady guests were printed on
rose-coloured paper.

Dîner le 11 Septembre 1845.

- Girot.* Un potage à la princesse.
Girot. Un potage en hoche-pot aux queues de bœuf.
Huitres au naturel.
Verclas. Truites au bleu au beurre fondu, sauce de cavice.
Jlsen. Longe de veau à la broche au jus, garnie de
croquets de pommes de terre.
Girot. Purée de coqs de bruyères, garnie de petites
bouchées.
Girot. Epinards, garnis de côtelettes d'agneau glacées.
Verclas. Filets de sandats à la marinière à l'aspic.
Jlsen. Poulets rôtis.
Verclas. Une compote de poires.
Verclas. Ris anglo-française à l'ananas.
Robby. Glaces de fraises.

FISH DINNER AT BLACKWALL OR GREENWICH.

- La tortue à l'anglaise.
La bisque d'écrevisses.

Le consommé aux quenelles de merlan.

La tortue claire.

Les casseroles de green fat feront le tour de la table.

Les tranches de saumon (crimped).

Le poisson de St.-Pierre à la crème.

Le zoutchet de perches.

„ de truites.

„ de flottons.

„ de soles (crimped).

„ de saumon.

„ d'anguilles.

Les lamproies à la Worcester.

Les croques-en-bouches de laitances de maquereau.

Les boudins de merlans à la reine.

Les soles menues frites.

Les petits carrelets „

Croquettes d'homard.

Les filets d'anguilles.

La truite saumonée à la tartare.

Le whitebait : *id.* à la diable.

} garnis de persil frit.

Second Service.

Les petits poulets au cresson — le jambonneau aux épinards.

La mayonnaise de filets de soles — les filets de merlans à l'Arpin.

Les petits pois à l'anglaise — les artichauts à la barigoule.

La gelée de marasquin aux fraises — les pets de nonnes.

Les tartellettes aux cerises — les célestines à la fleur d'orange.

Le baba à la compôte d'abricots — le fromage plombière.

A FISH DINNER FOR THE POPE, IN CASE HE SHOULD VISIT ENGLAND.

4 Potages.

A la tortue claire — les filets de soles à la Bagration.

Les perches en souchet — les petites limandes en souchet.

4 Relevés.

Le saumon à la régence.
 Le turbot à la parisienne.
 L'esturgeon à la royale.
 Le brochet à la Chambord.

4 Hors-d'œuvres.

Les whitebait — le curry de homards.
 Les goujons frits — les laitances de maquereaux frites.

8 Entrées.

Les lamproies à la Beauchamp.
 Le vol-au-vent de Bonne morue, à la Béchamel.
 Les filets de truites au velouté d'écrevisses.
 Le pâté-chaud de filets de merlans à l'ancienne.
 Les filets de maquereaux, sauce ravigotte verte.
 Les filets de rougets à la Beaufort.
 La matelotte de carpe et d'anguille au vin de bourgogne.
 Les escalopes de filets de soles à la hollandaise.

Second Service.

4 Rôts.

Les bandelettes de saumon fumé, grillées — les moules au gratin.
 Les Finnan haddies grillées — les huitres au gratin.

12 Entremets.

Les écrevisses en buisson.
 Les prawns en buisson.
 Les truffes au vin de champagne.
 Les croutes de champignons.
 La mayonnaise de thon mariné.
 La salade de homards.
 La croute de pêches à la Chantilly.
 Les poires coquettes au riz.
 La gelée de fraises.
 Le pain d'ananas.
 Le savarin au sirop d'oranges.
 Le pudding de pommes vertes glacé.

Recipe for Russian Salmon Pie.

Either make, or get from the baker's, such dough as they use for making milk rolls, say half a quartern; beat up two eggs and about half or a quarter of a pound of butter; mix it all well with the dough and let it rise. When sufficiently risen spread it out either on a thin dish or baking sheet. You then take rice which has been dressed the day before, to which you add a little butter, a hard egg chopped finely, and a little onion *not* raw but boiled,—spread the rice pretty thickly on your dish, leaving sufficient margin of the crust uncovered. Then place two ounces or two pounds of salmon, haddock, or cod on this bed of rice. Then cover the fish with another layer of rice, and turn over the margin of the dough so as to cover the whole concern. Make a little hole at the top, through which, when the pie is baked, pour in a little broth, or a little hot water, and butter to moisten the interior.

Recipe for Fish Puddings.

Take a basin full of fish, shred and stewpan it with a piece of butter, cover it down until it is done enough, then have ready a French roll soaked in milk, and beat together in a mortar, with a little mushroom chopped finely, season with salt and black or cayenne pepper and three eggs; mix all up and bake it in cups; serve it up with anchovy sauce.

Recipe for Lady Bruce's Fish Soup.

Take two or three trout, clean and well wipe them, cut them in pieces, put them in a stewpan upon a slow fire with half a pint of white wine and sweet herbs; let them simmer for half an hour, take them off and take the fish out; add good strong stock, make the whole a proper thickness; when done put the fish into the soup, and serve it up quite hot—(*soles* or *pike* the same).

Recipe for Dutch Sauce.

Yolks of two eggs.

One quarter pint of rich cream.

Two and a quarter table-spoonfuls of elder-flower vinegar.

A small quantity of best fresh butter.

One blade of mace.

Flour enough to render the sauce the consistency of a custard, which it should nearly resemble.

Recipe for Lobster Sauce.

The lobster should be chopped much smaller than ordinarily; and the sauce should be composed of three parts cream to one of butter, a little salt, and a slight infusion of cayenne. The whole of the inside and coral of the lobster should be beaten up with the cream and butter, and the meat then cut in.

Sauce for Wild Ducks, roasted.

1 salt-spoon	salt.
$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ „	cayenne.
1 dessert-spoon	lemon juice.
1 „	pounded sugar.
1 „	ketchup.
2 „	Harvey.
3 „	port-wine.

To be well mixed, heated, and poured over the bird, it having been previously sliced, so that the sauce may mix with its own gravy. The duck must not be too much roasted, and must be put in the dish without *anything*.

Recipe for a Winter Salad, by Sydney Smith.

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
 Unwonted softness to the salad give.
 Of mordent mustard add a single spoon;
 Distrust the condiment which bites so soon;
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
 To add a double quantity of salt.
 Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
 And once with vinegar procured from town.
 True flavour needs it, and your poet begs,
 The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
 And, scarce suspected, animate the whole:

And lastly on the favoured compound toss
A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce.
Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full the epicure may say —
Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to day !

THE END.



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